

SCREENLAND

MAY, 1925

PRICE 25 CENTS

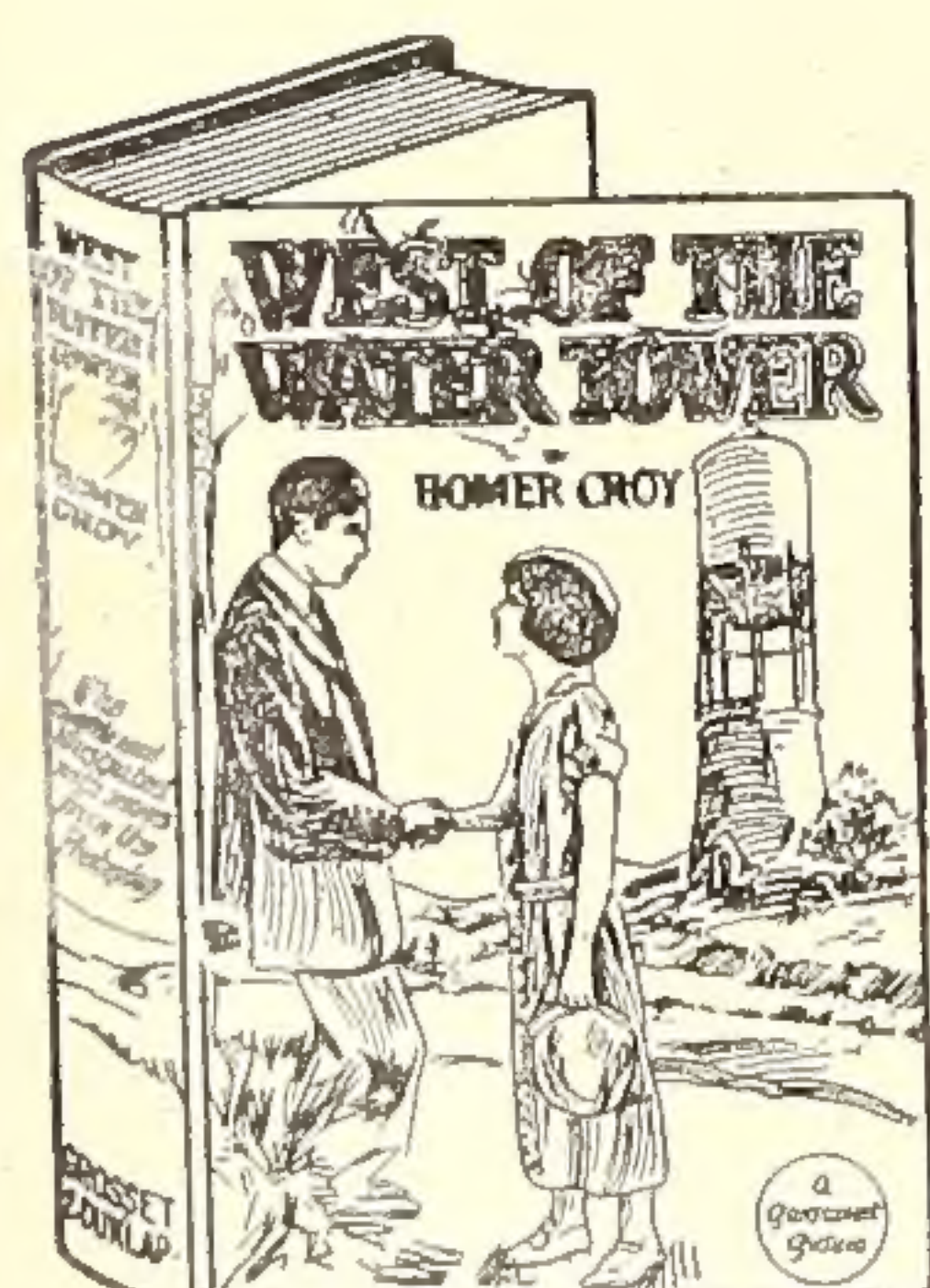
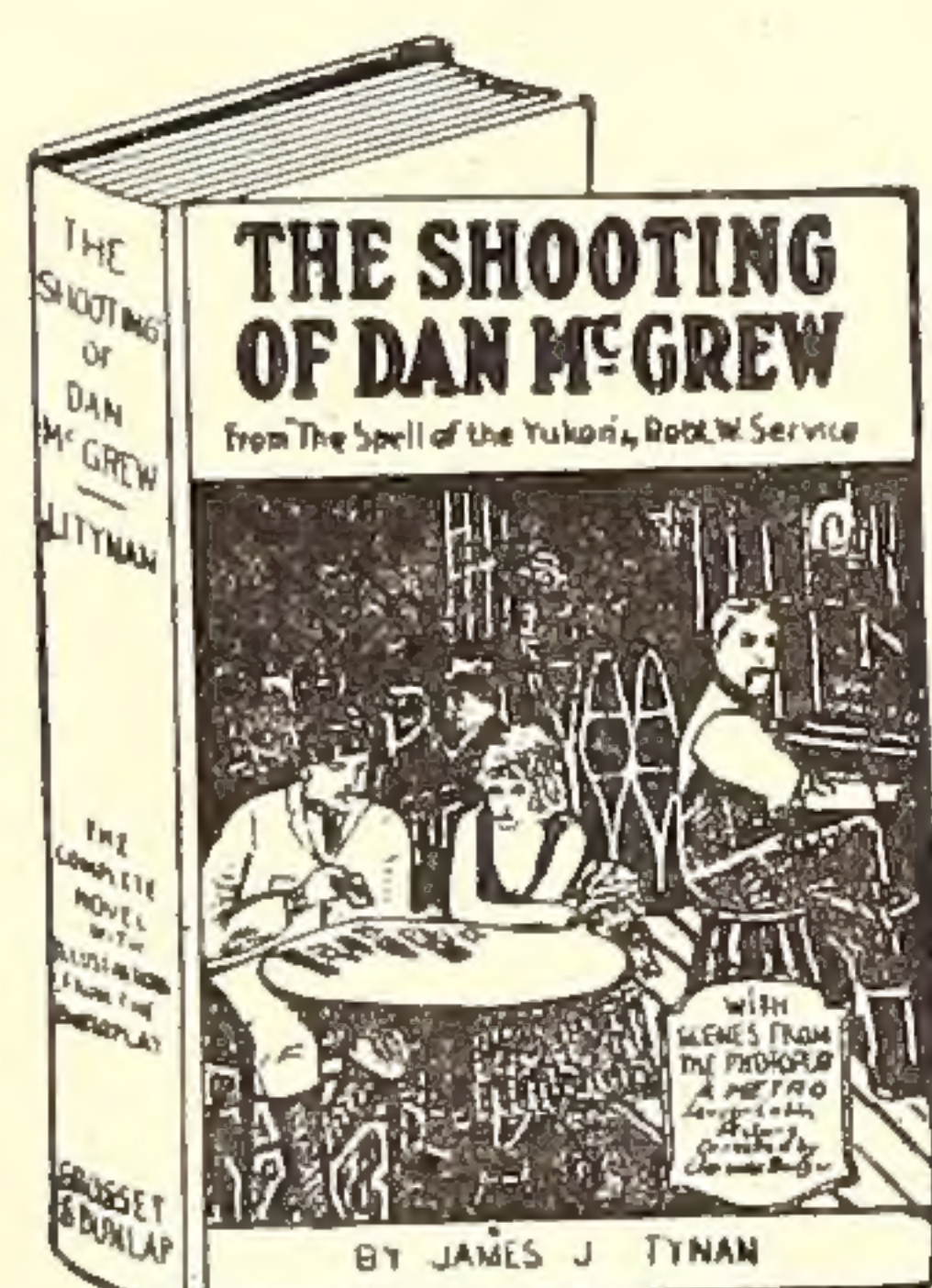
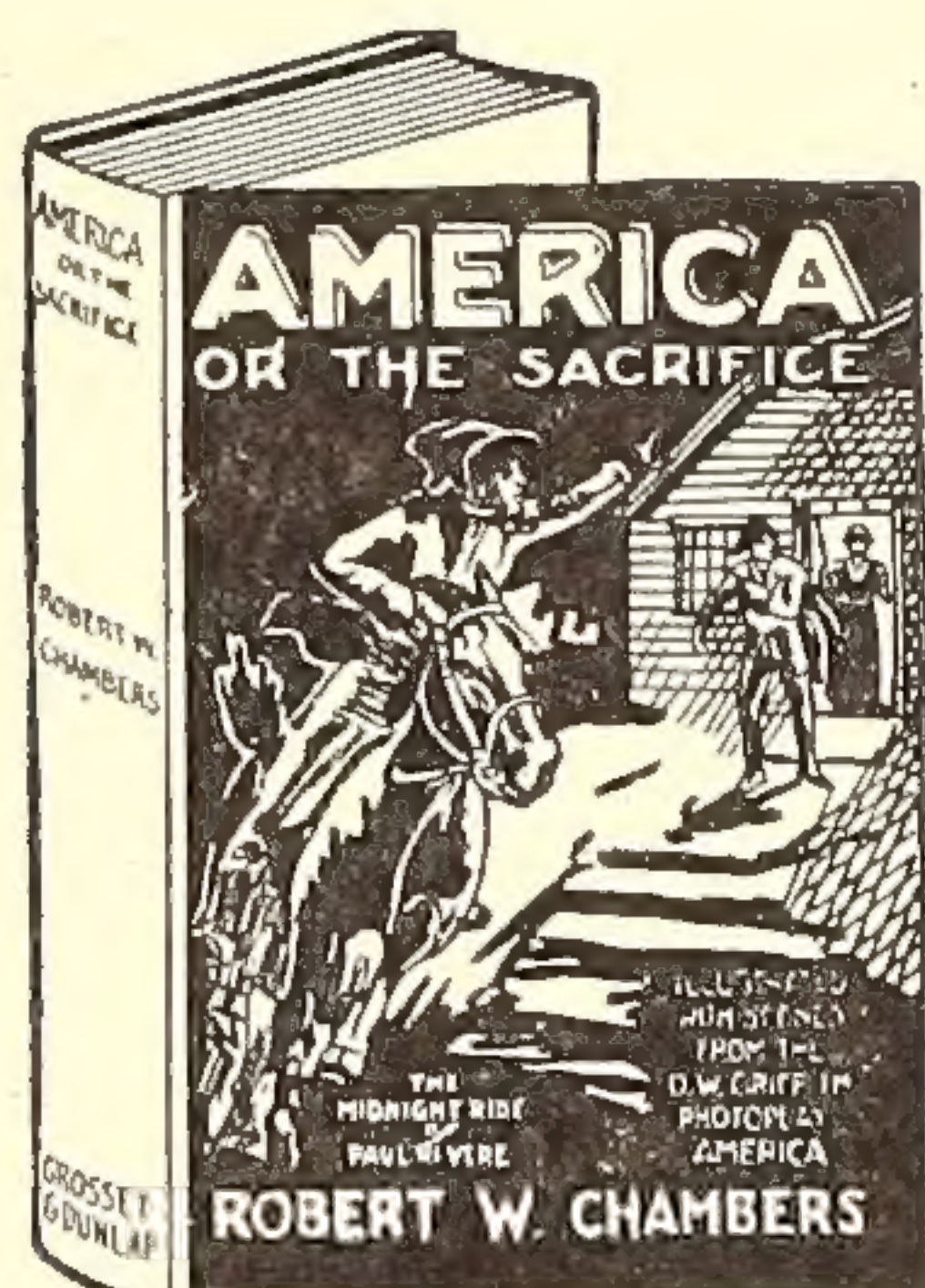
Vol 11, No 1



DORIS KENYON, Allisoncolor by Nickolas Muray

Perhaps You Belong in the
MOVIES — Your Horoscope,
and a **JOB** — *FREE* — Page 33

Popular Pictures Are Made from Popular Books

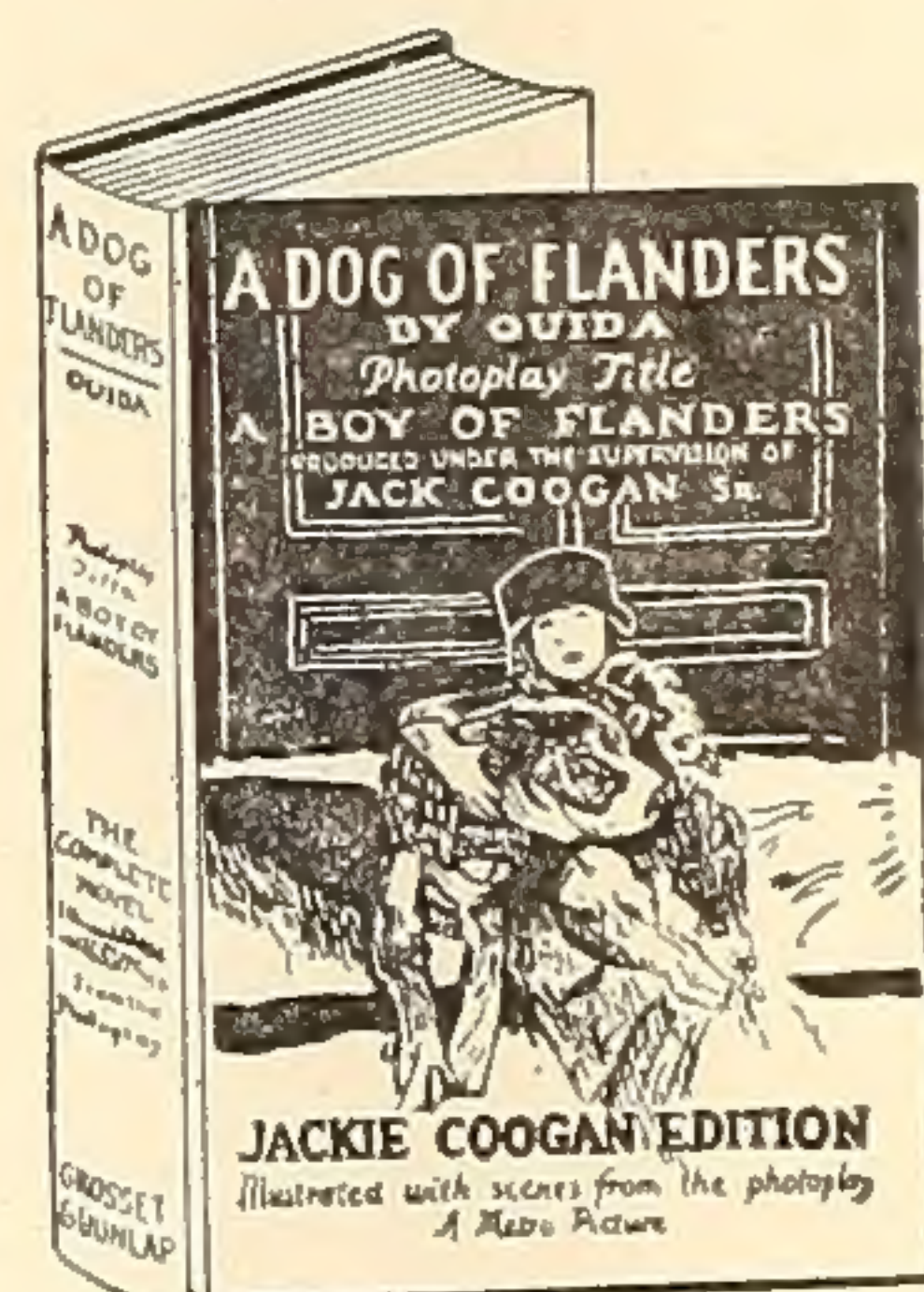


JUST recall the ten best moving pictures you have either seen during the last few months or expect to see during the present season. Nine chances out of ten, you will find that a famous novel supplied the title, plot, action and characters of each one of them. Eight chances out of nine, you will find their names listed on this page. Not every good book gets onto the screen, but nearly every successful picture is produced from a good book.

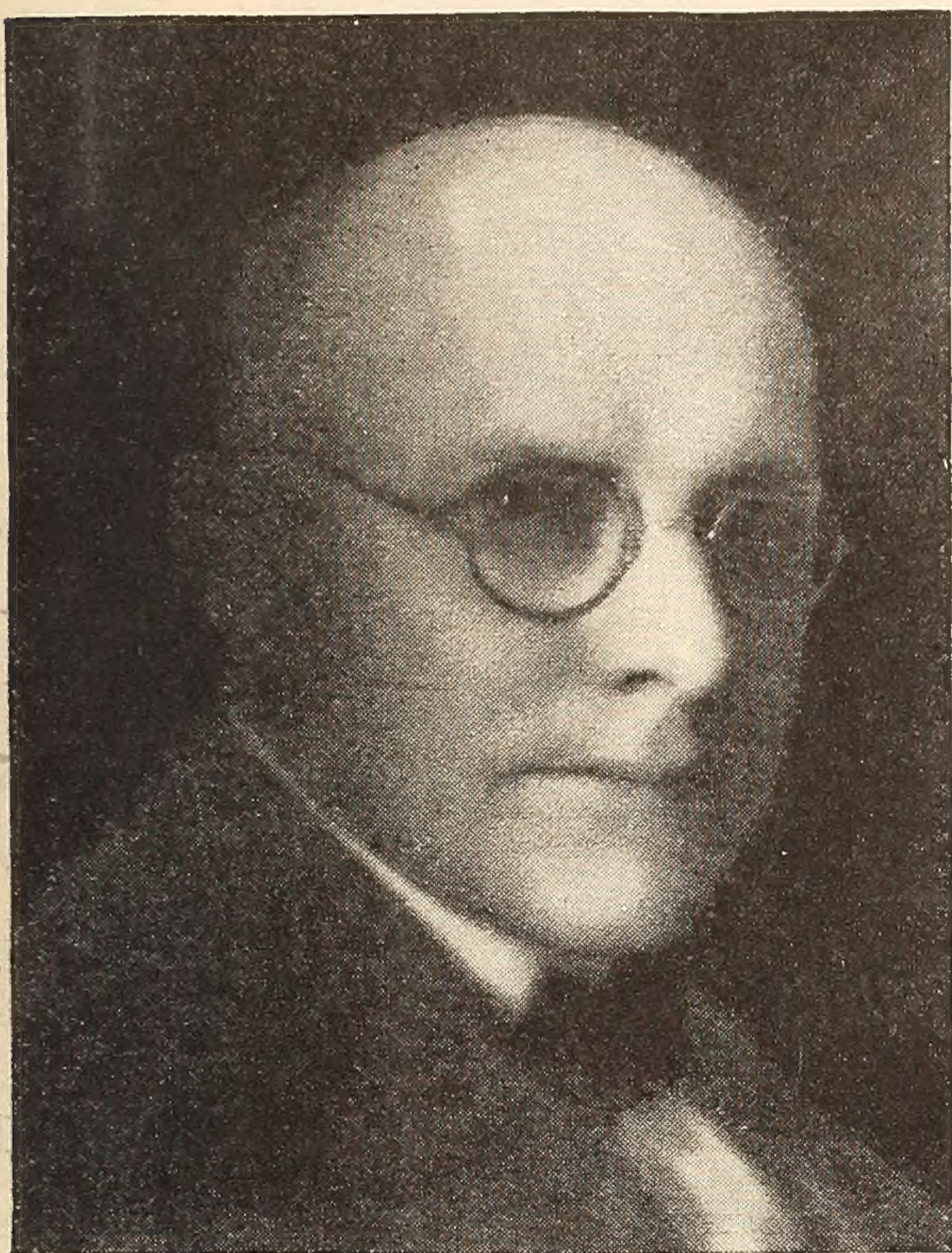
A moving picture, fascinating as it is, supplies a passing pleasure. The book from which it came is yours to keep—to give you new delight every time you read it, to place on your book shelf as a permanent treasure, or to give as a gift to a friend. Any of these books can be obtained from SCREENLAND Book Dept.

THE SEA HAWK.....	Rafael Sabatini
THE COVERED WAGON.....	Emerson Hough
MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE.....	Booth Tarkington
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.....	Henry MacMahon
SCARAMOUCHE.....	Rafael Sabatini
JANICE MEREDITH.....	Paul Leicester Ford
DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL.....	Charles Major
AMERICA.....	Robert W. Chambers
SUNDOWN.....	Hudson-Eberhardt
WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND.....	Zane Grey
MANHANDLED.....	Arthur Stringer-Russell Holman
THE SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW.....	James J. Tynan
YOLANDA.....	Charles Major
THE WHITE SISTER.....	F. Marion Crawford
BEING RESPECTABLE.....	Grace H. Flandrau
LOVE INSURANCE (The Reckless Age).....	Earl Derr Biggers
ANOTHER SCANDAL.....	Cosmo Hamilton
THE SALAMANDER (The Enemy Sex).....	Owen Johnson
MERTON OF THE MOVIES.....	Harry Leon Wilson
THE MOUNTEBANK (The Sideshow of Life).....	Wm. J. Locke
THE JUDGMENT OF THE STORM.....	Roy Mason
WILD ORANGES.....	Joseph Hergesheimer
LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.....	Rida Johnson Young
THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW.....	Frances Hodgson Burnett
A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST.....	Gene Stratton-Porter
THE PLUNDERER.....	Roy Norton
LEATHERSTOCKING.....	George A. Gray
THE BREATH OF SCANDAL.....	Edwin Balmer
PONJOLA.....	Cynthia Stockley
WEST OF THE WATER TOWER.....	Homer Croy
IF WINTER COMES.....	A. S. M. Hutchinson
THE WAY OF A MAN.....	Emerson Hough
THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT.....	Zane Grey
RITA COVENTRY (Don't Call It Love).....	Julian Street
A LADY OF QUALITY.....	Frances Hodgson Burnett
IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.....	F. Marion Crawford
UNDER THE RED ROBE.....	Stanley J. Weyman
THE SPANISH DANCER.....	Victor Hugo
THE CHEAT.....	Turnbull-Holman
LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER.....	Basil King
THE VIRGINIAN.....	Owen Wister
POTASH AND PERLMUTTER.....	Montague Glass
RUGGLES OF RED GAP.....	Harry Leon Wilson
THE ETERNAL CITY.....	Hall Caine
THE CALL OF THE WILD.....	Jack London
CAPE COD FOLKS.....	Sarah Greene
THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER.....	Edward Egeleston
ALICE ADAMS.....	Booth Tarkington
THE CHRISTIAN.....	Hall Caine
THE COMMON LAW.....	Robert W. Chambers
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.....	Anthony Hope
RUPERT OF HENTZAU.....	Anthony Hope
FIGHTING BLOOD.....	H. C. Witwer
THE TURMOIL.....	Booth Tarkington
THE LONE STAR RANGER.....	Zane Grey
MAIN STREET.....	Sinclair Lewis
PENROD.....	Booth Tarkington
PENROD AND SAM.....	Booth Tarkington
TO THE LAST MAN.....	Zane Grey
WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER.....	Charles Major
THE RUSTLE OF SILK.....	Cosmo Hamilton
MICHAEL O'HALLORAN.....	Gene Stratton-Porter
THE FLIRT.....	Booth Tarkington
ROBIN HOOD.....	J. Walker McSpadden
THE RAMBLIN' KID.....	Earl Wayland Bowman
ST. ELMO.....	Augusta J. Evans
THE CLANSMAN.....	Thomas Dixon
THE LEATHER PUSHERS.....	H. C. Witwer

All books included in this announcement are full size standard cloth bound and price \$1.00 each or six books for \$5.00, includes insured delivery charges to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada. Address Order to SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, (Book Dept.), 145 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.



Discovers New Way to Seal Hernia with Magic Dot!



JOHN G. HOMAN

Member American Association for Advancement of Science

Associate Member American Physical Society

No more torturous steel springs; no more dragging, weighty cushions; no more barbarous chafing leg straps; no more dangerous trusses. At last there has been discovered a new and entirely different way to seal rupture which does away completely with cumbersome, annoying, undependable, ineffective, old-fashioned devices. Now every hernia sufferer can try this marvelous invention FREE and be convinced that Magic Dot is the only real advance in the non-surgical treatment of hernia during the present century. Read Mr. Homan's comforting message—then learn at once how you can use the Magic Dot FREE for a time. Don't be a tortured truss victim another day when relief and comfort can be yours if you will accept this free trial offer.

An Entirely New and Amazing Invention That Revolutionizes Hernia Treatment

[By JOHN G. HOMAN]

MY FRIEND, why suffer? At last you can throw away the abominable truss or make-shift contraption that may have been sold to you under another name! You can be through forever with the gouging and pushing into that tender spot that keeps you from getting well and may have made life a burden to you. You say that I am very positive? Yes, I am! Not merely because I have made a wonderful discovery which has amazed doctors—a discovery which you will at once realize is the only real forward step in the non-surgical treatment of hernia during the present century—but I am going to make it so easy for you to use this astonishing method, to try it yourself without the risk of a penny, that I know you will not let another day pass without taking the first step to put my claims and my new discovery to the test.

Repair the Hurt Without Surgery

When I set about, years ago, to develop this invention, I asked myself this simple question: "Is it possible that hernia is the only hurt that nature fails to heal quickly?" My final discovery, and the exhaustive tests to which it has been put,

proves beyond question ordinary hernia not of too long standing can quickly, surely and safely be healed by the aid of Magic Dot. Old-fashioned trusses and similar devices exert such great pressure upon the injured spot that the free circulation of healing blood, which is absolutely necessary if nature is to heal the hurt, is completely or almost completely shut off. Magic Dot, which weighs less than 1-25 of an ounce, acts in support of the hernia to allow the more free circulation of healing blood without exerting harsh pressure.

Physical Culture Methods to Heal Hernia

Think, then, of the immense relief to be gained from substituting for this intolerable shifting, gouging, pushing condition, a tiny disk no larger than a quarter, weighing almost nothing at all, which effectively seals the hernia and makes possible a support so light that you hardly realize it is being worn! And even of greater importance is the fact that Magic Dot enables you to walk, run, climb, bend, even exercise, in far greater security than you have likely known before. But this aston-

ishing new method means more than the support of hernia. It also embodies *physical culture principles* which have actually made hundreds of hernia sufferers well.

Send No Money FREE Try MAGIC DOT FREE

I don't want you to send me a penny of your money—but I do want every hernia sufferer in America to fill in and send me the coupon below. I want every one of these to learn the real and true facts about hernia and the non-surgical treatment of it. I want them to know the full details of the astonishing new discovery—especially the Magic Dot. I want to give every truss victim an opportunity of using this new and revolutionary method without the risk of a penny of their money. Simply write for my free book or send the coupon today and learn how you can quickly, safely, and surely obtain relief the equal of which you have never before dreamed of having.

JOHN G. HOMAN,
NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE
Laboratories: Steubenville, Ohio

JOHN G. HOMAN, 6812 Clay Street,
New Science Institute, Steubenville, Ohio.
Send me at once your Free Literature and
tell me of your Free Trial offer by which I can
test the New Science System.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



¶Doris Kenyon, whose picture adorns the cover this month, is hard at work on "The Half Way Girl."

SCREENLAND

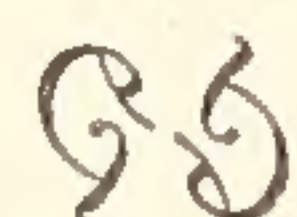
"The Spirit of the Movies"

May, 1925

VOL. XI, No. 1

Eliot Keen, Editor

CONTENTS *for* MAY



COVER — Doris Kenyon. Allisoncolor by Nickolas Muray.		ANN PENNINGTON. By Bernard Sobel	24
SCREENLAND'S BUREAU FOR THE AMBITIOUS	3	HOW TO BE A PAINTED LADY. By Vohdah Dexter	26
ASK ME — An Answer Page of Information. By Miss Vee Dee	4	DRESSES FOR ESTHER RALSTON. <i>Our Fashion Page</i>	28
BEHIND THE SCREEN	6	SOMEBODY IN THE MOVIES HAS TO HAVE SOME BRAINS. By Alice L. Tildesley	30
JETTA GOUDAL — Photographs	9	PERHAPS YOU BELONG IN THE MOVIES	32
R. A. ROWLAND — A Portrait	10	THE MOVIE PEOPLE ARE GOING IN FOR ASTROLOGY. By Delight Evans	35
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL "STILL" OF THE MONTH	11	A JOB IN THE MOVIES. By Roy Crandall	36
PICTURES OF PICTURE PEOPLE	12	NEW SCREENPLAYS. By Delight Evans	38
HOLLYWOOD IS THE LAND OF DREAMS COME TRUE	14	SOME NEW FILMS. By Martin B. Dickstein	47
HAIL TO THE MARQUISE! By the Editor	15	PEARLS AND WOMEN. By Gayne Dexter	48
"PULL:" A Story by William A. Burton	16	PRE-SHOWING OF FEATURE FILMS	50
THE "RUSHES." By Grace Kingsley	18	DRAMALAND. By John Eliot	58
"GET THE HOOK." By Helen Starr	20	HOW YOUR BOY FRIEND OUGHT TO LOOK	61
DOUGLAS MACLEAN. An Interview by T. Howard Kelly	22	GOSSIP FROM SCREENLAND. By H. B. K. Willis	62
		THEY SAY. By Marion of Hollywood	68
		WHY COSTUME PICTURES. By Tom Mix	73

Published monthly by Magazine Builders, Inc., at 236 West 55th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

J. Thomas Wood, Pres Copyright 1924. Trade Mark registered. Single copies 25c.; subscription price, United States and Canada, \$2.50 a year; foreign, \$3.50. Entered as second-class matter, November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at

Long Island City, N. Y. Permission to reprint material must be secured from the publishers. General Executive and Editorial Offices at 236 West 55th Street, New York, N. Y. Western advertising offices at 30 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; 1004 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Printed in United States of America. **Roto-Color** Giles Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

Screenland's Bureau for the AMBITIOUS

THE photographs received in answer to Mr. Terriss' kind offer last month are being carefully gone over; the winner will be selected as soon as possible, and will be announced in an early issue.

The contest which SCREENLAND presents this month (on page 32) is a very novel one; in fact, it is the first contest of this kind which is not based solely on beauty.

Talent and personality far outweigh a patrician nose, and a sympathetic and responsive temperament are more to be screened than a cupid's bow.

You may not think you are beautiful, but a director, skilled in handling human material such as beautiful girls and stalwart men, might see in your face a quality which the whole world would glory in, once he brought it to the screen.



Mary Pickford receives a box of candy, and invites you to have a piece.



What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

NIPS OF IMPORTED PERFUMES

15 for 35c.

The ideal way to carry perfume when travelling or vacationing.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coty's L'Origan | <input type="checkbox"/> Houbigant's |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Chypre | <input type="checkbox"/> Quelques Fleurs |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Paris | <input type="checkbox"/> Guerlain's Jicky |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "La Rose Jacq | <input type="checkbox"/> "Rue de la Paix |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kerkoff's Djer | <input type="checkbox"/> "L'Heure Bleue |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kiss | <input type="checkbox"/> Caron's Narcisse |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Houbigant's Ideal | <input type="checkbox"/> Noir |

GUARANTEE--Genuine imported perfumes, rebottled in the U. S. A. by NIPS, Inc., wholly independent of the perfume manufacturers. Indicate which one of the above odors you want and send this advertisement with 35 cents to NIPOLA PRODUCTS CO., 110 W. 14th St., New York.



Name

Street

City

State



Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair pleasantly without discomfort to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild and dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable hair-removing cream which is the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. Money back if it fails to please. 50c at Drug and Dept. stores. Trial tube, by mail, free. HANNIBAL PHAR. CO., 605 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

You can earn good money at home in your spare time making show cards for us. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how by our new simple instructograph method. We supply both men and women with work at home no matter where you live and pay you cash for all work completed each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write today.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED,
254 Adams Building, Toronto, Canada

Is spooning dangerous? Does a petting party stop with a kiss? At last the question answered. See "Safe Counsel," page 199.



Amazing Secrets Of Love, Courtship and Marriage

Has true love come into your life — or didn't you recognize it when it came? Are you afraid now of the baffling, perplexing mysteries of sex relationship? Are you discontented with the stupid lies and furtive ashamed answers the world gives you in place of the naked, fearless truth you desire? Do you want some safe, sane, unashamed advice on sex questions? Do you hesitate asking your doctor certain questions? Clip coupon below, send it today without any money and in a few days you will receive the most startling surprise of your life.

Life's Mysteries Revealed

At last a book has been published that digs into sex matters without fear or beating around the bush. This startling 512-page book, "Safe Counsel," written by Prof. B. G. Jefferies, M. D. Ph. D., and Prof. J. L. Nichols, A. M., contains just the information you want. You will be amazed at its frankness. Words are not minced. "Polite" phrases are forgotten — the right word is used in the right place. In this remarkable volume are answered all the questions that brides want answered on the eve of their weddings — at youths approaching manhood demand of their elders — that married people should know. The naked facts are told. Ruthlessly! Daringly! But truthfully!

The Truth At Last!

"Safe Counsel" contains nine startling sections: I. The Science of Eugenics; II. Love; III. Marriage; IV. Childbirth; V. Family Life; VI. Sexual Science; VII. Diseases and Disorders; VIII. Principles of Health and Hygiene; IX. The Story of Life. Here are just a few of the subjects discussed—Love, Anatomy and Physiology, A Word to Maidens, Mistakes to Avoid, Signs of Excesses, Law of Mutual Attraction, Answers to Sex Problems, Controlling Your Impulses, Spooning, Maternity, Parental Influences, Change of Life, Impotence, Fighting Modern Evils, and scores of intimate subjects. Nothing withheld. You owe it to yourself, to your happiness and your health to read this wonderful book.

Send No Money — simply mail the coupon

Just clip the coupon. Send it in today. No money is required. In a few days when the postman brings you "Safe Counsel" (in a plain wrapper) you can pay him \$1.98 and postage. If you are not thoroughly satisfied after examination, return the book and we will refund your money. Send the coupon immediately. Mail it today to the Franklin Association, 186 N. LaSalle St., Dept. 3102 Chicago

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Franklin Association

186 N. LaSalle St., Dept. 3102 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your amazing 512-page book, "Safe Counsel," in a plain wrapper marked "Personal." I will pay the postman \$1.98, plus postage, upon arrival. If I'm not satisfied, I'll return the book within 5 days and you are to refund my money.

Name.....

Street or R.F.D.

City..... State.....

(Price outside of U. S. — \$2.22 cash with order)
C. O. D. shipments are often delayed. If you want to be sure of getting book sooner, send cash with order.

An Answer Page of Information.
Address: Miss VEE DEE,
SCREENLAND, 236 W. 55th St.,
New York City.

Ask Me

Anna McGirr (Phila. Pa.). Antonio Moreno is at present in Italy with Mrs. Tony, but mail will reach him if sent to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City. May McAvoy's mail goes to the same address, and Anna Q. Nilsson, while in New York, receives hers at the Biograph Studios. Percy Marmont is with Universal, Universal Studios, Hollywood. Twenty-five cents is the usual sum sent to cover postage, and you had better send it in stamps.

Mrs. T. Neildlein (Maryland). Bebe Daniels and Adolphe Menjou can both be reached at the Famous-Players Lasky Studios, Long Island, N. Y.

Pearl. Gloria Swanson is on her way back to the U. S. A. Address letters to the Famous-Players Studios.

V. R. Seasick. Don't like your nom-de-plume, reminds me of too many unpleasant experiences. In the March number of SCREENLAND you will see full results of the Mae Murray "Circe" competition.

Mary Burns. Sessue Hayakawa is in Europe with his Japanese wife, and he has made films both in England, with Ivy Duke, a popular English star, and in France.

Lucile Borg (Detroit). "North of 36" was actually filmed near Houston, Texas, and in the hottest of hot weather. William Desmond and Eileen Sedgwick have mail addressed to the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Alberta Vaughn is with F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, and Barbara La Marr with First National, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Screenland Fan. Love your stationery, very chic. Clive Brook played Solomon in "De classe," and if you write him care of United Studios, Hollywood, your letter will find him. Ian Keith with First National at the same address.

Nut McQue. The Spanish-type of hero seems to have all the innings these days. Ricardo Cortez was born of Spanish parents in Vienna, twenty-six years ago. He's six feet and has brown eyes and black hair. A clause in his contract prohibits his marrying for some years yet. Recent pictures, "Feet of Clay," "The Swan," "Argentine Love," and first starring picture will be "The Spaniard" for Famous Players.

Flapper. The part of Detective Moore in "Into the Net" was played by Bradley Barker.

Romantic Old Lady. I'm printing your letter because I feel as you do about Rockcliffe Fellows. "Tell us some more about Rockcliffe Fellows. I am one of many who are glad to see how much praise his work is receiving. Why isn't he a star? Why can't we hard-worked wives and mothers have a Romeo or a sheik with a jaw like



Posed by
Norma
Shearer

that? Anyhow, the gal in 'The Border Legion' ought to have eloped with him and been glad of the chance!" . . . That letter is something for producers to think about. Hope they see it.

Charles Bush. Perhaps this information will help you, although the figures mentioned are approximate. A story is worth as a photoplay five to ten times as much as it is in a magazine. For instance, "The Great White Way" would bring the writer about \$1,000 in magazine-rights and \$10,000 in film-rights. "The Mail Man" was written directly for the screen by Emory Johnson, who also produced the picture, and as he owned the picture I presume he paid himself nothing for the story. It all came in his net profits afterwards. "The Signal Tower," "Roaring Rails" and "Arizona Express" should be worth about \$2,000 each in movies, perhaps more.

S. A. F. (Detroit). Aileen Pringle is in her early twenties, was married, but as I haven't been able to have a heart-to-heart talk with Aileen, I don't know whether she is partial to blond men or not. I'll keep that in mind when I see her. She is five feet six and weighs 125. One of Aileen's claims that may be handed down to posterity is that she bears a striking resemblance to the titian-haired writer of undiluted emotions, Elinor Glyn. Address, care Famous-Players Lasky Studios, Astoria, Long Island, N. Y.

Three Navarro Fans, and Navarroists (Michigan) Chia (N. Y.). Hello there, girls. All in the pool together, eh? It's nice to hear from you again, and I wish you'd get it out of your pretty heads that you are "bothering" me. Ramon Navarro is not engaged to Eleanor Boardman at time of writing. Twenty-six last birthday. Five feet six tall. Getting to be a big boy, isn't he? Enid Bennett is twenty-eight and a natural blonde. I say "natural" because I have seen so much peroxide misused that I'm rather dubious nowadays. Thrilled that some one thinks I'm humorous. I shall read extracts from your letters to a man I danced with the other night; maybe I'll register stronger with him. "Ben Hur" will be released some time in the Fall (we hope) and Ramon's next is Mark Twain's "The Million Dollar Bank Note." Sounds heavy! Our covers are striking, aren't they? I have passed your letter on to the editor, "Navarroist." Mary Brian is now

on location in Bermuda with "The Little French Girl" company, which is a Famous-Players production. Mary is dark, with brown curls falling to her shoulders. She is sixteen and already has made a hit with the Powers-That-Be up at the studios. Since appearing in "Peter Pan" Miss Brian was in "The Air Mail" for Paramount. Pierre Gendron is unmarried.

Mr. Info. I saw Frank Mayo last week at the El Fey Club, New York—he looked awfully well, but, oh lordy, how that man did need a shave! He was probably growing half a beard for a new part. He's tall, dark, with grey eyes; has a most impressive manner, and looks just a wee bit bored with life in general. John Gilbert is the handsomest thing imaginable without being annoyingly aware of the fact. He's dark, too, with a profile of classic lines and a heart of pure gold (wow!). Frank Mayo is married to Dagmar Godowsky, and Leatrice Joy is still Mrs. John Gilbert, although they are separated at the moment. Frank Mayo's address is 610 Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Jack Gilbert and Norma Shearer have mail addressed to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Marie Horns (St. Cloud, Minn.). June Marlowe is at work on "Trapped in the Snow Country," featuring the clever doggie, Rin-Tin-Tin. She is just seventeen. Do you by any chance mean Holmes Herbert? If so, why you'll see him in "Wildfire," a Vitagraph production starring Aileen Pringle. He takes the part of Garrison in this race-course story. We go to press too early to permit immediate publication of answers, but watch and you'll always get it.

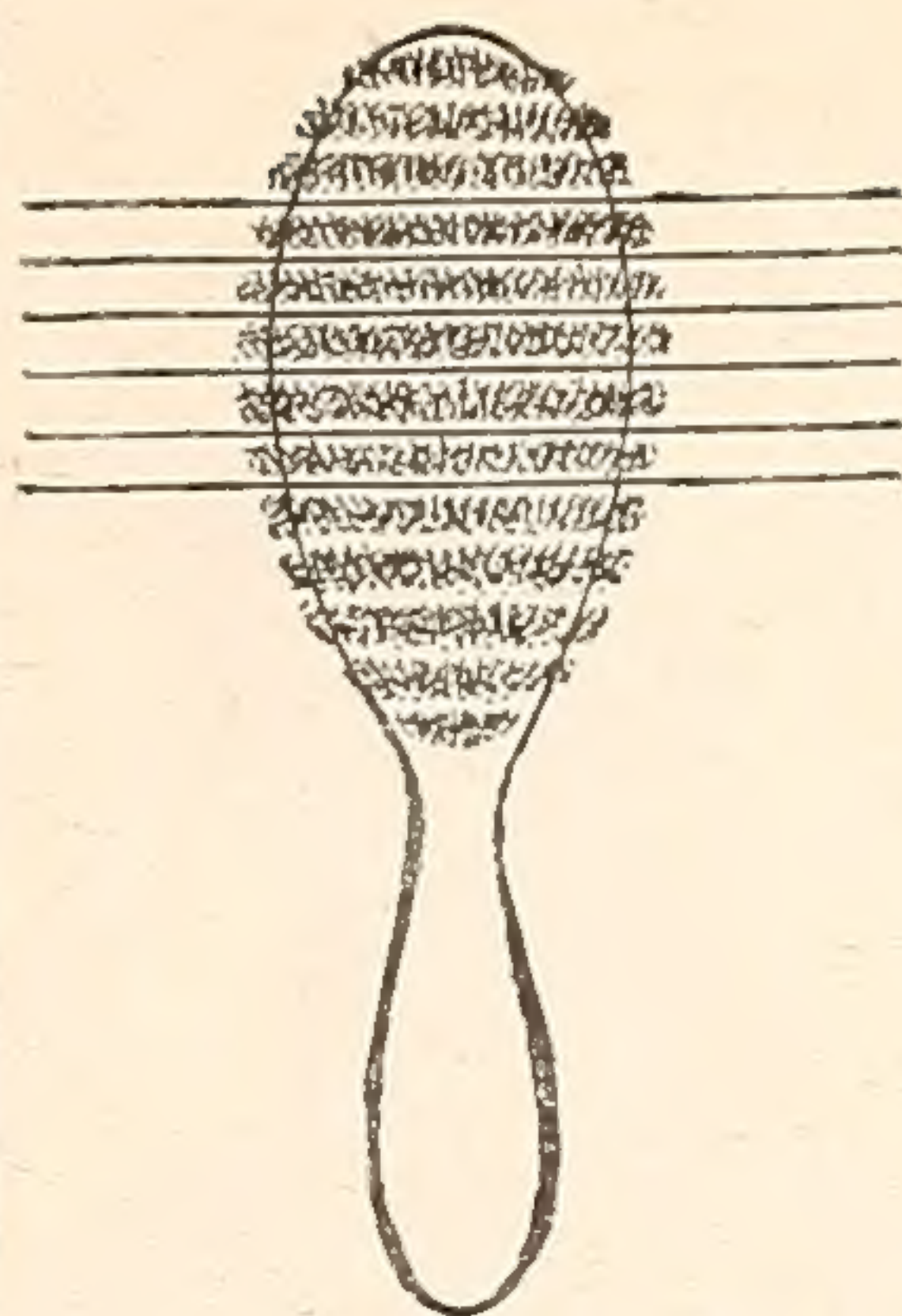
Conrad Nagel Fan. Conrad is married to Ruth Helms, a non-professional, and his address is Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Mae Busch, an Australian, was married but seems now to prefer single blessedness.

Artist (Chicago). Eyes dancing, and full of her trip to Rome, Kathleen Key blew into New York with the latest in Paris fashions. She is glad to be back, but seems to have had a great time in the Eternal City. From rumors, I imagine the dashing Kath left behind many grateful mothers and sorrowful sons. I was with her one night when she spoke over the radio and registered a decided hit.

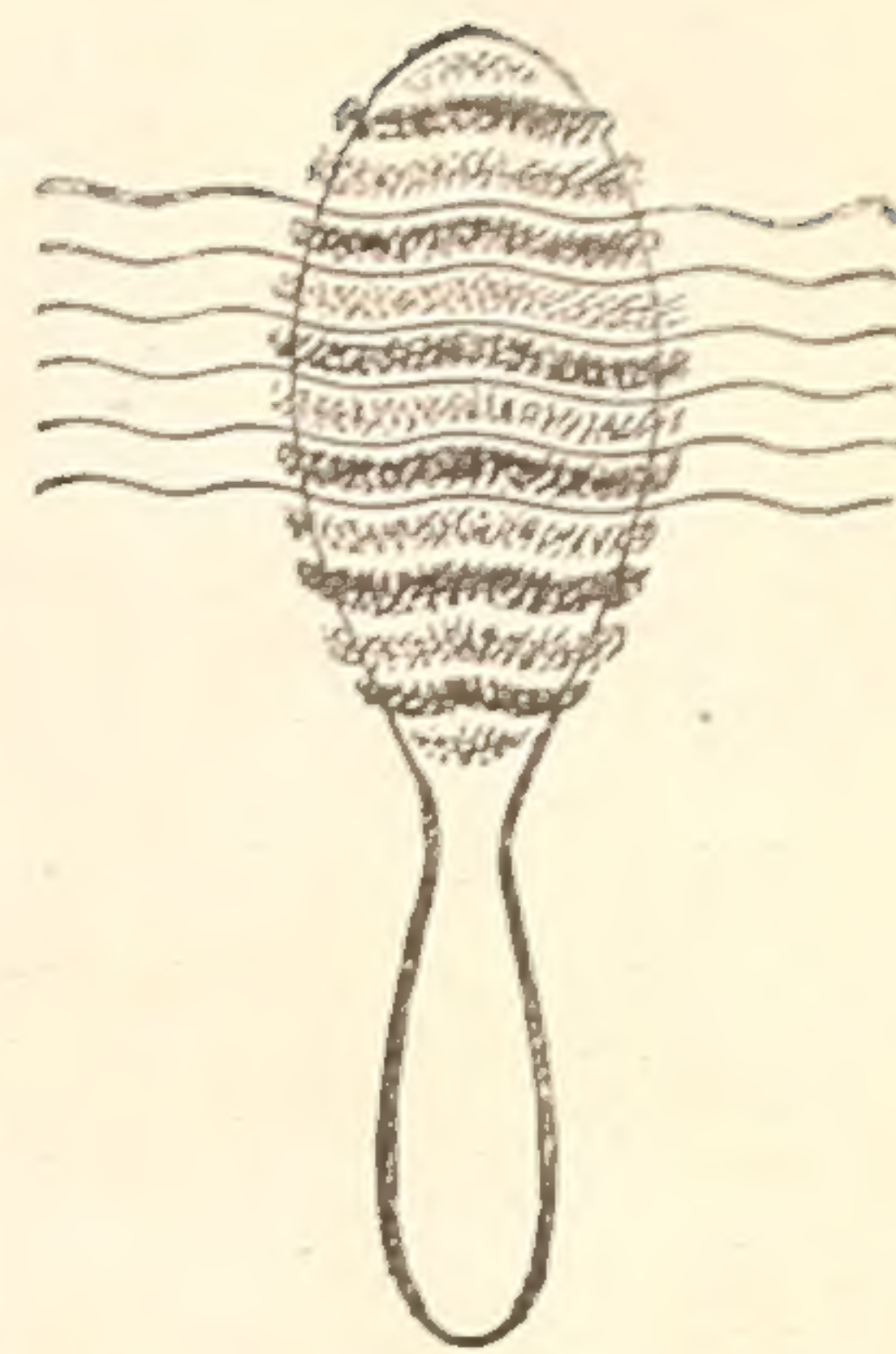
John A. Westin. Glad the facts I gave you were what you wanted. Come again, but don't call me "mister," even though I do wear a boyish bob. Eileen Percy is freelancing, which means here today and somewhere else tomorrow. You can reach Aileen Pringle at the Famous-Players Studios.

Mrs. Long and G. L. Davis. The article by Mr. Thompson in the February number of SCREENLAND was intended to show would-be writers exactly what is required in the way of screen material. This was certainly not an advertisement. Hamilton Thompson is scenario editor of Fox Films, 10th Avenue and 55th Street, New York. Judging from the avalanche of inquiries for Mr. Thompson since he wrote his article, I'd hate to have to answer his mail. See answer to Mr. Info.

Romeo. Yes, Dorothy Mackaill has joined the ranks of the bobbed blondes. When she first saw herself with shorn tresses Dorothy staged a crying bout, but has now decided it is easier to keep short hair in order. She hails from Hull, England, where they have a "cockney" accent all their own! Address, care of First National, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.



STRAIGHT
Bristled hair brush
straightens the hair



WAVEX
Curling hair brush for
brush-waving the hair

A Brush for Waving Hair!

Waves the hair with every stroke! Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl as it ripples through the waving rows of bristles in this scientifically formed brush!

If you want wavy hair—that really waves, with a real, natural wave—use the new brush that brushes in waves. Free proof, on your own hair; see offer.

For years women have done everything and anything to make waves in their hair—only to brush them out! The hair brush with straight rows of bristles straightens the soft hairs; how could it be otherwise?

But now, those who wish wavy hair may have it. Your hair will be straight if you brush it straight; it will wave if waved in the brushing.

Any Hair Brush-Waved With Ease

All hair requires ten to fifteen minutes daily brushing to keep it healthy, or even clean. So the brush-wave means no extra time nor trouble; all you need is the right brush. It's ready in limited quantity now—it is called Wavex—costs no more because of the waving feature—a fine quality, genuine pig-bristle hair brush that will be a delight to use.

You need no preparation with this scientific brush—there's no mystery or "magic" in this discovery. No special skill in using, just brush your hair—and Wavex will coax to curliness in a perfectly natural and beneficial way.

At New York's beauty show Wavex was a sensation. Women were shown and convinced on the spot. Every brush was soon gone, and scores of others left orders. A thousand Wavex brushes are reserved and ready for this first published announcement; you are assured a Wavex brush if you act promptly. Just your name and address brings the brush, and you need not send any money unless you want to.

If you want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All you'll ever require for hair that ripples and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll soon have an effect

that all the dressings ever made for hair could not duplicate.

How to Get a Wavex

Soon the stores will be supplied with Wavex brushes, but you need not wait for yours. We will forward one brush to any address. Then you may see for yourself what a marvelous beauty aid has been found in the curling hair brush. What you save in beauty parlor fees makes the cost of Wavex insignificant. Send for yours now—pay the postman when you get it.

NOTE: Everyone needs, and should use a good hair brush and the Wavex is a quality brush with genuine pig bristles hand-set in its strong, graceful ebonized wood back. The introductory price is three dollars! So, the wonderful waving feature really costs nothing.

One Thousand

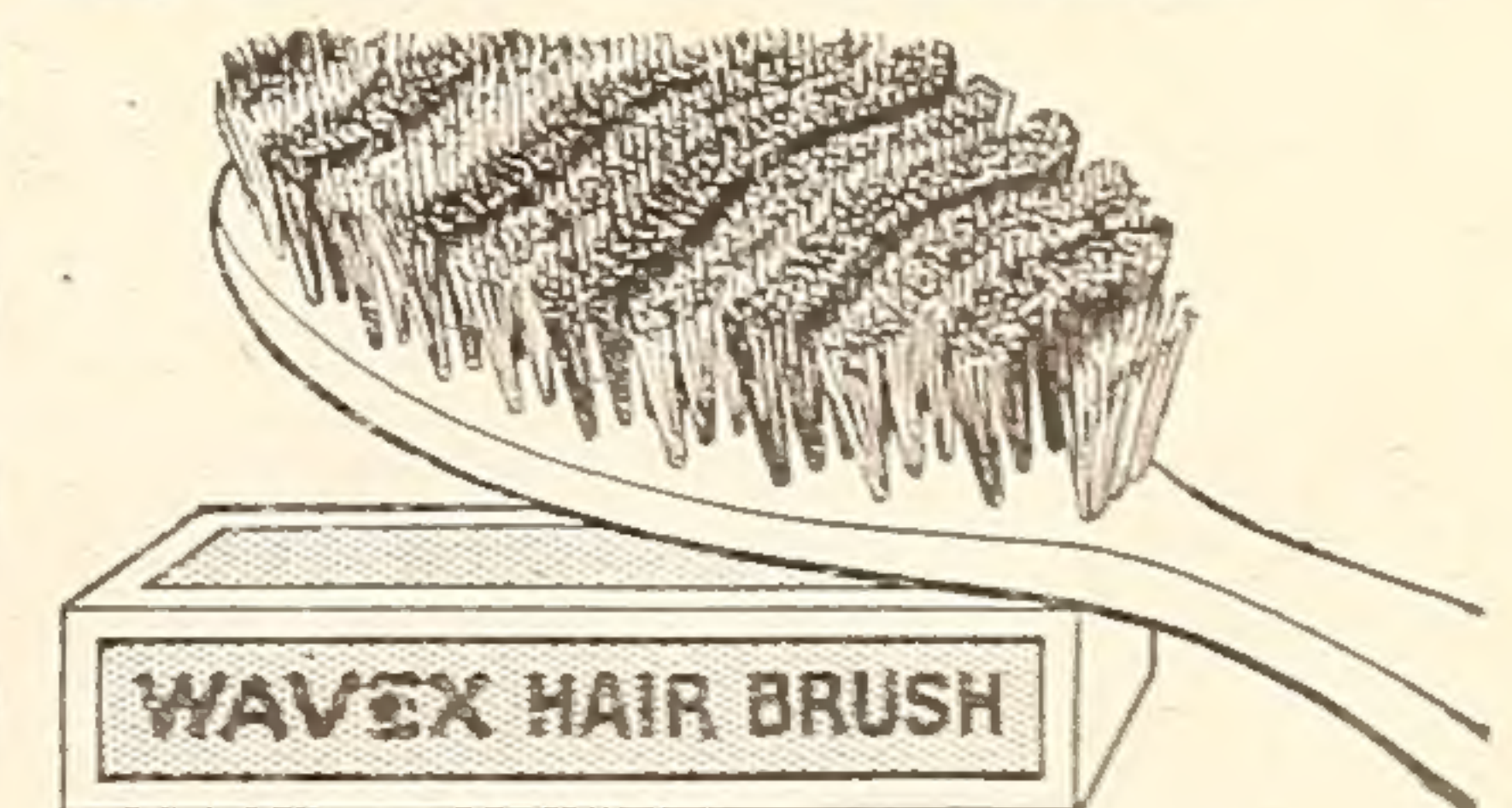
WAVEX

CURLING HAIR BRUSHES

Ready Now For FREE TEST!

Until further notice the makers of Wavex will distribute to readers direct. One brush only, at the special price of \$3 to each who makes immediate use of the coupon printed here.

Send no money unless you prefer; you save the postage if you do. But either way, a week's trial is absolutely free—with every penny returned if you don't get results that make you glad and grateful. Doubt it if you like, but try it! Here is the coupon:



THE WAVEX COMPANY (99A)
310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week's free demonstration which must sell me, or my money is to be returned. I will pay postman \$3 and postage. (Or enclose \$3 now and get brush prepaid.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



Free Trial Forget Gray Hair

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Renewed color even and perfectly natural in all lights. No streaking.

My Restorer is a time-tested preparation, which I perfected many years ago to renew the original color in my own prematurely gray hair. I ask all who are gray to prove its worth by accepting my absolutely Free Trial Offer.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial Outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

**FREE
TRIAL
COUPON**

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN
516-F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name

Street

City

**\$700
a week**
from his own
Photograph Studio



"My income now averages from \$700 to \$1000 a week," writes Michael Gallo, who owns his own photographic studio on fashionable Fifth Avenue, New York. He adds, "My portrait studies bring me as much as \$250 a dozen." Hundreds of others are earning big money everywhere. Amazing growth of Professional Photography offers chance of a lifetime; high-salaried position or your own business. \$20 to \$75 a week in spare time!



LEARN AT HOME

No previous experience or special ability is needed. New easy method makes you a Professional Photographer in spare hours at home. Famous experts of New York Institute of Photography train you by mail. All branches: Motion Picture, Portraiture, Commercial, News Photography. Earn while learning.



Motion Picture or 5x7 View **CAMERA FREE**

Your choice absolutely free. Motion Picture Camera takes real Motion Pictures on standard professional film used by all theatres. View Camera is latest professional model for all still photography; genuine anastigmat lens.

WRITE FOR BOOK

Handsome, big new book explains wonderful opportunities; positions paying \$50 to \$250 a week; how to start your own business; how to earn money in spare time. Send postcard or letter today for FREE BOOK and free Camera offer.

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 60, 143 West 36th St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

**SLENDER ANKLES \$3.25
CAN BE YOURS**

PEOPLE ADMIRE DAINTY ANKLES

Thick or swollen ankles can quickly be reduced to dainty slenderness by new discovery of special processed rubber. **Lenor Ankle Reducers** Ankles Actually Look Thin While Getting Thin

Different in reducing action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go to bed and note amazing results next morning. Reduces and shapes ankle and lower calf. Slips on like a glove. No strips of rubber to bind and cause discomfort. Nothing to rub in or massage. Enables you to wear low shoes becomingly. Worn under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. Send \$3.25 and we will send you Lenor Ankle Reducers in plain package subject to your inspection. Give size of ankle and widest part of calf.

LENOR MFG. CO. Dept. 1-HG-5
503 Fifth Avenue New York



THICK
ANKLES
SPOIL
YOUR
APPEARANCE

Every fan likes
Norma Talmadge
and she likes
every fan.



Behind the Screen

Rumors in New York
about the players

YOU would think that Lillian Gish's legal altercations with her former manager, Charles Duell, would somewhat upset that young star's usual serenity. Not so. Perhaps it is because she has won an injunction and her case looks hopeful. Perhaps she anticipates working again soon under other management, which ambition is the object of the case now in court. And then—there may be other reasons why she goes about looking so happy and unperturbed. Can it be that George Jean Nathan has something to do with it? That brilliant young critic first knew Miss Gish only through her work, which he praised to the skies, and then some. He met her through Joseph Hergesheimer, and seemed to like the real Lillian even more than he does her shadow. They have been seen everywhere together of late, and both seem to wear that rapt look which is the customary accompaniment of Cupid's darts. Inasmuch as Mr. Nathan is soon leaving *The American Mercury*, and plans, according to report, to go abroad to write, and since Lillian has also expressed her plan of returning to Europe some time—well, draw your own conclusions. We like to see Lillian looking happy, anyway.

* * *

DOROTHY GISH is making a new picture, *New York Life*, for Famous Players, under Allan Dwan's direction. It is Dorothy's first appearance in the big Long Island City studio, and strangely enough her former boss, David Wark Griffith, is also making his first picture there now. Griffith is doing *Poppy*, adapted from the musical comedy starring Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields. Carol Dempster will play Miss Kennedy's part, Mr. Fields will play his own. It's a distinct departure for "the master" to be making a light comedy, isn't it?

To return to Dorothy, she is in distinguished company. Ernest Torrence and Rod LaRoque are the other principals in the Dwan opus.

* * *

POLA NEGRI spent a hectic week in Manhattan before catching a boat for Europe. She dashed from Hollywood directly upon completion of the last of her scenes in *The Charmer* so that she would be able to enjoy every day of her brief vacation. Conferences with her company officials, interviews, luncheons, theatre par-

ties and dinners occupied the Polish star's every minute. The most exciting event of her stay in New York was the very smart dinner dance Famous Players gave for her at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. It was given so that Pola might meet all the newspaper and magazine people who have written about her since she came to America in 1922. When she first arrived, she was oh, so continental; but now she has become Americanized, at least to the extent of a democratic warmth and gracious manner. She never looked lovelier in any picture than she did at her dance, and everybody left with the feeling of having dined with a charming and fascinating woman with, it must be confessed, far more of an "air" than most of our native stars possess. She is that combination of naivete and sophistication that only European women possess to an irresistible degree.

She will remain only three weeks in Europe, most of the time with her mother in their native Poland. She plans to dispose of her estate there and also to make arrangements for the enlargement of an orphanage which she is endowing. This orphanage now accommodates one hundred and thirty-five children. Miss Negri will increase the number to five hundred. Paris will be visited for clothes, Berlin for business. But Europe will never again be her permanent home, says Pola. She intends to live in America and it is for that reason that she is disposing of her property and also that she has taken out citizenship papers in the United States. Good for her!

* * *

WE had a postcard from Tony Moreno bearing a green stamp with the likeness of King Alfonso. Tony was in Madrid and about to begin work in Rex Ingram's *Mare Nostrum*, in which he has the leading male role. He said: "Having a great time in this place where my wife can't talk for once in her life. Had a peculiar tug on my heart strings when I first hit Spanish soil, but all the world is God's garden and America has been good to me." Now why did Tony have to spoil it by remembering his manners?

* * *

THREE motion-picture stars were included in the first party given for Michael Arlen upon his arrival in this country. The English-Armenian writer, whose *The Green Hat* has become the most widely discussed book of the day, was entertained

on his first night in New York by John Farrar, an editor, whose guests included Alice Joyce, Barbara La Marr, and Mary Hay. The party was incidentally given at Ciro's, where Mary and Clifton Webb are dancing quaint and delightful character stuff for their exclusive audiences.

* * *

RICHARD DIX has developed into a fighter. Ordinarily he is blessed with a wonderfully even disposition—hardly anything ruffles him. But his last two pictures have demanded belligerence, and Richard has delivered. In *Too Many Kisses* he fought a whale of a battle with William Powell, who was much bruised in the encounter. For *The Shock Punch* he has to face Gunboat Smith, a professional of the ring, and Walter Long, screen villain whose skill at fisticuffs has hitherto seldom been challenged. No danger of Dix developing a waistline.

* * *

GLENN HUNTER is back in New York and making a picture called *Once a Peddler*. Just to live up to his reputation as a real guy with a marvellous sense of humor, Glenn has rechristened it privately, *Once a Peddler Always an Actor*. Which may be true of some thespians but not of young Hunter, whose tour in *Merton of the Movies* proved a triumph for his talents. As soon as he finishes this film he starts on another.

He and his Universal company making the first-named opus gave a luncheon party at Glenn's favorite Italian restaurant. The riot of the occasion was Glenn's impersonation of Olga Petrova. Until you see it you will never really know what a good actor the boy is. Edna Murphy is the leading lady of *Once a Peddler*, and so far she and the star have not been reported engaged.

Ann Pennington, the darling of New York in the "Follies" for so many seasons, is really ambitious for a new career in the movies. She has made two films besides a brief appearance as herself in *A Kiss in the Dark*. Ann admits that when she had a chance years ago to make good as a Famous Players star she didn't quite appreciate it. Now she is in earnest. And whatever anybody may say about Ann's acting, there are no differences of opinion about her famous dimpled knees.

* * *

The prize plum for a picture player is a Florida location. Among the lucky ones to escape New York's blustery late-winter weather were Richard Barthelmess, who went south for exteriors for *Soul Fire*; Thomas Meighan; and Dorothy Mackaill of the *Chickie* company, in Miami for atmosphere.

* * *

PRISCILLA DEAN is in New York, making personal appearances with her picture, *A Cafe in Cairo*. We had always thought that Miss Dean would be even snappier and sweeter off the screen than on, but her little speech to her audiences rather disillusioned us. She's supposed to have a great sense of humor and yet she pulls the old, old line, something to this effect: "Well, I suppose you're all thinking, 'Gee, she don't look a bit like Mary Pickford,'" etc. Priscilla did not exactly take the city by storm, in other and harsher words.

* * *

DOUGLAS MACLEAN is going to make his future pictures for Paramount, also known as Famous Players-Lasky. Doug came east ostensibly for a vacation, but he was kept busy with conferences. Mrs. MacLean was with him.



David Butler and the famous Rin-Tin-Tin as they will appear in "Tracked in the Snow Country."



400 ROOMS AND BATHS

together with many other comfort features at most reasonable rates.

100 Rooms at \$2.50 per Day
100 Rooms at \$3.00 per Day
100 Rooms at \$3.50 per Day
50 Rooms at \$4.00 per Day
50 Rooms at \$4.50 per Day

There is but one price to everybody.
Rates are posted in each room.

Food Service the Very Best

Club Breakfast	. . . \$.75
Special Luncheon75
Table d'Hote Dinners	1.50
Coffee Shop and Tea Room—	
Finest in the city	

Conveniently located in the heart of Indianapolis, on WASHINGTON ST. (National Trail) at Kentucky Ave.

HOTEL LINCOLN

R. L. MEYER, Manager
INDIANAPOLIS

BUST DEVELOPED



My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR

14-DAY TREATMENT FREE

If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only

Madame D.M. Williams, Buffalo, N.Y.

Weight and Health

Can Be Restored in as short a time as 10 days. To prove that you can be rid of thinness, that tired feeling, sleepless nights, nervousness, and regain normal weight, health and vitality I send you Hilton's Vitamines absolutely free and post-paid to anyone who will write me. No cost. No obligation. If it cures you, makes you strong and gain weight, I will appreciate your telling others. That's all I ask. Simply send me your name and prove that you can feel and look 10 years younger. W. W. HILTON, 673 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

SONG WRITERS! \$250 ADVANCE ROYALTY

will be paid on songs found suitable for publication. Submit your manuscripts for immediate examination. **EQUITABLE MUSIC CORPORATION** 1658 J Broadway New York City

WRITE FOR *Free Book* on Song Writing



ZIP

IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT

The
Guaranteed
EPILATOR
for
Destroying
Superfluous
Hair and ROOTS

"ZIP is delightful, actually destroying the growth with the roots, simply and absolutely without irritation. I recommend ZIP."
IRENE BORDONI



YOUR happiness, like every woman's, lies in your being attractively beautiful. You may have eyes radiant with love; cheeks reflecting the bloom of youth; lips simulating the perfection of the rosebud. And yet a single unwanted hair mars your charm and your happiness.

Can you afford to ignore objectionable hairs on your face, arms, underarms, back of neck and limbs, or shaggy brows? Can you longer neglect to use a method which really lifts out the hairs with the roots, gently, quickly and **painlessly**, and thus **destroys the growth**? Such is the action of ZIP, and it accomplishes its work with astounding effectiveness. So different from ordinary depilatories which merely burn off the surface hair and leave the roots to thrive; so far superior to the electric needle with all its agony and danger of marring the skin; and so much more effective than pumice with its massaging and hair-growing effects.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

FREE BOOK AND FREE SAMPLES

Massage Cream and Face Powder with my Compliments. Guaranteed not to grow hair

MADAME BERTHE, Specialist,
Dept. 700 562 Fifth Ave., New York.

Please send me FREE samples of your Massage Cream and Face Powder, and your Free Book, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful by using ZIP. (PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME.)

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Remember, ZIP is not a depilatory—it is an **EPILATOR**, and actually destroys the growth. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless; contains no injurious drugs; is easily applied at home, and delightfully fragrant; leaves your skin as soft and smooth as a babe's; and above all, is acknowledged by experts as the **scientifically correct** method for really eliminating all your superfluous hair.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Guaranteed on moneyback basis.

Treatment or **FREE DEMONSTRATION** at my Salon

Madame Berthe
Specialist

Dept. 700

562 Fifth Avenue
(Entrance on 46th St.) New York

"ZIP is marvelous for clearing the skin of superfluous hair and destroying the growth. I am truly grateful to you for it."
MARIE PREVOST



"You are indeed to be congratulated on bringing such a perfect hair destroyer to the attention of FilmLand."
RUTH ROLAND



"Once a woman tries ZIP she will never use any other method for destroying objectionable hair."
HOPE HAMPTON



"I am delighted with ZIP. It is far superior to depilatories, shaving or electrolysis."
MARION DAVIES

CREATIONS

JORDEAU

NEW YORK

SCREENLAND

May 1925



Temperamental
Jetta



Distinctly
Individual

JETTA GOUDAL

She has come into her own! After several years, budding years, well-spent, hard-worked years, came "Salome of the Tenements," and to-day Jetta Goudal is the greatest possibility for unique, colorful star honors of any screen player now in the movie world. Salome, you have captured SCREENLAND'S head and heart!



Q Mr. R. A. Rowland, General Manager of First National Pictures, Inc., who offers through SCREENLAND, an opportunity for some unknown to climb to Fame.



The most beautiful
"still" of the month
from

DANGEROUS **I**NNOCENCE

featuring Eugene O'Brien and
Laura La Plante

PICTURES *of* PICTURE PEOPLE

The camera gets an eyeful on the moving picture lot.



¶Helen Hoge being directed by Ralph Ince in a scene from "Playing with Souls."



¶Monta Bell and the Angus Twins; one has a beauty spot, but which one?



¶Judy King, who plays the part of "Fox Trot" in "She Wolves," now being filmed.



¶Paulette Duval's initialed slippers.



¶Marian Nixon is getting nearer and nearer the top.



¶Clarence Brown trimming a script written for him by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin.



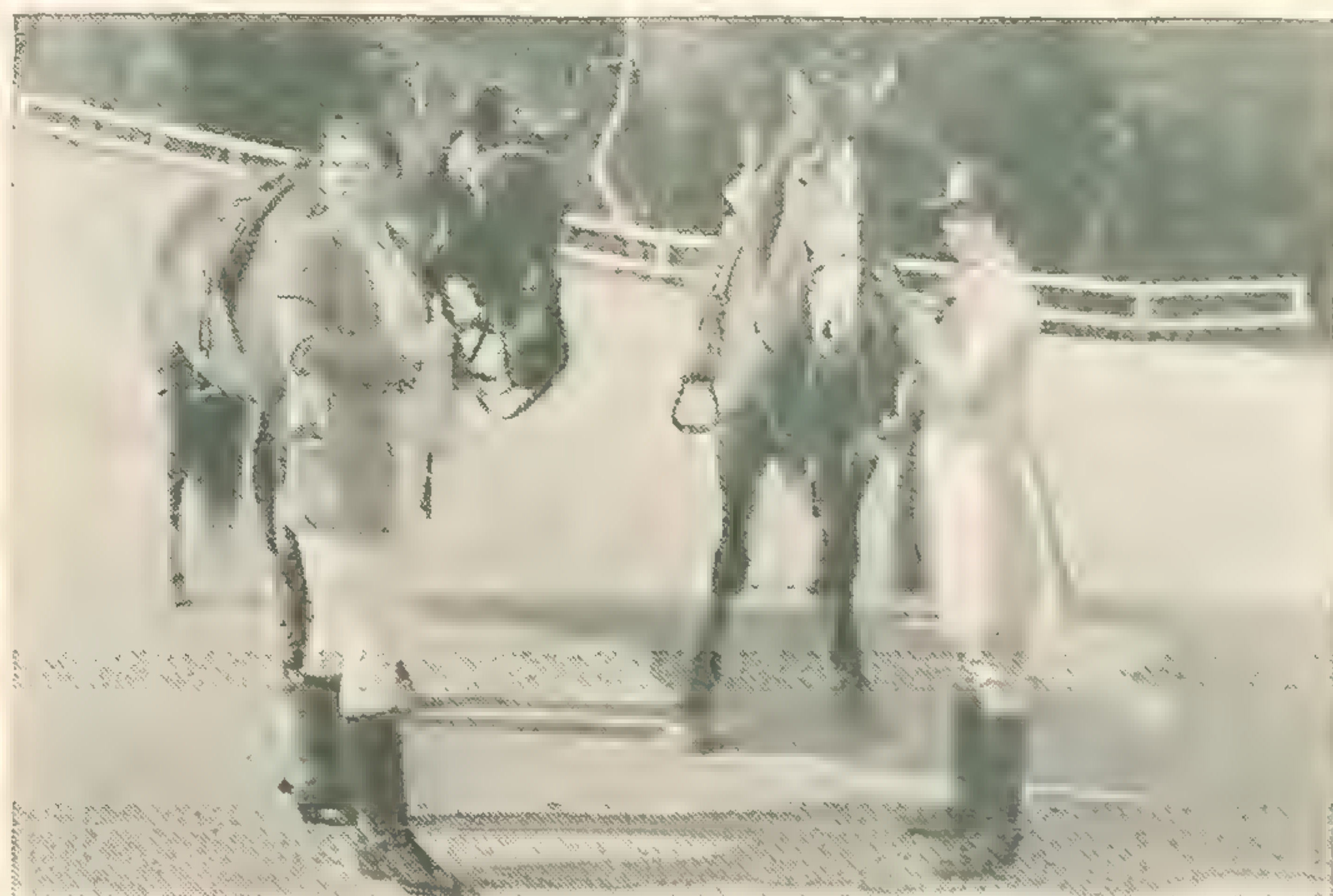
¶Dorothy Devore going down the cellar — you know.



¶Jobyna Ralston, the prettiest little trick in this neck of the woods.



¶Louise Fazenda has a radio for entertainment when the bus breaks down.



¶Marion Blackton and Mae Marsh and mounts.



From his home in Hollywood Robert G. Vignola, the director, sees many lovely homes where success cooks the meals and happiness waits on the table.

HOLLYWOOD is the Land of Dreams Come True

Robert Z. Leonard, director, and cast of "Cheaper to Marry," musically inclined: Mr. Leonard, Paulette Duval, Conrad Nagel, Marguerite de la Motte, and Lewis Stone.



SCREENLAND'S EDITOR SAYS:

Hail to the Marquise!

GLORIA IS BACK!
The front pages of millions of newspapers gave this great event their leading space. Kings and crooks had to "move over"; race-horses and radios, earthquakes and elephants had to do their stuff on back pages of the paper — Gloria is back, and the front pages of our hearts are hers.

If the carping gentlemen who cry for new screen faces read their morning papers, they will read between the lines the eager welcome and warm, loving interest we movie fans all feel for Miss Swanson.

We're even beginning to find ourselves liking her Marquis. He looks like a regular fellow, as much of a real gentleman as Gloria, our favorite screen star, is a real lady.

We welcome, joyfully and enthusiastically, the return of the native, and greet the Marquise, title and all. Her old title still continues in force, however, and it is now proper court etiquette to address her:

Glorious Gloria, Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye!!

"Pull"

A Story of Love in Hollywood

By William A. Burton

Illustrated by
A. J. Trembath



ACCORDING to all the rules of the game, Kirk was "licked." All day long, even out in the warm sunshine of a perfect Californian December day, he had been haunted by the thought that he had reached the end of his tether, but it was not until the sun had set, and he had climbed the creaking stairs of the rooming house to his shabby little back

bedroom, that Kirkham Wayne felt ready to admit the possibility of defeat.

In the darkness the young man groped along the bedroom wall until he found the electric push button, and the gloom was diluted by the feeble glimmer of the

cheapest light that Mrs. Meadus, the economical landlady, could find on the market.

Kirk tossed his cap dexterously on to a hook at the back of the door, thrust his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, and stared around his room with an expression of unspeakable disgust. He was fond of "nice" things. His wide set brown eyes and sensitive mouth told that.

his elbows on his knees and bowed his head while he ran his fingers through his crisp mass of black hair. Then slowly he started to take off his dusty and well-worn tan shoes.

Broke after working conscientiously when he could, and spending economically; jobless after a six months' attempt to make a place for himself in the moving picture world; a week in arrears for the rent of his room. He had the best of excuses for admitting failure, but as he worried at his knotted laces, Kirk was not thinking of excuses. Instead, he was thinking of his "fetish" against the waves of discouragement that at last seemed about to engulf him.

He cast his shoes from him, and stretched his toes contentedly. He hitched his chair a little closer to his trunk, and, opening it, fished around until he found an

The shadows made for them a little world all their own where they found sympathy and the delights of friendship.



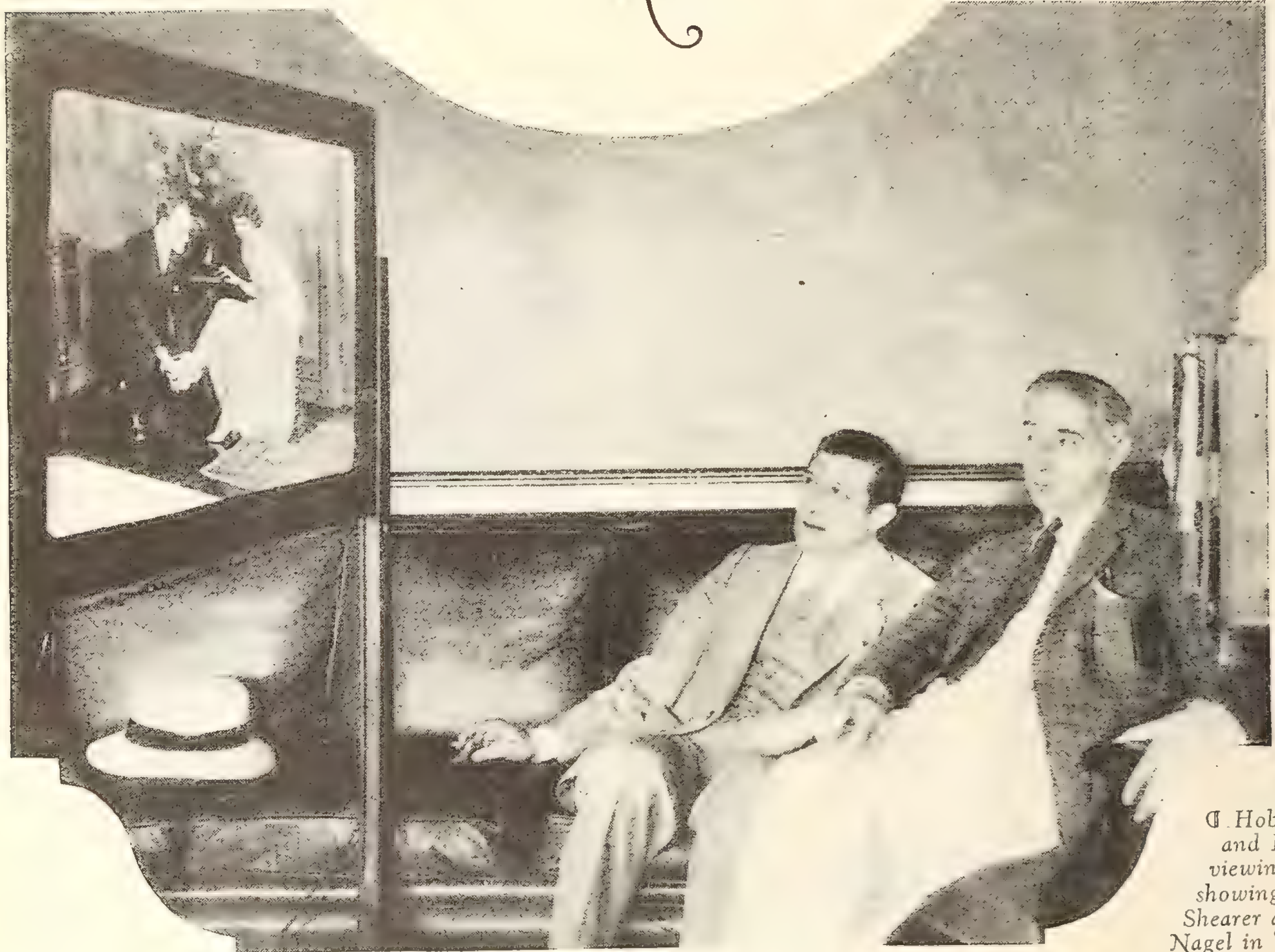
Kirk had hated that room from the day on which his rapidly shrinking capital had driven him to it from his snug quarters in the Mountain View Court, and he never hated it more wholeheartedly than now. It was not only undesirable in itself, but its shoddy discomfort personified the thing that had happened to him.

Kirk was twenty-five, an age at which a normal young man does not tire very easily, yet he moved across the room and dropped into a battered yellow rocker, with fatigue expressed in every line and motion. He rested

unsealed letter. With almost reverential care he removed a couple of sheets of note paper, closely covered with a crabbed masculine handwriting. This was Kirk's fetish. There was really no need for him to read it, for he already knew it by heart, but he needed at this moment something more tangible than mere memory. He knew his father's letter would give him the contact he needed, just as it had many times in the past six months. And so he read with the earnestness of a devotee at a sacred shrine the letter to William B. (Continued on page 84)

The "Rushes"

By
Grace Kingsley



J. Hobart Henley and Harry Rapf viewing the first showing of Norma Shearer and Conrad Nagel in "So This Is Marriage."

A PLAIN little dark room, with a few scattered chairs, but the setting for a world event. Chairs hard and uninviting, but fit thrones for reigning queens. A dozen or so men in shirt-sleeves, smoking, chatting listlessly, rather bored with life, but to be lifted in a moment to heights of enthusiasm.

A bare little room it is, but here they put to the test the hopes of the extra girls, the hopes of the "bit" actresses, the hopes of the thousands who make the movies and seek to make them better.

A bunch of wise-crackers—directors, scenario writers, cameramen—grope into the darkness and take the uncomfortable chairs; the man in the projection



Patsy Ruth Miller. It only took one showing in the "rushes" to secure her picture future.

booth in the back of the room throws the pictures on the screen. Conversation, smoking, and shuffling of feet subside, and the spectators grow tense as they await the scenes which mean fame and fortune perhaps, if in them they have put that elusive thing which spells movie success.

At such a moment Valentino's now famous tango scene in "The Four Horsemen" flashed first before his eyes, that scene which was and still is the high point in his brilliant life, the scene that "made" Valentino.

In just such a dark little room Mae Marsh saw herself a wonderful actress in the old "Birth of a Nation," although she hardly could have imagined its never-to-be-forgotten greatness.

Q The daily showing of the scenes just taken - they are called "rushes" - is always dramatic, often epoch-making.

The moment when Lillian Gish first saw her paroxysm of terror as the White Sister—the first time anyone ever saw it—was in such a dismal, small, silent room.

They call them the "rushes," these exhibitions of the scenes taken the day before; and they are well named, for meteors here have rushed into existence on their gorgeous path to set a world afire.

These men with their "hard-boiled" attitudes who sit watching the rushes never miss a movement nor an expression shown on that screen.

"Who's that girl? What's her name?" they question when one of the performers shows promise.

A very pretty girl, up there on the screen, pretends to read a letter containing bad news; she looks her part. She reads another that holds good news; again she acts her part. She hears her sweetheart at the door; she shows her happiness. She gets a telegram; she registers her emotion.

The same old test stuff—it is used over and over again on every girl trying for a part in the movies.

But this girl who is having her shadow thrown on the screen somehow is doing is all differently—you really weep when she weeps, and laugh when she laughs. These blase directors, even, gulp occasionally once or twice, and curse to hide their emotions. This girl is so natural,

so poignant, so graceful, and so pretty, that again they ask, "Who is she?" and the man at the projection machine reads off her name again:

"Mary Brian."

"I choose her!" exclaimed Herbert Brenon without a moment's hesitation.

And that's how Mary Brian happened to play "Wendy" in *Peter Pan*. She had played only one small bit before having entrusted to her that great part—but her acting, as seen in the rushes, truthfully showed her ability. She is now practically starring in Paramount's "The Little French Girl." And she is just past sixteen.

How many a tale these "rushes" can tell!

Eleanor Boardman waited three years. She sat by the telephone, just like the sentimental person in "All Alone." But she wasn't waiting to hear from a lover. Instead she was quite practically—but excitedly—waiting to hear from her test, made down at the World Film Company's studio that day by Robert McIntyre. She lived in quiet old Philadelphia, on a quiet street, and she was just a high school girl, full of romantic ideas about the movies. Mr. McIntyre had seemed to like her, too—

had said that she looked like Elsie Ferguson—a recollection that did much to help keep her hopeful, to keep her spirits high.

(Continued on page 82)



Q Jane Winton (center) shown in the "rushes" of "Tomorrow's Love" with Rosemary Cooper and Jocelyn Lee.



Q Eleanor Boardman's talent was soon recognized. Here she is in "The Silent Accuser" which everyone will remember.



Q Little Marian Nixon was discovered in the "rushes" and has been rushed into the leading roles opposite famous men ever since.

"Get the H O O K!"

*The old gallery cry was once braved
by most of the comedy lot cut-ups*

By Helen Starr

WHEN spring is in the air in Hollywood, a certain few folk don't care whether pictures keep or not. You'll see them around the comedy lots displaying all the languor of men occupied in digesting heavy breakfasts. In the pictures, light canterers dispose of any necessary horse racing and they stub their toes near spots soft for falls. And they are generally uneasy. Shortly, they maintain an attitude of "I don't have to work—I can starve," and turn down calls from the studios. Then they examine train schedules and slip away out of town one by one. There are the circus folk—riders, tumblers, clowns. They slink away individually and alone, for they don't want to admit to other circus folk that they are sentimental fools. They don't want to admit that the smell of the sawdust trail has them enthralled and that they love the gleam of the stars above a big top. Silly, in comparison to the success pictures mete out to the fortunate! Of course, it's wiser to stay in Hollywood, but it's spring again! And if you've ever been part of a circus it's impossible to break away!

Vaudeville holds no such devastating financial lure, and most vaudevillians had rather leave the circuits if they think they can make good in Hollywood. They remain in the movie town, and let the circus performers go their way.

The training of vaudeville or burlesque is of great value in comedies. Brevity is the keynote of success in vaudeville. Jokes and songs, dance steps and falls must go over fast, and the added trick which gives them high comedy value is to make each new move unexpected. "Get the stuff over quickly, make it unexpected, and register for just one spontaneous

laugh." That's a brief training course which every vaudeville comedian learns to know by heart. The picture comedy must move fast, too, and bring out quick, spontaneous laughs when they are least expected.

Previous fame doesn't always hold water in picturedom. Stars of the stage have approached the making of comedies full of stealthy fear and have been glad to get out of them again before they were noticed. George M. Cohan wasn't satisfied with his picture experience. Carter De Haven has left. Al Jolson decamped for Europe after he had seen the first runs of film, and left company and director starless while the production was half finished. Weber and Fields felt they didn't go over in pictures, and Lew Brice found he couldn't begin to create the laughs he gets in vaudeville. Comedians who do funny voice stunts on the circuits scarcely realized that they were giving up their greatest asset in the silent drama.

It's an entirely different sort of game.



¶ Walter Hiers, always fat, always funny.



¶ Kalla Pasha, Fox Strong Man.



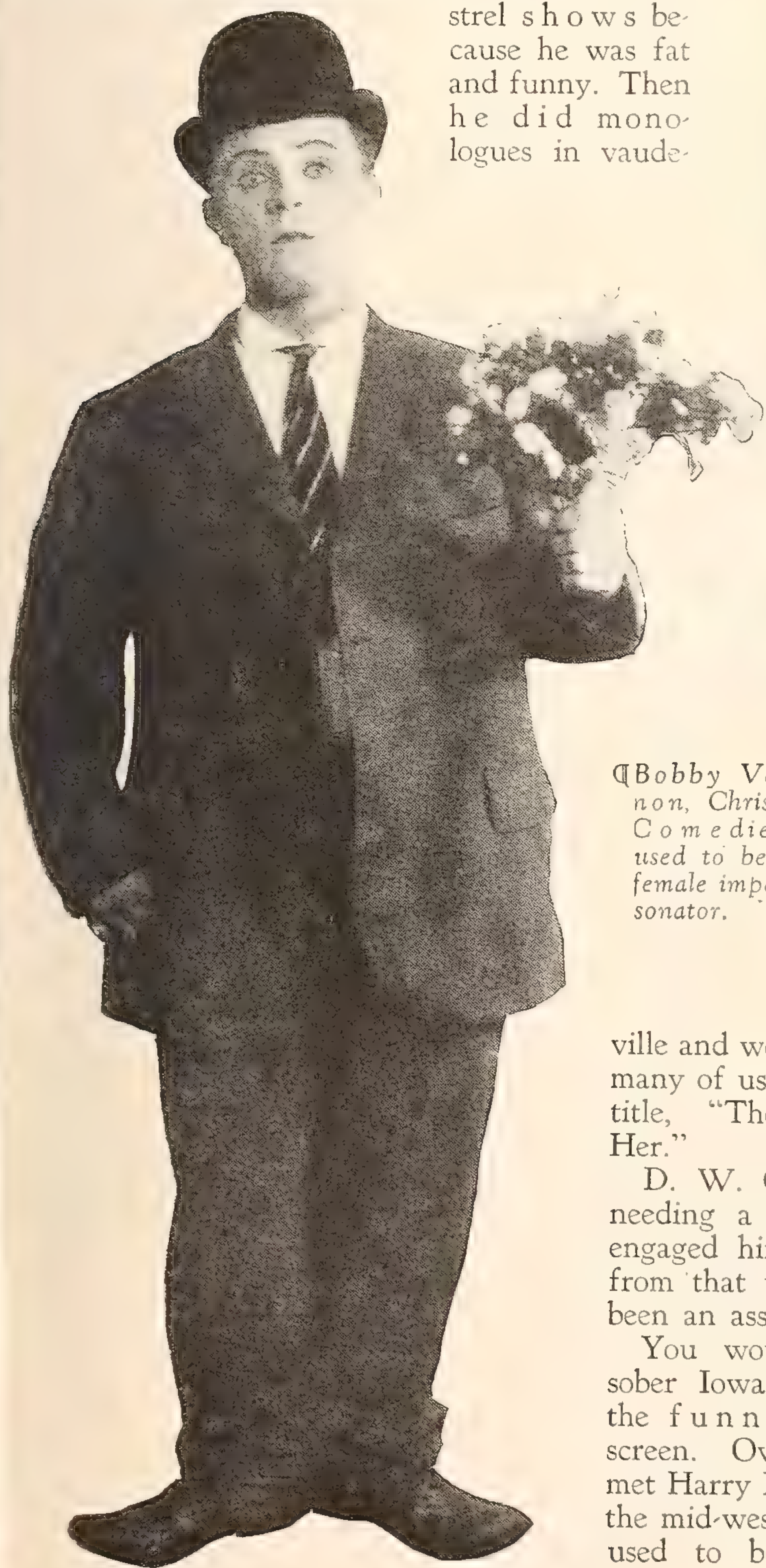
¶ Georgie Harris, the young English comedian who was discovered in a London music hall last summer by Mack Sennett.

¶ The road that leads to the comedy lot usually makes more than one trip around the vaudeville circuit.

¶ It is possible that a person need not go into vaudeville yet can be a comedy player; but if you yearn to frolic with the bathing beauties on the comedy lot, it is good practice to start with the trained seals.

¶ Amateur Night at the burlesque theatre in your own city offers an opportunity for a screen future.

There seems to be no royal road from vaudeville into pictures. Some make good in the flickies for one reason, some for another. Walter Hiers, although a capable actor, really made his way into picturedom because he was fat. Even back in military school days at Peekskill, New York, the boys chose Hiers to star in their minstrel shows because he was fat and funny. Then he did monologues in vaude-



¶ Bobby Vernon, Christy Comedies, used to be a female impersonator.

ville and went out in a sketch which many of us remember because of its title, "The Villain Still Pursues Her."

D. W. Griffith saw Hiers and, needing a fat boy for a picture, engaged him. That was in 1913; from that time forth, his flesh has been an asset.

You wouldn't think staid and sober Iowa could produce one of the funniest comedians of the screen. Over on the Sennett lot I met Harry Langdon, who hails from the mid-west farmer belt. Langdon used to be a cartoonist on the



Omaha Bee, played in stock, and went out with a medicine show where he had to do five acts a day, act as barker, and sell Kickapoo medicines beneath the torches at night. Then there was a season as a circus clown with the Wallace shows and tours in blackface with the Gus Sun minstrels. At one time or another he learned to play all the brass in the band, but they made him drum-major during the noon parades because he could twirl the baton with such skill. Today Langdon handles a piano and a saxophone like a professional.

"Was I begged to go into pictures?" Langdon grins. "I'll say not. I hung around the New York studios every season when I came in from my vaudeville tour. I took my acts, 'Johnny's New Car' and 'After the Ball,' over the Orpheum each year, and when I hit Los Angeles I begged the comedy studios for a chance, but they all gave me the cold shoulder."

(Continued on page 80)

¶ Harry Langdon before entering pictures travelled the vaudeville circuits with acts called "Johnnie's New Car" and "After the Ball."

¶ Martin Wolfkiel was engaged by Roach as captain of his yacht. He was too fat to get into the engine room — so — he became an actor.



Douglas MacLean



Q Mac just returned from Hawaii with a load of tan, sunburn, and local color.

Q Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean. There's a straight-at-you look to this family that we like.

ABOUT this chap Douglas MacLean. I am going to call him "Mac." Over in France, in the army, we used to call the fellows that seemed "hale, and well met," by the nicker of "Mac." He's that kind of a fellow. That's the answer to that!

I interviewed Mac on a roof-top of old New York. . . . No, not the sidewalks. Of course, he invited me to lunch. He's a very good sport sort of chap. But I asked him to invite me some other day when I hadn't eaten such a late breakfast. He's promised, and that's one square meal to think about.

We decided on the roof because there was so much noise and excited enthusiasm in the Associated Exhibitors' office over arranging for the debut of his new picture, "Introduce Me," we couldn't get a good look at each other. You know how that is—office boys, executives, pretty stenogs, et cetera, passing in and out of the picture, all telling Mac how glad they were to see him back in town.

The roof was a dizzy place for me. Of course, Mac didn't mind being twenty-odd stories up in the air. He's used to jumping off mountains in his pictures; leaping over buildings; and falling through space! The minute we got there he went right over and sat on the edge of the building, and pulled

out one of my favorite kind of cigarettes. I began to figure that he'd have to broadcast his answers (if I could think of any questions to ask), because I am edge-shy on roofs!

Most everybody knows what Douglas MacLean looks like. That is, everybody who goes to pictures—and who doesn't? You certainly remember him in "The Yankee Consul." The English will never forget him. Most of them thought he was the Prince of Wales. Mac and Wales do look something alike. Yet, it's no streak of patriotism, or national pride on my part, that prompts me to say we'll divide the good looks of the pair between Mac, and give the Prince a fair break by saying he is the best dressed man in the world.

But, since he made his last real big picture Mac has been taking ukelele lessons in sun-splashed Hawaii. His jaunt out there, upon finishing "Introduce Me," gave him the chance he's wanted for a long time. Mac,



CALL HIM "MAC" HE'S *that* KIND

By T. Howard Kelly

you see, is a boy who likes to keep fit. Swims, shoots tennis, talks very good golf, and all that kind of thing.

So, out there where the sea is like a purple wave on an opal beach (poet's name not remembered at this writing), and the stars reel like drunken fire-flies against southern skies, Mac strutted his self in a swimming suit all day long.

Up on the roof of the Pathe building, with the sun glaring down, he showed up as brown as a berry. Honolulu done right by our Mac.

Yes, he's a brown man. Carries out the tan motif even in his eyes. (That was a slip. It belongs in a regular interview. Not here. But, excuse the break.) I like Mac's eyes. They look right at you, and they sparkle. The boy's got a real sense of humor, not a professionalized smiling, or laughing, act. While I am on this subject, let me say that he's not the type of actor who acts himself all over the place, all the time. Some of them act so much before people that they even forget to be natural with themselves when they get home and lock the door.

Frankly, I'd have gone cuckoo on that roof if Mac had turned out to be a high-hat, actorfied, movie star. About his sense of humor. It must be real. 'Cause he's Scotch, and he told one on himself. It went this way:

(Continued on page 79)



Q Douglas MacLean and the author on the roof — no, Mac didn't fall off. He had plenty in "Introduce Me." Besides, a roof isn't an Alp.



Q Little Anne Cornwall, who inspires Mac to climb mountains in "Introduce Me," and maybe he didn't fall for her.



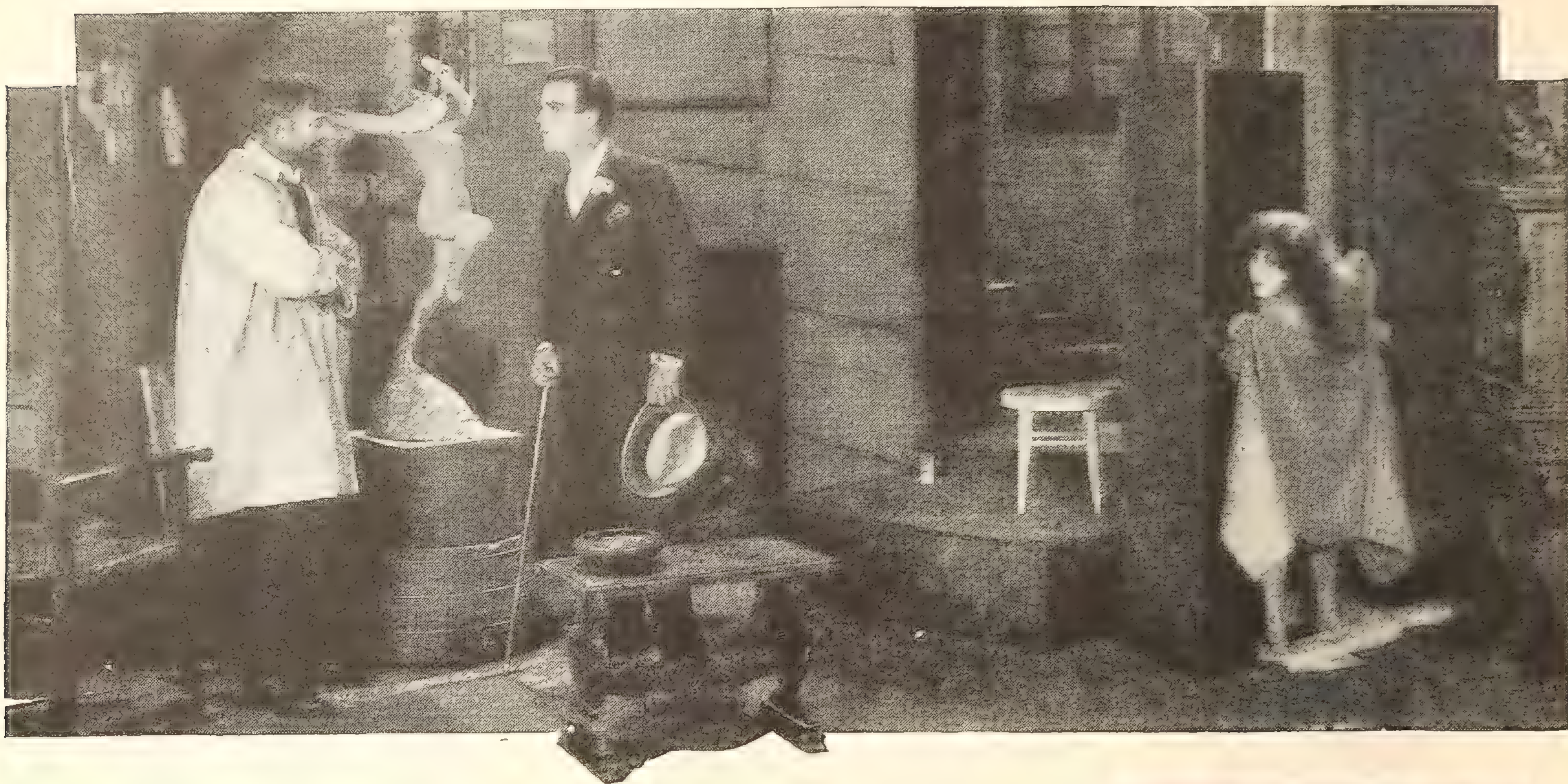
Q Douglas MacLean and his mut. Douglas named him Rover because, as he says, "It's such a funny name for a dog."

Sh-b-b-b---Don't Mention her Knees!

ANN PENNINGTON, THE STAR of
"The Mad Dancer", MAKES A KICK.

:-:

By Bernard Sobel



QThe little model retreats in confusion.
John Walker and Ann Pennington in
"The Mad Dancer."

P ATHOS is the last thing in the world that any one ever associates with me," said Ann Pennington, as she gave me a tearful glance that made her large eyes appear larger and more luminous than ever. "But the truth is that I am woefully tired of hearing people rave about my dimpled knees and my beautiful legs. Won't the public give me credit for having a mind, for thinking about life and its problems, about people, books and art?"

"Oh to be sure, being a famous dancer, and a star in the Ziegfeld 'Follies,' has its rewards, but its penalties also. I admit that I like the financial part of it and I am not averse to the applause and the praise—but I am heartily sick of having my abilities limited to my knees and my legs. As soon as an interviewer enters my dressing rooms, I know what the questions will be, before a single word is said: Here they are:

"Can you tell me, Miss Pennington, how your feet have acquired such agility?"

"What is the secret of a dancer's success?"

"Can you prescribe an exercise for acquiring beautiful ankles?"

"Do men like your dancing better than women?"

"Do dimpled knees look well in lisle hose?"

"Always the same questions. I hate them! Indeed, one day last week I told my maid that I would have some carbonized answers prepared and hand them out with my signature to save myself the trouble of talking.

"Please don't think that I am ungrateful for attention or success. What I really mean to say is that I wish the public would place dancing on a higher plane—give it the value and dignity that is its due. In days gone by, when the arts were taking on their own particularized purposes, dancing took equal rank with literature, sculpture, music and the rest. It was neither greater nor lower than the others. This means that its intellectual value was recognized. It was a thing of the mind as well as of the body and required

(Continued on page 79)

QThe individuality of the fascinating mannerisms of Ann Pennington are noticeable even in this picture.



She's the sweetheart of the Follies and the darling of the screen



*Ann
Pennington*

Photo by Alfred C. Johnston

How to be a PAINTED LADY

Doris Kenyon, the girl on the cover, tells how to paint and powder fetchingly

By Vohdah Dexter

MANY lipsticks have shaped my destiny since I stared wonderingly at the first acquired complexion I had ever seen and gasped at the lady who wore it, "Oo-oo, she must be an actress!" Probably I was right, because those were the days when the soubrette and the ingenue literally considered all the world their stage and never seemed to take their make-up off. Now if anything ultra passes, I know it is just some nice little girl, blonde, bouncing and babyish perhaps, hoping to be mistaken for her favorite movie-star, who may be brunette, slightly exotic, and well suited with pale and pensive effects, startling lips and hollowed-out eyes.

With most of us a face is an act of Providence, patiently withstanding all the ravages of human misjudgment. We attack blunderingly. Rouge is cheap and we



Q "To look girlish, I use a pink make-up instead of the customary yellow." Perhaps the get-up helps the make-up.



Q "Have only one lipstick, but apply it more heavily for night light."

advertise the fact, instead of tempering our powder-puff with mercy and our "natural pink" with gray matter. Today it takes the actress to teach us all the wrinkles of the art, without showing any themselves. But art is to conceal art. And somewhere in that is a *bon-mot* which eludes my pen, eager to violate secrets Doris Kenyon has just imparted from the heights of her bungalow atop a



swagger apartment-house in the West Fifties. There New York is at her feet whenever she cares to survey miles and miles of roofs, river and what-not, and at night her world is a thing of stars, five-pointed in the high heavens, becoming rectangular in the lower zones

Q "A dark gray eyebrow pencil softens gray eyes; black and red are too harsh." Doris at her incantations.

of sky-scrapers and thrillingly deranged where baby Eskimos on advertising signs *mush* sled-loads of ginger ale to the relief of Nome.

It was the end of a rushing-day when Doris blew in, as fresh as the proverbial daisy, with not one stain of four hours at the studio, and four more at a professional photographer's, upon her face. Honestly, she glowed. Eyes, hair and skin. Not a hint of fatigue until she dropped in a lounge and said "*Phew*" with much relief behind it.

The first secret was ice. "And lots of it," said Doris. "All that the ice-box carries. It's far better than massaging when I'm fagged or feel out of sorts. First I bathe my skin in warm water, which opens the pores. They breathe. And then the ice. Isn't that simple enough?" Yes. And girls, what a hero that makes of the stubbly Italian who yells up the dumbwaiter, "How much this morning, missus?"

Miss Kenyon walks and works in beauty. Naturally there are tricks of the trade. Well, "tricks" is scarcely the word. Let's stick to "Art" — an art requiring a dual finesse of the painter's brush, since the lens and the public eye see two entirely different things. Even roles need distinctive treatment
(Continued on page 78)



Doris Kenyon

¶ The charm of beauty is worth an effort; any effort, as every woman knows.

DRESSES *for*



For the afternoon this lovely printed chiffon dress catches Milady's eye. The colors are rose and green with green border and scarf. With this dress goes a large yellow chiffon hat with yellow roses and long yellow streamers over the right shoulder.



For the beach Miss Ralston selects a white flannel skirt with inverted pleat in front, trouser-creased, which she wears with a n imported wool cross-stitch sweater of red and white.

Gowns worn by Miss Ralston
from
Franklin Simon & Co.

Front view of Miss Ralston looking as every one of us would give ten years of our lives to look.

ESTHER RALSTON



A wrap of blue and gold brocade trimmed with yellow georgette. The collar is of yellow and blue ostrich plume. The slippers are unique in that a rhinestone buckle is ingeniously caught at the side with two buttons.



In keeping with the new vogue for dyed lace—this dinner dress is of green dyed lace with a green chiffon flounce around the bottom. The long sleeves represent the new mode in dinner dresses.



This new three-quarter length coat is of white coarse knit—another importation, embroidered in red wool and strips of leather. It is held together by a long leather tassel pulled through the buckle at the side. Leather strips also finish off the collar.

*Especially made
for Screened by
Esther Ralston*

Somebody in the Movies



¶ Agnes Christine Johnston originated the Sidney Drew comedies.

"I am — I am a poet;
But for employment
Writing is a living —
Hardly!"

So sang Rodolpho in "Boheme."

How the scenario writers whose names adorn the featured pictures of 1925 would hoot at the sentiment!

She — (they all seem to belong to what southerners call "the other sex") — would probably rise in indignation and carol back at him:

"I am — I am a writer,
And my employment
Nets me many hundreds
Weekly!"

There is every kind of work in the movies --- even work for *femina sapiens*.

Frances Marion, it is true, might change the "hundreds" to "thousands" and not be exaggerating at all.

For Frances Marion stands at the top of the ladder. As a free lance for some time she has refused to accept any commission at less than ten thousand dollars a script, according to Hollywood studio authorities, and her latest stories were contracted for at the rate of fifteen thousand dollars each. She has just finished adapting "Graustark" for Norma Talmadge, and has to her credit such scenarios as "The Lady," "Secrets," "Abraham Lincoln," and "His Supreme Moment."

Miss Marion has recently signed a contract with the Fox Film Company at a huge sum to write five scenarios for them.

But Miss Marion has also gone a step further in her scenario writing by announcing that she will produce a series of pictures of her own. The whole wide world can be waiting for Frances Marion's first self-made, self-directed, and self-supervised picture, for Miss Marion has been credited with one scenario hit after another while she has been working for Samuel Goldwyn, First National, and other companies



¶ Frances Marion, who adapted "Graustark" for Norma Talmadge.



¶ "Babbitt" is Dorothy Farnum's latest success.

HAS to have SOME Brains

By Alice Tildesley



¶Marion Fairfax spent months preparing the continuity for "The Lost World"—and makes more than \$50,000 a year.

Then there is Jeanie MacPherson, long associated with Cecil B. deMille in his spectacular and dramatic successes, of which "The Ten Commandments" is perhaps the most notable. Fifteen hundred dollars a week is the amount in Miss MacPherson's pay envelope every Saturday night!

June Mathis, editorial head of First National, stands with the top-notchers, too, and is one of the best known of all the screen writers. Her most famous scenario probably is "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." She was one of the first of the film great who expressed a belief in the acting ability of Rudolph Valentino; she insisted upon his being given his part in "The Four Horsemen." "Sally" is one of the recent scenarios written by Miss Mathis.



¶June Mathis, discoverer of Rudolph Valentino.



¶Bess Meredyth went to Rome to finish "Ben Hur."

One of the most important scenario writers is Marion Fairfax, with First National Productions, who wrote the continuity for "The Lost World," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's

story, and has recently been working on "The Paupers." Her annual salary is in excess of \$50,000.

Miss Fairfax in private life is Mrs. Tully Marshall, wife of the illustrious screen character actor.

Bess Meredyth of "Ben Hur" fame, who traveled to Rome to put the finishing touches to Lew Wallace's



¶Jeanie MacPherson helps Cecil de Mille with such successes as "The Golden Bed."

famous story, has recently left the banner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company and has signed with Warner Brothers. She and Agnes Christine Johnston, who originated the Sidney Drew comedies, had been working together for Metro-Goldwyn for a long

time, and making that company poorer by from five hundred to a thousand dollars every week paid to each of them, according to where and on what they happened to be engaged.

Dorothy Farnum, who turns Warner Brothers' purchased plays and stories into screen dramas, is reported to be in the fifty-thousand-dollars-a-year class, too, her latest outstanding successes being "Beau Brummel" and "Babbitt."

None of the ladies, it will be agreed, need lie awake nights wondering what to tell the rent collector this time, or planning how to make over last year's suit into this year's ensemble!

Yet they are all young, all Americans, and none of them was born rich!

How did they get into this new land of milk and honey?

HOW THEY DID IT

There isn't any single narrow "right way," agree the leaders of screen writers.

Frances Marion followed the path recommended by all of them as being the surest one:

"Write fiction, sell it to a

(Continued on page 78)

Perhaps YOU Belong in the Movies

First National Pictures offers an opportunity to the girl whose horoscope indicates most clearly that the astrological influences favor her effort for a screen career.

SCREENLAND, in collaboration with First National Pictures, invites you to send in the date of your birth. Miss Jane Carleton, an astrologer of note, will undertake to select from among the entrants to this novel offering, the player foredoomed to screen success.

SCREENLAND does not undertake to guarantee the predictions of Miss Carleton, but only to offer to the readers interested in the matter, an opportunity to have their horoscopes cast without charge and to offer to one a job.

This is little more than a try-out. It will actually be a small part in a film, but if the girl is able, under the trained eye of the director, to show those qualities requisite to a screen star, she will have her chance, stars or no stars.

Mr. R. A. Rowland, General Manager of First National Pictures, Inc., has consented to this experiment at our request, although reserving his own opinion of what the outcome will be.



Mr. Phil Rosen, who directed Barbara La Marr in "The Heart of a Siren," studies his star to find a more revealing method of screening her subtle charm.



Corinne Griffith's new director — Al Santell, who will pilot the great star through "Modern Madness."

We thank Mr. Rowland for collaborating with us in behalf of the young lady who will enjoy this opportunity.

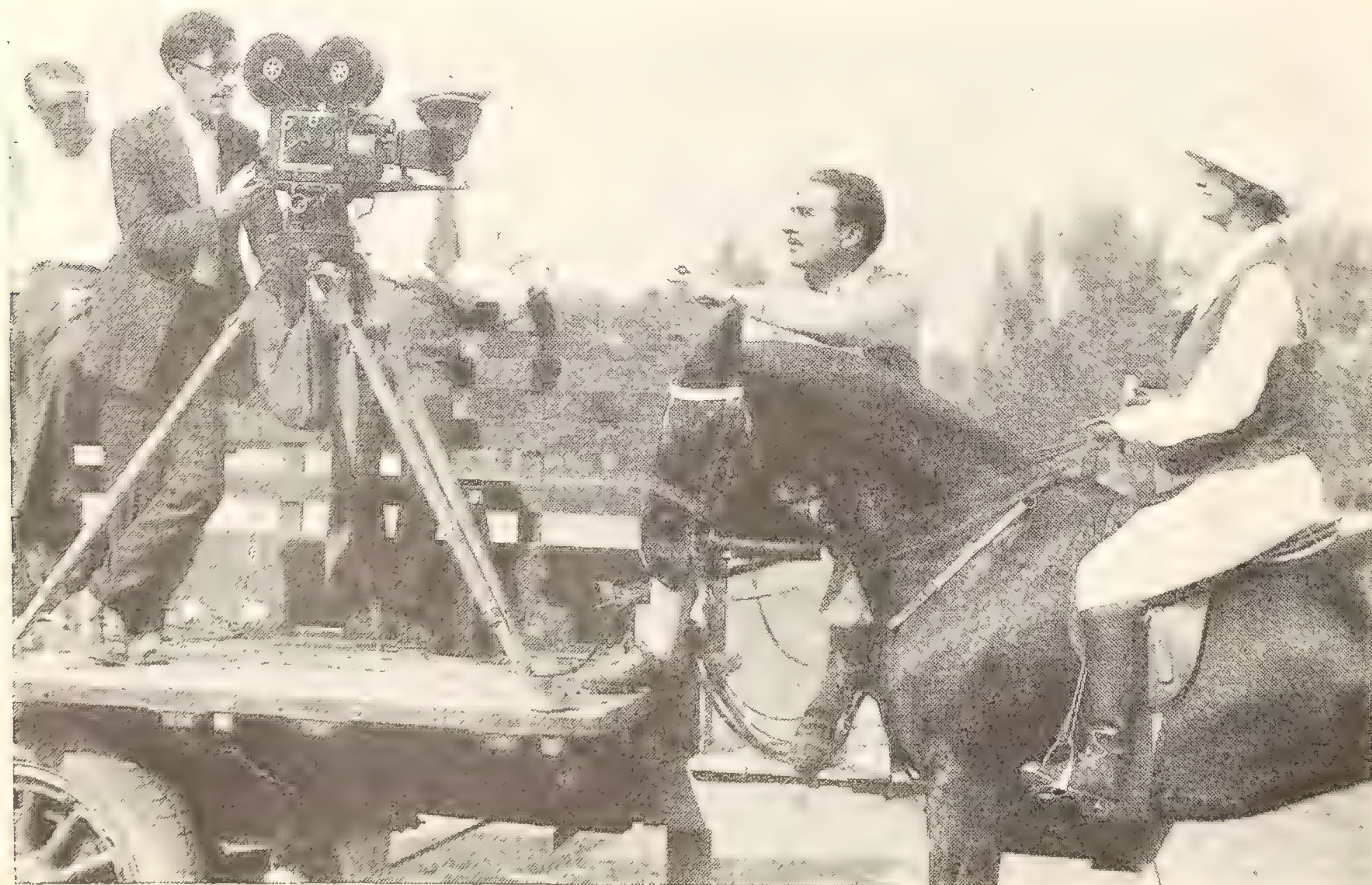
Mr. Rowland may be, after all, but the instrument in the hands of an all-seeing power or he may be simply a generous business man who has the power to do favors for other people. In any event, the young woman whom the stars favor can be assured of a fair trial in this, her first opportunity.

Send your photograph with the date, hour and place of your birth.

As it is obviously impossible for Miss Carleton to read the horoscopes of all the hundreds of thousands of readers of SCREENLAND, this offer is restricted to young ladies between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five.

The girl will be selected by Miss Carleton according to the signs of astrology. That is, the girl whose influences are most favorable will be invited to appear in a film which will be produced by First National Pictures.

The travelling expenses of the person selected will be paid and a salary during the filming of the picture will be paid. What this salary will be will depend upon the part available to the young lady. The success of a picture depends largely upon the talent and beauty of its players, and the winning beauty may rest assured that enthusias-



George Fitzmaurice during the filming of his recent success, planning out his very successful run-away scene.

tic aid will be given to her and that should she, in the opinion of the officials of this company, qualify as a desirable player, her services will be continued.

Even before the days of recorded history, soothsayers and wise men studied the influences of the stars. There are many people today who are quite skeptical concerning these influences, and yet there are many who implicitly believe. There are people who, seeing the six-foot rise of the tides, year in and year out, due to the influences of the moon, have felt that, perhaps, the whirling planets may also exert influences and that these may deal with such elusive tides as human passions and longings. Which name fame shall glorify and which heart happiness shall cheer may be predestined by the planets for all we know.

The motion-picture directors are, as a class, men gifted beyond ordinary mortals. Fate has endowed them with far-reaching wisdom and gentle sensibilities.

¶ Edmund Carewe, filming "My Son" at Monterey, California. He is directing the flaming personality of Nazimova and the boyish charm of Jack Pickford both in this picture.

¶ Director George Archainbaud and Ben Lyon and cast appearing in "The Necessary Evil." Mr. Archainbaud is explaining the pantomime which will in his opinion best carry forward the dramatic action.

The winner of this opportunity will be chosen by Miss Jane Carleton, who will select the participant who seems to her to have the best screen possibilities.

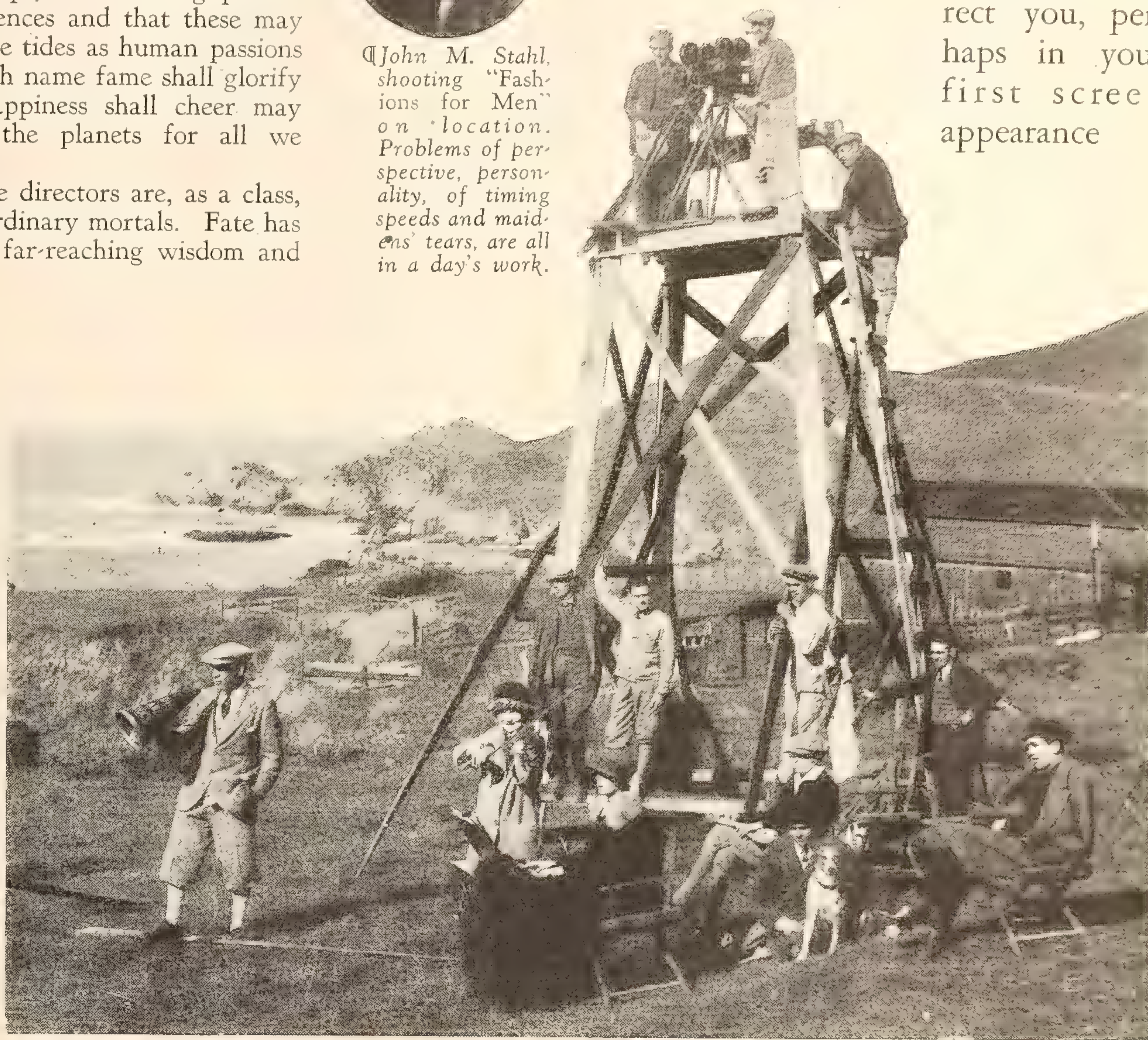
SCREENLAND does not undertake to establish the accuracy of astrological predictions nor to hold a brief for fortune-tellers:

There are, however, many people who do seriously believe in this science, and it is to them that SCREENLAND makes this unique offer.



¶ John M. Stahl, shooting "Fashions for Men" on location. Problems of perspective, personality, of timing speeds and maidens' tears, are all in a day's work.

ONE of the men on this page has been selected by Destiny to direct you, perhaps in your first screen appearance



Important details to be written on the back of the photographs:

Your name.
Your address.
The date of your birth.
The hour of your birth.
The place of your birth.

You can send as many photographs as you wish but each must have the information requested.

If you will send a stamped and addressed envelope which will hold your photograph, we will gladly return the picture to you with a brief horoscope which Miss Carleton will outline without charge.

No photograph will be considered which is received after June 1, 1925.

Send photographs thus inscribed to:

HOROSCOPE EDITOR, SCREENLAND
236 West 55th Street, New York City, N. Y.

The MOVIE People are

By Delight Evans

ARE you a killjoy? Are you cross before breakfast, and worse when your grapefruit squirts in your eye? Do you refuse to join in singing "Good morning to you" with your fellow-passengers on the subway? When your elevator man, a feeble old fellow with a heart of gold, quavers "Nice day," do you answer "Terrible," and refuse curtly to contribute to the fund for indigent emus, even though the birds have helped you out so many times when you were stuck with a puzzle?

I, too, was once like you. It was before I took the course. This story is for you, and may you profit by it. Would you learn how to acquire a cheerful, even disposition—to greet your fellowmen with a smile and a handshake, not to mention a slap on the back? Would you be rich, beautiful, successful, famous—well, perhaps not; but who can tell positively? Anyway, I am here to help you "find yourself." You don't have to hand out a cent, not even to the postman. That's a promise.

What I have done, you can do. True, I haven't done it yet, but I may any time now. There is no need for you, either, to order chicken salad all the time or to be fooled by that filet mignon stuff. Stop stuttering. Find out your mission in life. Develop your crust. Let me help you. Many have learned at home. Why pay more?

And all that sort of thing. Now, don't you say "Bah!" and stop reading. I used to say "Bah!" all the time, too. Do as I did. Let Jane Carleton give you a punch in the eye and see a few stars—as if she would do such a thing. I have been seeing stars for years and asking them all sorts of fresh questions. Miss Carleton saw a few the other day and found out more about them in ten minutes than I ever did.

It all happened in the interests of art—and curiosity. I was the curious one. We were to go out to the First National lot and give Miss Carleton a chance to test her talents as an astrologer. The First National studio



Q Olive Tell was on the verge of making a mistake when Miss Carleton pointed out what the astrological influences were.



Q Dorothy Mackaill and Jane Carleton, the astrologer.

is in the Bronx and it takes an hour to get there. I figured that, with the traffic what it is, I could get in some two hundred "bahs" and "buts" on the way.

The only other astrologer I had ever met was middle-aged, plump and atmospheric—her incense gave me a headache that she hadn't told me I was going to have. She told me, however, about a dark man who was to come into my life. For this I paid out fifteen dollars; but she never made good. Miss Jane Carleton isn't plump or middle-aged; she's young, attractive, and seemed to have a sense of humor.

The trouble with her, as our ride progressed, was that she didn't talk about astrology. Never once was Mars mentioned, or Venus either. Neptune and Uranus were likewise neglected. The nearest she came to mentioning the purpose of our call upon the cinemese was to ask if Dorothy Mackaill were the same as a Dorothy Mackaye in musical comedy. Apparently she wasn't a picture fan. No—she behaved like any sane, sensible young woman when she should have been turning handsprings among the planets. Gosh, I was disappointed in her.

We were greeted at the studio by a well-known actor, a protegee of Director Lambert Hillyer. Only his short stature has prevented him from attaining an enviable position among screen stars. His nickname is Rusty, and I thought for a while that I would never be able to get Miss Carleton away from him. He jumped right up and kissed her and she took him in her arms and—what's that? No; she didn't read his horoscope. She could tell at a glance that Rusty is a year old Scotch terrier with a lovely disposition.

You can always tell directors in a studio because they wear hats and nobody ever seems to pay any attention to them. They are the ones whose camp-chairs are specially engraved with their names, but outside of that they appear to be unimportant. There were actors and other publicity men. One of the press-agents asked another if he believed in this

(Continued on page 77)

taking up Astrology

The ancient art of the star gazer is becoming the mode of the motion picture studio.

Dorothy Mackaill's HOROSCOPE



Q Dorothy Mackaill, whose interesting horoscope indicates that she left home at fourteen. Miss Mackaill confirms this, and says that she actually left Hull, England, within a few months of her fourteenth birthday.

Miss Mackaill was born with the super-sensitive, emotional and introspective sign Cancer rising, making her take on the conditions of her environment, being very much influenced by those with whom she is associated. It is absolutely imperative that she never be put under a director who has the power to antagonize her, for it will not be possible for her to do good work. She will always be anxious to do her best, a pat on the shoulder and a kindly word of encouragement spurring her on to renewed efforts, and helping to bring out the latent dramatic ability this sign gives. She will be much better in parts that bring out the emotional and sympathetic side of her nature; namby, pamby girls are foreign to her makeup, as she has nothing in common with the sweet young things. The Moon being her "Ruling Star," in the artistic sign Libra, in the house of the amusements of the public, will help to give her the support of the pleasure-loving, theatre-going masses; but because of its opposition to Mars the War Lord, she must see that she never does anything to lose their respect, for "The Public" is a fickle friend at best, and in her case even more than usual. The Moon being friendly with Venus, the planet ruling the artistic side of the nature, is another testimonial of artistic ability, and promises gain and success through catering to the public's tastes.

The Sun being in Pisces, makes her a diplomat, with a kindly, sympathetic, and loving nature. She can be very much the chameleon, and fit herself into any environment, or adapt herself to any part. Because of this susceptibility it would be wise for her to associate only with those who are everything she wishes to be. The Sun being friendly to Neptune, the planet of our aesthetic sense, gives her artistic ability of a rare sort, and a most fascinating, wistful and ever changing personality. If she cared to she could become a very good musician. It is very rare for a person born with Cancer strong in the horoscope to come completely into their own until after their twenty-eighth or thirty-fifth year, and if this little lady will only concentrate and not scatter her forces, by the time she has reached her twenty-eighth year she should have reached great heights.

Having the two benefics, Jupiter and Venus, friendly is one of the nicest influences Miss Mackaill has. She can truly say, "Thank my lucky Stars." It promises her a very good earning capacity, and she fortunately gravitated into the best possible element for her monetary and artistic success. She could have done very well on the speaking stage; (Continued on page 74)

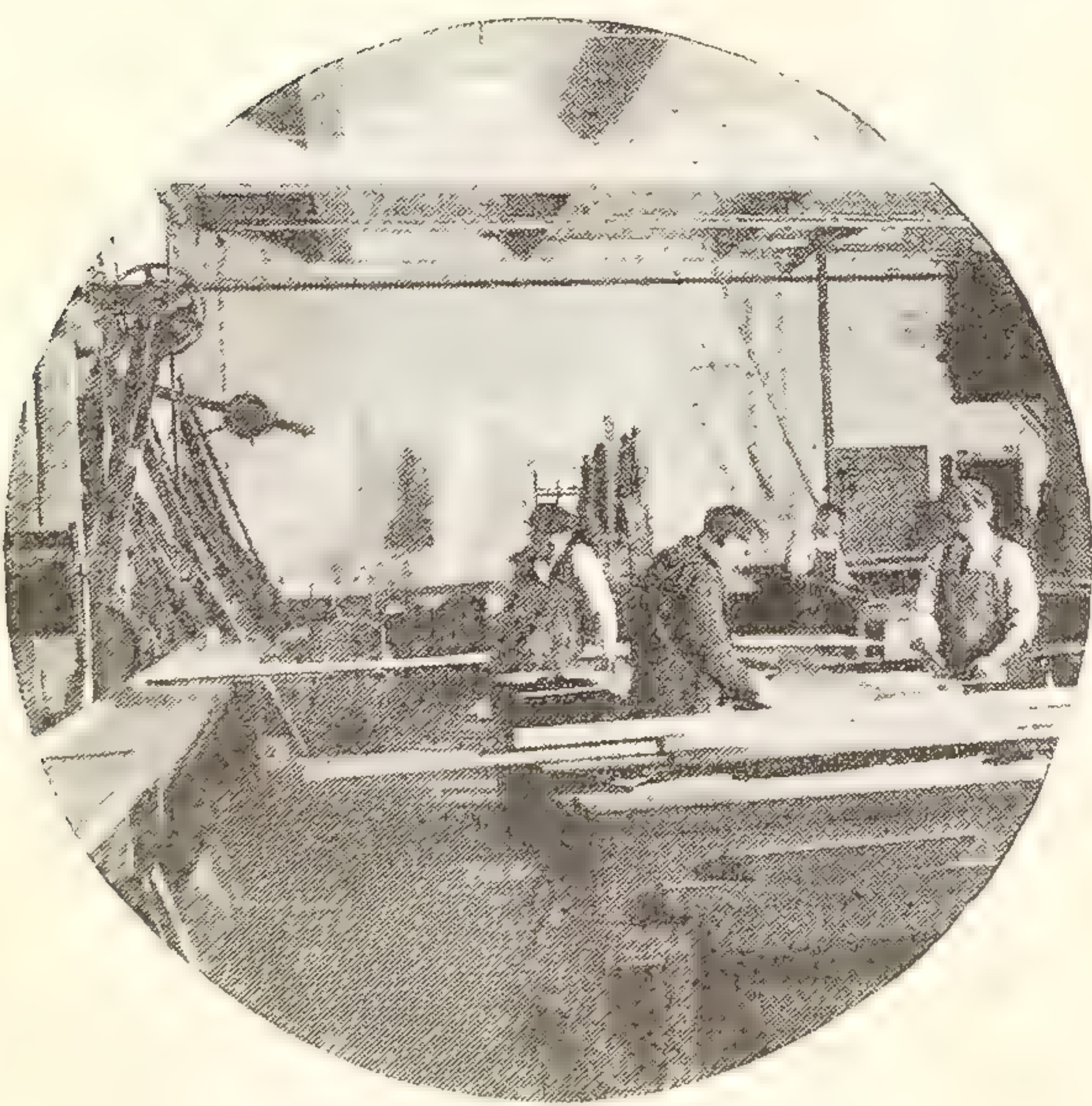
A JOB

IN THE

The Picture Business requires more Carpenters than Actors,



Preparing the settings for a shot for "High Jinks" on the Fox lot in Hollywood. The master mechanic delights in overcoming difficulties, in holding safely the players who must be photographed from below in this plane with the engine running, and not a brace must show in the picture.



Skilled carpenters work out the details of a roof and window as seriously as if the house had four sides.

HE wasn't much to look at; considerably past fifty, scant of hair and near-sighted to a pronounced degree. His clothes were neither fashionable nor expensive. And it was evident that they had not been pressed.

"He's in the movies" goes the whisper as he finds his way to a table in the corner of a modest restaurant. "A very important man in that great industry too, but the public will never know it, nor know him, nor see him, nor appreciate the fact that much of the enjoyment millions feel in witnessing great scenic productions is due to him. He's an electrician."

And scores of thousands, just as inconspicuous in appearance, are now laboring in offices concealed from the public, in laboratories, on production lots, in studios, workshops, and other hives of toil and research, to contribute something new to this amalgamation of Art and Commerce embraced within the term "Moving-Picture Industry."

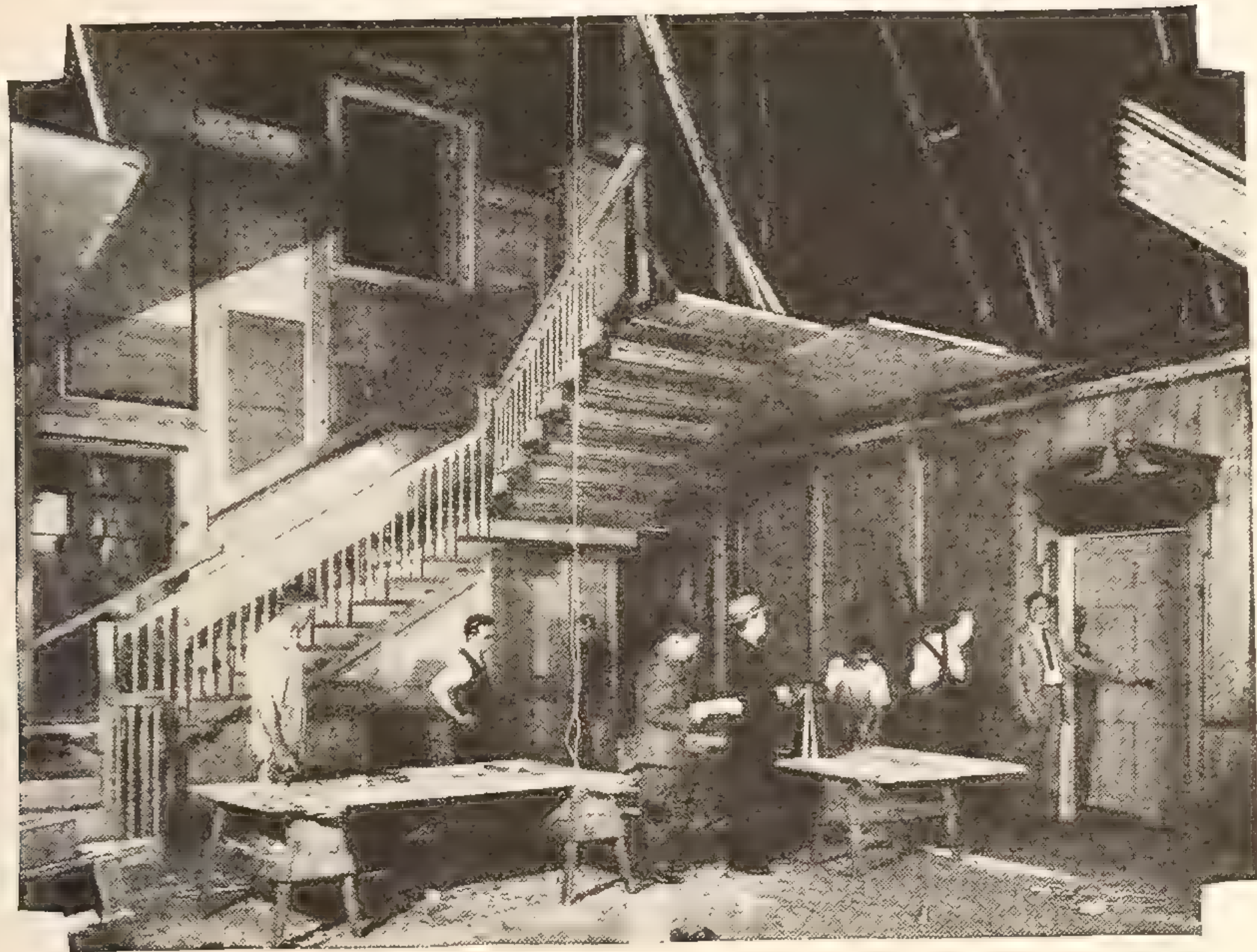
An infant in the world of Business, this world-girdling giant calls to the betterment of Art the wisdom of the world. It lures to its ranks the leading actors, and the world knows of their appearance and hails them as the mainstays and foundation of the "Game"; yet they are but the cogs which are on display. It also attracts authors and artists, cartoonists, lithographers, stenographers and stereotypers, engravers, electricians, carpenters, cabinet-makers, gold-beaters, weavers, spinners, feather-dyers and curlers, tailors, jewelers, milliners, bootmakers, wig-makers, and dressers, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

MOVIES

¶ A Moving Picture Studio is peopled with experts. The beauty in the "close-ups" may be the least expert person on the lot.

more Plumbers than Stars.

By Roy Crandall



¶ Accurately reproducing a colonial stairway for the Fox production of "The Warrens of Virginia."

And those few mentioned do not touch the list, nor give sufficient emphasis to the admonition: "Persist in your own present work, perfect yourself in your own trade or profession, and you may land a fine position with one of the big producers, because there is a place in it for every man or woman who can do or think."

But they must do and think along original lines, or pass contemporaries in skill. Be an expert at what you do today and you, too, may be indicated some day as: "He's in the movies."

Did you ever stop to think that moving picture producers need plumbers? They do; not the laggard plumber who strolls back to the shop to get a candle with which to seek out a phantom leak in a pipe, but the plumber-artist who can devise spectacular rain or fountain effects. The best

(Continued on page 76)



¶ Machine Shop at the William Fox New York Studios.



¶ The extras, helpers, stars, photographers and mechanics coming to work on the "Ben Hur" production.

New Screenplays

Reviewed By Delight Evans

SCREENLAND'S BEST BET

Of the Month:

"The Goose Hangs High" is not merely "An epic of the American Family"; it is such good entertainment that it almost overlooks its own moral: That Dad is entitled to a little consideration besides the Christmas cravat.

¶ You'll be willing to admit that it's a miracle, all right.

The MIRACLE of the WOLVES

The Birth of Another Nation



¶ The old walled city of Carcassonne, France, best preserved feudal city in the world, was turned over to the film company to stage its battle in.

YOU have seen a lot — too much, maybe — of French wolves in the silent drama. They occur in pictures dealing with the well if not favorably known Latin Quartier, and they are usually mixed up with the war and a cabaret girl who wraps herself in the tri-color and sings the Marseillaise. They are referred to quaintly as "the wolves of Montmartre"; and the titles always include a spirited one uttered by the heroine — "Forward, my wolves!" The

wolves, lean and hungry-looking extras dressed as apaches, rush into the eye of the camera, to emerge later with a pardon and a Croix de Guerre for bravery in battle.

But here are other wolves, my hearties. Nice, furry ones with dripping jaws and furtive expressions. They are just as French as the others — in fact, more so, as they appear in a picture made in France, not Hollywood. They provide one of the thrills of *The Miracle of the*

Wolves, which has been honestly heralded as "the French *Birth of a Nation*." The French probably prefer it to Griffith's masterpiece, as it deals with the birth of French national unity and features a national heroine—another Jeanne, this time Jeanne Fouquet—"Jeanne of the Axe." And right here I wonder how D. W. G. ever overlooked her—as a suffering heroine she leaves nothing to be desired. Lillian Gish in her most tragic moments never suffered half as much. What that girl does go through!

She loses her lover. She watches her father's murder. She plunges through snow-drifts. She is beset by wolves. She is involved in bloody battles and others of a more subtle kind. And finally—but here I am giving the whole plot away. All I can add is that there seems to have been nothing, simply nothing, that this girl would not do for that dear France.

But even though it's the life story of another country, the scenes at the siege of Beauvais are almost as stirring as the call of the clans in Griffith's record of America's birth-pangs. For one thing, you are not watching a mob of extras jammed into a studio set. The "set" is the old walled city of Carcassonne, best preserved feudal city in the world, which was stripped of its modern conveniences and turned over to the film company to stage its battle in. And what a battle! When *Jeanne* with her axe appears on the ramparts, or battlements, or whatever they are called, as the leader of a small army of gallant women in defense of the city, you will tear your program to pieces or pick all the flowers off your new hat. It's a



Yvonne Sergyl plays the heroine and without a shoving to her little French shoulders.

great scene. *Intolerance* held nothing better. The battle is worth all the effort you put in staying thru the first half of the picture, which is a seemingly endless introduction of characters about whom you don't care anyway, and who, after you do meet them, seem to be engaged only in disentangling their feet from their spurs. It must be hard for modern actors to wear coats of mail and go around with ladies' hats on; but there must be a graceful way to do it. The gentlemen of feudal France didn't trip themselves up continually, and their snappy costumes didn't interfere with their warlike activities in the least. Somehow, justly or not, I expected French actors to wear spurs and things with *eclat*, *savoir*

faire, and all those other French words. Only Charles Dullin as Louis XI appeared at home in his clothes. But then he didn't have to wear armor.

Yvonne Sergyl plays the heroine. She is blonde, but that is her only resemblance to Lillian Gish. Even her placidity, however, did not detract from her big scenes. You forgot she was an actress, and saw only the gorgeous pageant of which she was a small part.

As for the miracle of the wolves—in which *Jeanne* is completely surrounded by exceedingly bad-tempered beasts who refuse to harm a hair of her head or, for that matter, any of her—don't ask me how it's done. They look like wolves and they act like wolves. Surely they aren't stuffed. And when you see them tearing at men's throats—close-up, too—you'll be willing to admit that it's a miracle, all right.

Q "Sally" on the screen seems pretty good light stuff.

SALLY

*Sally Comes
Back to Our Alley*

COLLEEN MOORE is a girl I get lots of letters about. They write, "You are prejudiced against her. . . . You don't know what you're talking about. . . . You must have a personal grievance against her. . . . Why don't you try to like her?"

I wouldn't admit the first three allegations; but I thought that there might be something in the fourth suggestion. Maybe I hadn't tried hard enough. Maybe I had overlooked her more sterling qualities simply because

I had never been willing to concede them. Well, then, I *would* try. I'd try hard. I did at *Sally*.

Now it seems ridiculous to me to pick on this comedy because it departs from the original version now and then. After all, the first *Sally* starring Marilyn Miller was a musical comedy with chorus girls running on and off and, however unfortunate the fact may be, you can't do that in a picture. So *Sally* on the screen seems pretty good light stuff. I tried hard and liked flashes of Miss

Moore as the little Irish dishwasher from "our alley." One crying close-up of her was fully appealing. But that girl and I just can't, in our respective capacities of star and reviewer, get along. Colleen in her Russian costume as a vivacious dancer confirmed my theory that there was no use trying. In an elaborate production such as *Sally*, this star's abilities strike me as pathetically inadequate.

It was Leon Errol, playing his priceless role of the Grand Duke, who stole the show. He is almost as funny without his voice. His legs, after all, are the really marvellous things about him. And after all, *Sally* does give the orchestra a chance to burst into "The Silver Lining" on little or no provocation.



☞ Leon Errol as the Duke of Checkergovinia and Colleen Moore as Sally in "*Sally*." Encouraged by the Duke, Sally began to believe that maybe after all she had some talent as a juggler.

☞ Gives Miss Joy an opportunity to wear strange and unusual gowns.

The Dressmaker from Paris

A FASHION SHOW



☞ Allan Forrest and Leatrice Joy in "*The Dressmaker From Paris*."

IN my quaint fashion I expected that Leatrice Joy, upon her return to the screen after a year's absence, would show us some great acting. You know it was announced that Leatrice was to leave the screen forever to take care of her baby. Not long after, she made *The Dressmaker from Paris*. And why they gave her a story like that is one of the mysteries of the movies.

It's nothing more or less than a fashion parade, giving Miss Joy, as the star, an opportunity to wear a number of strange and unusual gowns, but not a chance to do any real acting. And so I might as well say good-

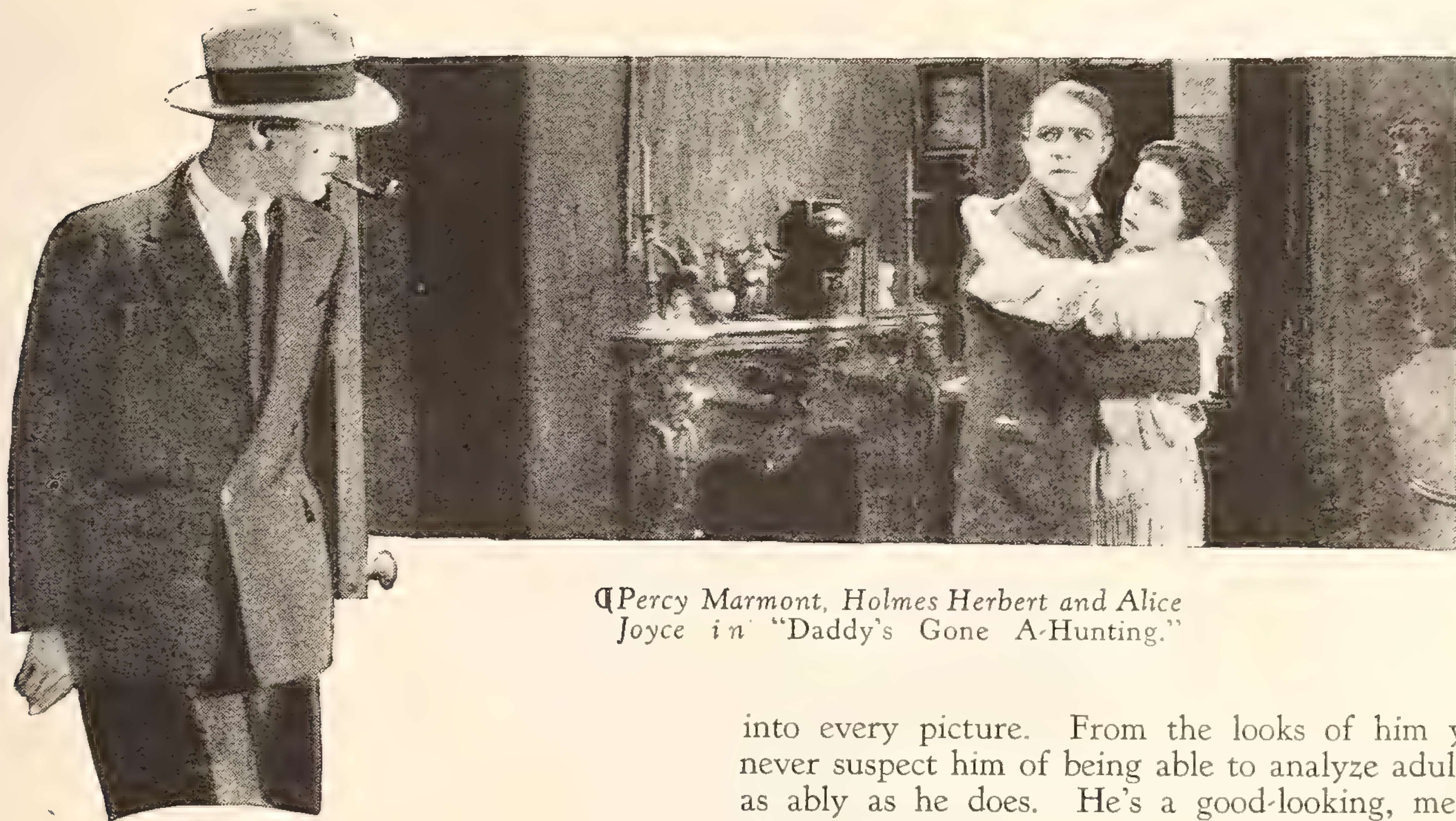
bye to all my dreams about Leatrice, which, summed up, were that in her the films had an exceptional actress who might, dependent upon her directors, develop into a Maude Adams or a Julia Marlowe. I thought that when she left Cecil de Mille's company she might leave the de Mille technique behind her. But here she is again, and if the program didn't say "directed by Paul Bern," I'd

have sworn she was still working on the deMille set. It is not as a beauty or a clothes-model that Miss Joy will chiefly shine. Mildred Harris, to me a shallow and incompetent actress, but nevertheless a beauty, actually rivals the star in magnetism. Not even Ernest Torrence could interest me in *The Dressmaker from Paris*. How about you?

¶ A human, warm, sincere screenplay—the best domestic drama we have had for months.

Daddy's Gone A-Hunting

PAPA LOVE MAMA?



¶ Percy Marmont, Holmes Herbert and Alice Joyce in "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting."

HOME, in the movies, is where Alice Joyce is. Her place, assuredly, is by the fire, foot on the fender, rocking the cradle, tapping the time of "Bye-Baby Bunting." But here we are making Alice a candidate for Mr. Ringling's entertainments, when as every one knows she is a beautiful and highly-paid screen star with only two feet, both very small and shapely.

You have to hand it to Alice. She is almost invariably cast these days for domesticity. In real life she may be domestic but she is also alluring, with a French bob and clothes to match. On the screen her bob, actually the same, looks sedate and her clothes severe. Her home life in the studio is a harrowing affair. She is simple and self-sacrificing, and consequently Daddy goes A-Hunting. And when little Junior—it's a girl, but I don't know her name—asks, "Mother, where's Daddy gone?" Alice is forced to answer, "God knows!" Later she turns the tables. But for most of the picture she is *Home Sweet Home* in cross-stitch.

Frank Borzage is a director who always puts his best

into every picture. From the looks of him you would never suspect him of being able to analyze adult emotions as ably as he does. He's a good-looking, merry young Irishman whose grin gives you no inkling of the depth and sympathy he grinds into his film. *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting* was a maudlin mess on the stage, to me. Borzage shapes it into a human, warm, and sincere screenplay—the best domestic drama we have had for months.

Although Alice Joyce as the wife is sweet, and forgiving, she is not an ivory angel. There are women just like her—as there are men just like her artist-husband, superbly played by Percy Marmont. He tires of the wallpaper and seeks inspiration in Paris. He finds everything but that. Meanwhile there is Holmes Herbert's broad shoulder for Alice to weep on, only she isn't that kind of a neglected wife. The scene of her husband's return is made almost heartbreaking by the simple power Borzage gives it, aided by the best acting Miss Joyce has ever done. That would go for Percy too if one forgot *If Winter Comes* and *The Clean Heart*. Mr. Marmont has a harder role here—imagine *Mark Sabre* inspiring disgust in his audience! He's such a good actor he even does that.

The ending may disappoint, but is there any little boy or girl in the audience who can think up a better one? I can't. Besides, Percy Marmont is good at heart, and you wouldn't have had Alice leave him—even for Holmes Herbert, would you?

Introduce Me

WE'VE MET BEFORE

INTRODUCE ME," says Douglas MacLean with one of his nicest smiles. And who can resist the man? You shake his hand — you're glad to see him again — so glad you'll even listen to the same old story he has been telling for so long.

If MacLean were an elderly gent with long whiskers and wobbly knees there would be some excuse for his living in the past. But he's young, sprightly, smart, and he must know some new ones. Why doesn't he stop being stingy and tell 'em to us? After all, we've been pretty faithful—at least I have!—haven't missed a MacLean comedy since *Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave*. But if he starts to tell me the same story once more, I'm going to run out on him.

Introduce Me would be a riot if we hadn't seen *The Hottentot*, *The Yankee Consul*, and *Never Say Die*. The first two, particularly, had the same theme — that of mistaken identity. Now, that's one of my favorite ticklers — the poor sap who finds himself, through no fault of his own, obliged to assume another man's baggage, boasts, and abilities. But it can be overworked. And that, I'm afraid, is what Douglas MacLean is doing. This time, he pretends to be a mountain climber — the world's greatest.

The comedy chances are obvious, and they are all realized. But there are patches in the crazy-quilt which are somewhat worn and threadbare, and you can see the stuffing. The best part of *Introduce Me* is the scene on the bus which involves that time-honored device, the explosive cigar. But that is so funny that it makes *Introduce Me* worth seeing.

The other really funny bit comes when MacLean, his reputation as a mountain-climber at stake, hurries up a mountain, pursued by an agile bear. The spectators cheer as he reaches the top in the lead, but one of them adds, "And who is the man in the fur coat?"

It is the curse of fame and popularity that the world expects the best of you all the time. A film comedian cannot rest on his laurels. I am sure Douglas MacLean is the last man in the world to want to. *Introduce Me* would be a great comedy if some one else had made it; but for a MacLean effort it is only good. Come on, Doug — get busy. Next time I see you I hope you'll take me aside with a brand-new twinkle in your eyes and cup your mouth with your hand as you whisper, "Have you heard this one —"

¶ Just a little bit better than others of its sprightly and sophisticated school.

The HEART of a SIREN

The 'Eart (Art) of Barbara La Marr

IT just happened that Barbara La Marr, accompanied by Gladys Brockwell, came into the projection room to see her own picture, *The Heart of a Temptress*, afterward changed to *The Heart of a Siren*, the same time I did. It's hard on a reviewer, having the star present. For instance, if you want to laugh when the fair heroine supposedly goes off her head, you have to remember your manners — even reviewers sometimes have them. How can you gurggle at the wrong place when the heroine herself, in person, not a moving picture, is sitting right behind you? You can't. The result is that all the laughs you might have had in the projection-room come out in the review. If I were a star — but, putting all vulgar thoughts of material gain from my mind, I am glad I'm not a



¶ Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle in "The Heart of a Siren."

star. Think of the reviews I'd get! I have even heard, from between the pretty clenched teeth of a screen idol, the following hiss, addressed to me: "I'd just like to see you on the screen, and review the picture!" I always smile rather forcedly at this and lead the irate lady into pleasanter pastures. After all, I have the last word.

The Heart of a Siren may remind you of Mae Murray's *Circe*. For it, too, concerns one of those very beautiful and fascinating and dangerous women for whose sake men kill themselves, neglect their mothers, and desert their fiancées. To the impartial observer, especially female, it is never quite apparent just what peculiar quality exercises this fatal fascination, particularly as the sub-titles are always careful to emphasize the fact that, all through this maelstrom of

love and luxury, passion and Pomeranians, our heroine remains as pure as Lillian Gish. It happens to be Conway Tearle who leads Barbara from her career as a virtuous heart-breaker to a life of love. But somehow Conway makes everything seem so respectable. A heroine may entertain for him a burning passion, and it looks like platonic love.

It's hardly fair to stars like Barbara La Marr to be inspected under a feminine microscope. She looks very beautiful except when she makes faces. I think that is when she is acting. If only Miss La Marr would stop

"acting" altogether and merely pose for a series of lovely portraits, her pictures would be so much more entertaining. Her gowns are gorgeous, and with great strength of character she wears only one spangled creation. There is a lot of comedy in this picture, some of it intentional. This is chiefly supplied by Clifton Webb, who, well directed, shows that he has a definite place on the screen. And I suppose that when you get right down to cold, hard facts — difficult when discussing a La Marr drama — *The Heart of a Siren* is just a little bit better than others of its sprightly and sophisticated school.

Will send you out of the theatre rather refreshed than jaded.

The AIR MAIL



HERE'S an honest, well-meaning melodrama with a brand-new idea, and it's good fun. That enterprising young man, Irvin Willat, for whom I have always entertained additional respect since he married the lovely Billie Dove, leaves no stone, or airplane, either, unturned to make *The Air Mail* one of the good, red-blooded thrillers.

It's all about the pilots who make our air service possible — their risks and their heroism, their devotion to duty and indifference to danger. Warner Baxter must have enjoyed playing the leading part — he acted as if he relished it, and everybody will assure Warner that aviators' togs are just so becoming. He seems at home in a 'plane. So does Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, who, as you would expect of his father's son, does some high flying and lands on both feet. Doug is an ingratiating youngster with an ivory grin like his famous dad's. Billie Dove is a heroine who deserves the title. Instead of clutching at her chin throughout all the exciting action, Billie does her bit. She should thank her husband for directing her to behave as most girls would instead of shivering in a corner. She is pretty enough to brighten

Billie Dove in "The Air Mail" in a home made out of bottles found on the desert location.

a corner where she is, but in action she's even prettier.

I don't know how you feel about pictures like *The Air Mail*, but I would rather have one of them than a dozen "society dramas." They are frank and unashamed, and they send you out of the theater rather refreshed than jaded. Perhaps it is that we all like to see actors earn every cent of their enormous salaries—what?

The Goose Hangs High

GLORIFYING *the* AMERICAN FATHER

THANK God, it's been done at last. All my life I have been waiting for the screen to come to the aid of the party — the grand old party who supports the family, takes all the sarcasm without talking back, and goes around in his old suit so that his family may go through college.

The Goose Hangs High saves the screen father from utter oblivion. James Cruze has taken a good stage play and made it into an even better picture. True, there's a mother in it, too — even a grandmother — but it's the old man who stands out, about whom the story is shaped, and who finally has his reward. He isn't such an old man at that — just the average, middle-class, middle-aged American, who is so often shelved so that his good wife and helpmate, the American mama, may be glorified. She deserved it, but she got more than her share. Three cheers for dad and switches for the kiddies!

A story of an American family and how they grew — the boys into selfish collegians and the girl into a spoiled flapper. Mother and father deny themselves comforts to see them through college, only to be left alone on Christmas eve while the children bang off to a party. A different kind of grandmother takes the situation into her firm hands and a happy Christmas is had by all. Even if the big scene does come on Christmas eve, you can't hold it against the picture. Director Cruze waves his magic wand and his actors behave like the average family they are supposed to be. (Note: somehow I can't imagine the stalwart Cruze waving his magic wand — a tinsel crown wouldn't be becoming; but I hope he won't take it as a personal affront.) Myrtle Stedman as the mother, Gertrude Claire as the belligerent grandma, and Zell Covington as that usually unwelcome character, the "family friend," are all good. The children, especially the boys, annoyed me, but they were supposed to anyway,



George Irving as the father in
"The Goose Hangs High."

so that was all right. But why pick such youngsters? Constance Bennett seems mature and sophisticated beside them.

It is George Irving, however, who really makes *The Goose Hangs High* an epic of the American father. The gentleman made me cry. Not sob, you understand — just a few quiet tears; but they're the greatest tribute you can pay any actor. Where has he been — playing villains or country sheriffs? Just because he isn't paunchy and ponderous I suppose they never thought of him as a father before. Besides, movie fathers are always either brutes or bankers. Irving is real. I'm going to write to him and ask him for his autographed photo.

This will give you a bit of a shock, but don't let it upset you too awfully much.

Lady of the Night

STARTLING INNOVATION IN SCREEN CIRCLES!

NOW, I want all of you to clench your little fists and try not to cry out at what I am about to tell you. Gather 'round, listen quietly, and promise not to ask embarrassing questions. All such will be answered, by request, and mailed in a plain wrapper, upon receipt of a fifty-dollar bill. I know that this is going to be a bit of a shock, but don't let it upset

you too awfully much. After all, when there happens such a radical departure in moving pictures, it is best for you to be "in the know."

All ready? All right!

I have seen a screenplay in which the two leading characters are a rich girl and a poor girl, and they are

both played by the same actress! There, now! Doesn't that make your heart go pit-a-pat? I thought it would. What a novelty it is, to be sure; and I don't know if the more conservative element among you will accept it, on such short notice. Especially as it involves double-exposure, another daring scheme. But I just ask you to consider how the movies are ever going to get anywhere along the lines of "art" if they don't try something new once in a while?

The name of this late—oh, very late development is *Lady of the Night*. The title does not, I hate to inform you, tell the story. In New York at present there is a snappy little sermon carefully sugar-coated by Mr. David Belasco, with the assistance of the N. Y. police department, called *Ladies of the Evening*. Of course the film company couldn't have seen the play or they would never, never have called their picture *Lady of the Night*.

The two heroines are not twin sisters—sorry to disappoint you. Their lives happen to be drawn together by Fate in the form of Malcolm MacGregor, a former Yale football star who somehow wandered into the movies and has stayed to perform mysterious duties—I hear he is called "leading man." The company saves salaries by giving Miss Norma Shearer a chance to realize every young actress' dearest ambition, to play two parts in the same picture—preferably twins, but a good girl and a bad girl will do. The nocturnal character seemed to me to be a model of goodness and purity—she busted a gentleman in the nose for dancing "cheek to cheek" on a dance floor. And that, if you know your film etiquette, means "good" all



¶ Norma Shearer in "Lady of the Night" as the lowly girl of the underworld.

over. But as she wears short skirts and chews gum we may take it for granted that she is not all that she should be. Mr. Hays has nothing to complain about, which ought to make him pretty darned mad.

Monta Bell is a director whose title to a place among the Chaplin and Stroheims has hitherto been undisputed. Let him have it, if it means anything to him. Perhaps he did the best he could with *Lady of the Night*. Perhaps the experience was too much for him. Imagine Mr. Bell being summoned into the Big Chief's office to learn that, as a special reward for having been a bright boy, he was to direct a story about two girls, both played by the same actress? Imagine young Mr. Bell reeling out into the air to meditate upon this so-great honor that had been thrust upon him—imagine him, almost overcome, gazing towards the distant purple hills and contemplating hiding himself among them, fearful that his talents might not be able to stand the strain put upon them? But here I stop. Because Mr. Bell did direct *Lady of the Night*, and there's no getting around that fact

no matter how hard you may try.

Norma Shearer is in the process of being discovered. Critics reviewing her work in this picture announce proudly that they have unearthed a new actress destined to be heard of some day. Inasmuch as Miss Shearer has been one of SCREENLAND's best bets for a long time, you can't expect me to jump up and down over the fact that, at last, she too has reached the goal—the supreme test of artistry—playing two parts at once. I was simply sorry to see her, I hope at directorial request, call upon chewing gum and aigrettes to put over her part.

¶ Confirms my opinion that in Jetta Goudal there is a potential great star.

SALOME of the TENEMENTS

Not a Costume Picture

THAT title is going to bring a lot of people in and send them out disappointed. There is no Biblical sequence in the picture, *Salome of the Tenements*; no dance of the seven veils; nothing much at all, in fact, except Jetta Goudal, one of the most glamorous young women on our screen. The idea of the story, if any, is never clearly brought out. One accepts the fact that Jetta is fascinating, because she actually is; but her role doesn't help her much. Nature did a lot for Miss Goudal in the first place. She doesn't really need the title-writer to tell her public that she is quite as capable of collecting heads as her namesake. She is a mysterious and unique actress. She is given

scarcely a single close-up. She needs no close-ups. Instinctively she does the right thing. With little experience she displays vague shadows of an art as rare and unerring as Chaplin's or Gish's or Raymond Griffith's.

Salome of the Tenements was important to me only because it confirmed my opinion that in Jetta Goudal there is a potential great star. A popular star? I doubt it. She is such an exotic that she can be easily crushed by clumsy direction. There are studio stories about her "temperament." She is supposed to be "hard to handle." She looks as if she might be, but the results would be worth the trouble.

THE THUNDERING HERD

The Covered Wagon at Play



¶ Noah Beery, Raymond Hatton, Lois Wilson and Jack Holt in "The Thundering Herd."

JUST what will that covered wagon do next? The little rascal has been cutting up high-diddles ever since Jim Cruze took him out several years ago, and there seems to be no stopping him now. His latest escapade is *The Thundering Herd*, in which he encounters a herd of buffaloes, not to mention his usual skirmishes with red men (Indians) and bad men (Noah Beery).

It's beginning to look as if almost any one can direct a covered wagon. Cruze started it; but Irvin Willat carried on, and now William Howard is driving. Howard has the advantage of being able to pilot his craft through some of the most amazing scenery that good old Mother Nature has to offer, and so his results are impressive if not always exciting.

Jack Holt and Lois Wilson follow each other around again—but somehow I never get tired of watching the manly Mr. Holt face desperadoes, Indians, buffaloes, and Lois. He is so businesslike about it that there is no room for resentment. That goes for Miss Wilson, even in her desperate fights for honor.

Even if you know the plot by the second reel you'll enjoy it.

¶ Little Rollo himself never saw such strange and exciting things.

Playing with Souls

AND now, lad-eez and gentul-mun, we're back in Paris. Yes, sir. That Paris you have all heard so much about—Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triomphe and wild women and wine. You may not see the first two, but you'll surely see the last in *Playing with Souls*. That's the motion picture idea of Paris—only it's never called just "Paris"—always "Gay Paree."

That's the place "Buster" Collier comes to in his latest screen adventure, and my, my, what times the boy does have there! Little Rollo himself, even in the unexpurgated version, never saw strange and exciting things. "Buster" sees just everything. He goes to such places as "The Den of the Dead Ducq"—a Latin Quarter cafe—and "The Bottom of the Lake," another L.Q.c.

SO THIS AGAIN IS PARIS

¶ Clive Brooks, Buster Collier and Mary Astor in "Playing with Souls."



He goes to a gambling hall. It is there that he meets his mother in a blonde wig—only of course the boy doesn't know it's his mother. She gives him gambling money—only of course she doesn't know it's her son. Things go on like this until the father comes in. He knows them both—clever man!—and before long the mother takes off her wig and "Buster" is seen marrying Mary Astor. That

the kind of snappy stuff it is.

The "wild women" are represented by Jacqueline Logan, who goes through the routine of shrugs, gestures and moues to show she's playing a French girl. I advise Miss Logan, and all other American actresses called upon to play Parisians, to go to see Mlle. Sergyl in *The Miracle of the Wolves*.

(Continued on page 7)

SOME NEW FILMS *by Martin B. Dickstein*

YOU will find "Taming of the West" (Universal) a real, old-fashioned, double-barreled thriller, reminiscent of the good old Essanay and Bison days when no good bad man would be seen on the highways without his little black mask and a row of horse pistols hanging from his belt. You will see Hoot (nee Edward) Gibson as a tenderfoot from way back East—somewhere around Kansas City who is sent to his dad's ranch in Montana to learn the secret of taking bulls by the horns and turning them into T-bone steaks. Before he has come to know a saddle horn from a good soup ox-tail, Hoot falls in love with a rival ranchman's daughter, and you know then that it won't be long before the gel begins to say things like, "Thar'll be a mewn aout tonight thar will," and Hoot from back East'll come back with something snappy like "Sure, kid, I'm wise; I'll meetcha at de kitchen daw at nine bells."

The cross-country saddle marathon between the hero and the cattle rustlers furnishes only one of the many thrills in "Taming of the West" and, though we have seen it all so many, many times before, somehow those lurid drammers of the West still manage to hand us a pleasant jolt with each new demonstration.

Hoot Gibson's pictures, such as his "Saddle Hawk," make no pretensions about being anything other than just what they are—plain, factus buncombe for consumption by a large audience of yokels who still believe in cowboys and Santa Claus. And in reviewing Hoot's pictures in that light, it must be said that they suffer little by comparison with other celluloid

melodramas of the "western" variety.

In "The Saddle Hawk," Marion Nixon has little else to do than look pretty. As a bit of faithful reporting, it should be added that she carries out that duty.

* * *

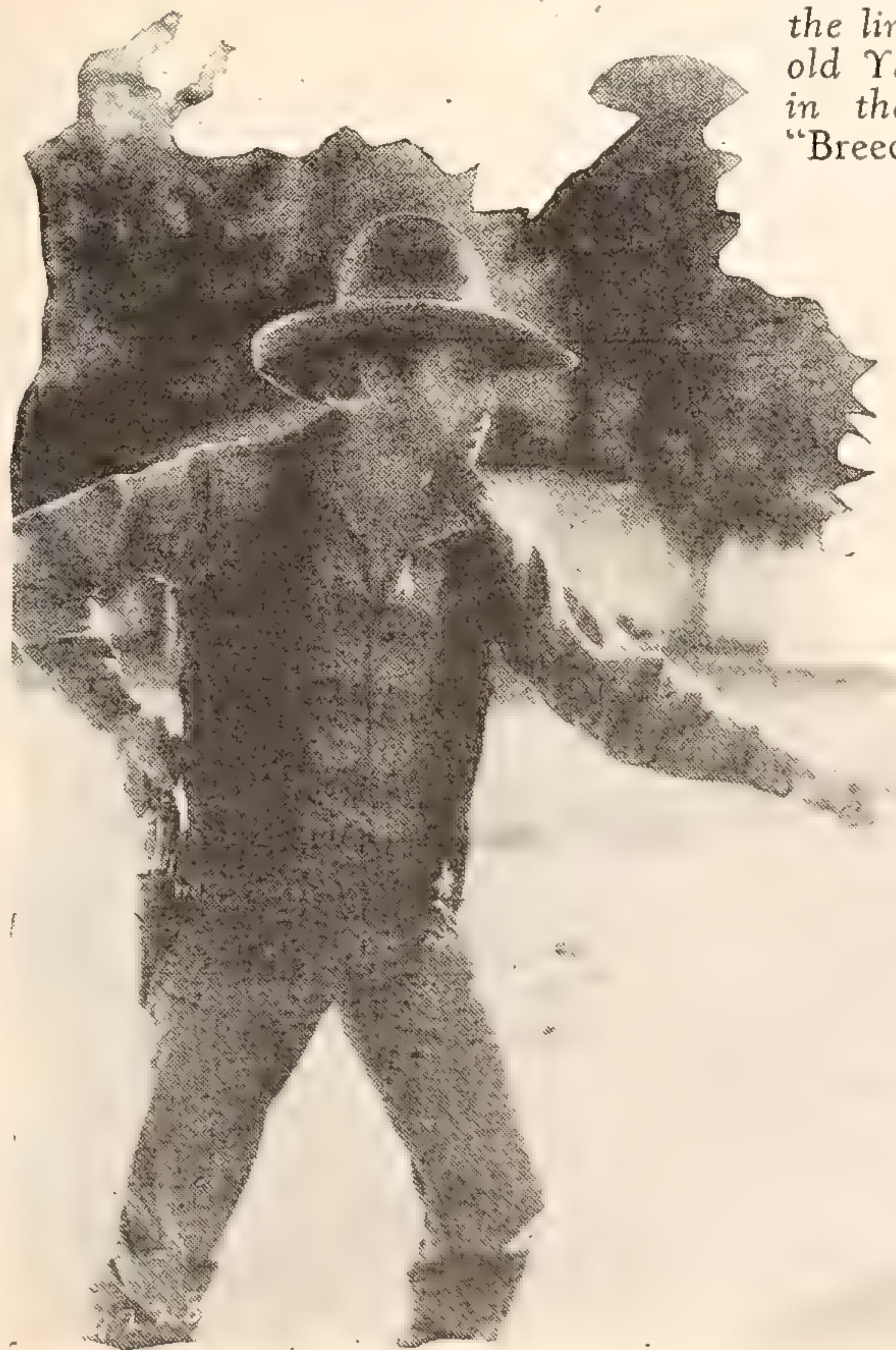
"Breed of the Border" (F. B. O.) is a tale of horses of much the same color as those in "Taming of the West" and "The Saddle Hawk." Maurice B. (Lefty) Flynn, who once bucked the Harvard line so valiantly for dear old Yale, is discovered now as a hair-trigger Romeo in one of those time-honored and spavined dramas wherein the sheriff and his deputy and the real bandits who held up the mail coach . . . and "Lefty" runs them to cover at the peril—no less than a dozen times—of his own precious life. As you have very probably guessed ere this, there is a plaid skirt and a braid or two of golden hair back of Lefty's heroism. Both skirt and braids are becomingly worn by Dorothy Dwan. This by the way, was that lady's last picture before assuming the more matronly role of Mrs. Larry Semon.

* * *

Only a poor chorus girlie, but her name remained unsmirched to the end! Following the lead of Florenz Ziegfeld, Ralph Ince, in

(Continued on page 76)

"Lefty" Flynn, who once bucked the line for dear old Yale, is now a hair-trigger Romeo in the movies. As he appears in "Breed of the Border."



A bad man tries to get the drop on "Hoot" Gibson in "Taming of the West."

Women and

PEARLS

Among the beauties of Hollywood there are a few "Pearl Women." To them the whole of loveliness lies in a pearl's translucent secret and from them radiates a strange, exotic charm.

By Gayne Dexter



Only beads, but under their influence, Jacqueline Logan becomes a being more exquisite.

THEY called him Mad Aleck around the pearl fisheries at Broome, which is a place where nicknames are substituted for surnames.

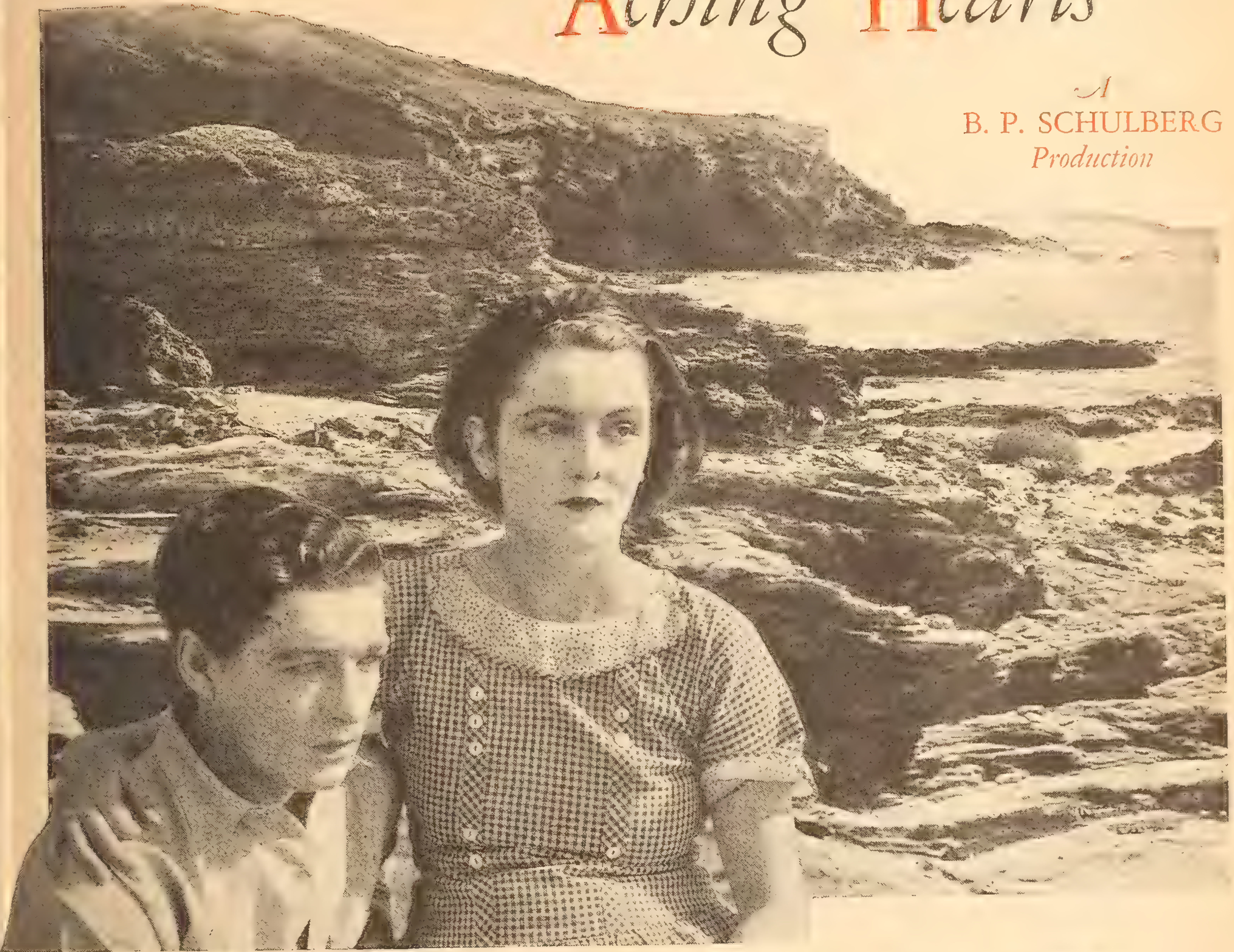
To outward appearances Aleck was far from mad. A rawboned, sandy-headed fellow, he could be drunk in all parts of him except his eyes; but by the same token when his limbs were sober, his eyes were not. They dreamed. Perhaps submarine pressure in his old diving days left them hazy. A hard customer whose lugger sailed with the fleet and returned piled high and smelling higher with shell in the abominable process of "rotting out," Aleck occasionally reaped a pearl or two — nothing much, because pearls grow rarer every season; but shell is profitable enough.

"Sure, Aleck's mad," a buyer insisted as we stretched one evening on the hotel verandah and prayed for an east wind to drive the ghastly odors of drying shell to sea. *Phew!* The memory lingers!

"Eight years ago," continued the buyer, "Aleck brought in a pearl worth thousands. Talk about a tear from Buddha's eye! It was pear-shaped with a perfect skin and orient. You know how they are when you get them that good! Translucent white outside but smouldering underneath. Boy, what a beaut!

The MANSION of *Aching Hearts*

A
B. P. SCHULBERG
Production



Cullin Landis as "Bill Smith" seeks consolation from the only person in town who understands and sympathizes with him—Barbara Bedford as "Martha."



Bill is strangely attracted to Ethel Clayton, the woman whose starved mother instinct finds an outlet in sympathizing with him.

Dramaland

By John Eliot

The New York Stage has become the testing ground for dramatic ideas. The shows which have been endorsed at the box offices on Broadway are then, and only then, worthy of the greater glory of the screen.

The following stage plays are among those which have been screened:

LIGHTNIN'
COBRA
DECLASSE

SALLY
KIKI

SECRETS
TARNISH
THE MERRY WIDOW

WHITE CARGO
THE SWAN



Photograph by Schindele Studios

Q Katherine Revner brings to "The Rat" a charming simplicity which is very delightful.

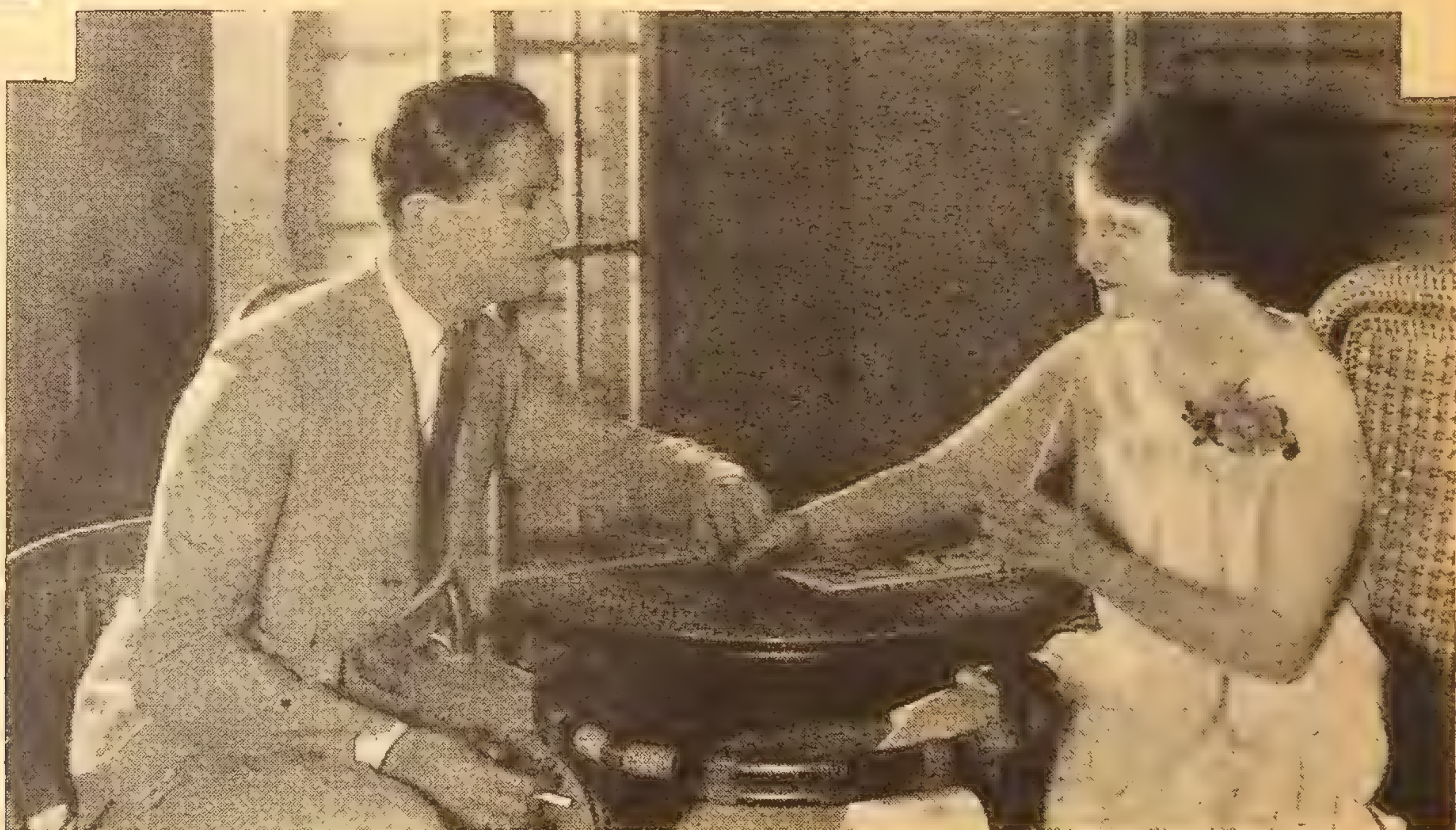
YOU take Sally now; formerly Leon Errol's underpinning gave away in just one place (to wit, the New Amsterdam Theatre) but now it's failing successfully all over the place, and Leon is falling like the gentle rain and laughs are springing in full bloom all over.

Anyway this establishes the general idea — first the successful show, and then the million dollar film.

This theatre department, viewing the matter with a movie-goer's eye, cannot refrain from looking past the theatre's show of tonight to the months later when the big "production," costing hundreds of thousands where the show cost only hundreds, bursts upon the gaze of the guests of the silver sheet.

THE HANDY MAN isn't a bad idea for a movie, now that you call it to our attention. The odd job carpenter pokes around and foils every darn thing from the slick girl crook to the city detective, to say nothing of the boy. But in the film there will be changes of scene and the Handy Man will be Charlie Murray or Theodore Roberts — and how much better it will be!

THERE is one film coming just as sure as anything and that's *The Fall Guy*. It is so sure to be a film of the good, homey, everyday sort that you will talk about after you have seen it that we are going to beat you to it and tell you



Photograph by White Studio

Q James Rennie and Ruth Shepley give an excellent performance in "Cape Smoke" — a play with many thrills by W. A. Frost.



Photograph by
Florence Vandamm

QGertrude Bryan is
at her best in "The
Way of the World."

about it first. As a play it is one of those all in the same stage set, but as a film you will go to France and then you will come home and find the girl waiting—darn nice girl—and you will see them after they are married, and the job is gone, and the boy turns bootlegger. You may not be able to hear the lovely voice of the girl wife when she holds up the boy by sheer heroic love-power to the level of her ideal, but what a wonderful chance for the chase and thrilling wind-up when the boy, the Fall Guy, starts to vindicate the blood of his policeman father and takes the old cop's advice to "Go git this feller."

Ernest Truex had better play the film version, for there is no actor alive who could do it as well, unless it is Geo. M. himself.

You have to take a look at the film possibilities of light shows and revues or where would *Sally*, or *The Merry Widow* be, I ask you.

WE went to see Elsie Janis and her *Puzzles* of 1925, and had a right pretty evening and got kind of choked up, too. But make no error in locating the reason. This is not a slam at a good little show. No, these were chokes of emotion, the kind that you try like the very dickens to hide.

De Mirjian Studios

It was all because of a thickset individual near me. There is something about loyalty, loyalty that is all wool and a yard wide, genuine enthusiastic loyalty that gets you, and the ex-doughboy had it. Elsie Janis should have heard him, and I think very likely she did. Every time Elsie appeared he announced to his neighbors that she was the greatest actress in the world, bar none, and whenever a little climax came along he applauded her with a willingness that had love in it. I became curious: "Friend of yours?" I asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Clever actress," I ventured.

"You said it."

His attention was given to a fusillade of clapping. I wondered why Elsie had inspired this very vital young man to such very real admiration.

"You've seen her before?" I asked.

QAn Easter Lily from
"Artists and Mod-
els," Marie Marce-
line.



QBeautiful Leyla Georgie
who gives an impressive
performance in "What
Price Glory."

"Before? — I'll say so. S
our place and she did her
and she knew what it mean
She's the greatest actress in

AND speaking of light,
which is going on at
the moving picture theat

Here is a form of tall
and is practical at that.
this story of "The Stude
theatre orchestra gave u

The show has to do wi
a regular student and the
his sweetheart, Kathie, a
Marvenga to appreciate
to be a pretty good kingd
into such competition.
the Al Jolson theatre
these nights is because of
in fact, we heard the
male chorus over the r
we saw the show. Incid
were interested in one
singer equipped with two
he was what we thought

We are an enthusiast
for the film and believe



Photograph by Apeda

Q Shirley Booth and Humphrey
Bogart in "Hell's Bells."

phere can be delivered by the silver sheet that cannot be
created with paint and canvas, BUT DeMille, Fitzmaurice
and Murnau together will be required to duplicate the royal
flavor of the third act of *The Student Prince*.

There are a lot of films in this world that need Charlie
Murray. George Hassell is very like him, and although he
can never be spared from *The Student Prince*, George
Hassell has a screen fortune any time he cares to move
in and start counting the money.



Q Patty Hastings lends her
"piquant beauty to the
"Music Box Revue."

As the weeks and
months stretch into
years and *Abie's Irish Rose*
continues to bloom on
Forty-second Street, we are
wondering about the film
production of this epoch-
making success. There
have been so many millions
of people who have laughed
and cried at that, poor hap-
py lowbrows that we are,
that it would be very difficult to
make a film without disappoint-
ing all hands. In order to get in
before the rush starts, we recom-
mend Emil Jannings for *Abie's*
papa and Larry Semon for *Abie*.

What are your suggestions?

Send us the names of the well-
known motion picture players
you would select to play the four
leading parts of *Abie's Irish Rose*.
The best selections will receive
as a reward two tickets to the
New York performance.

Mail suggestions before May
15, 1925.

Dunn in
"Hell's Bells."



Q Tom Walsh and Eddie
Garvie, the "gold diggers"
in "Hell's Bells."



How Your Boy Friend Ought to Look

The well-dressed man is at his best in his dinner coat, and
Ronald Colman is properly attired to dine with
Mr. and Mrs. Elite:



Q Louise Dresser certainly picks out some peculiarly attractive places to correct her make-up.

Hollywood GOSSIP

By H. B. K. Willis



Q William Beaudine is directing Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney."

THEY are having a regular Old Home Week celebration these days out at the white-walled enclosure where Mary Pickford hangs her shingle on the door. "I knew him when——" and "Do you remember when——" are the words often bandied about for a very good reason.

Years and years ago in Little Old New York a slender blonde-child had a part in "The Warrens of Virginia." Some one told her of the moving pictures that were being made down on Fourteenth Street. The next day she caught a car and applied for a job at the Biograph company.

She was so tiny and so young and her hair was so very blonde and curly that it was impossible to turn a glassy eye upon her. She was cast as a maid for a grand dame at five dollars a day.

"Do I come back tomorrow?" she queried of the director when her day's work was over.

"Sure," said he.

The next day the blonde child played the role of a princess in a long purple robe and a coronet. Her scenes were many and the hour was late when another five-dollar gold piece reposed in her hand, marking the end of her toil.

"Gee," she thought, "I'd rather be a maid. I'd get five dollars just the same and be able to go home earlier."

The second property boy at the Biograph studio was a stripling who had also heard of the moving picture through friends. He worked from morning till night with scarcely a breathing space.



Q May MacAvoy has returned to Hollywood from her trip to Italy with the "Ben Hur" company.

"Boy! Bring a throne from the prop room," or "Boy! Get me a couple of safety pins" were directorial cries which were as spurs to his flagging zeal. He did not think so much of the moving-picture business.

Then the blonde young thing with the glorious eye made her Biograph bow. He decided that being a prop boy had its compensations after all, for the boy was an artist and he dreamed great dreams.

He dreamed that the funny little Fourteenth street studio would some day be an enormous place where he would make artistic and dramatic pictures as a director.

He watched the golden-haired girl; scrutinized her pensive face; saw the reflection of the gamut of human emotions mirrored in her eyes. He saw that it did not make any differ-

His dream has become a reality. William Beaudine is directing Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney."

—O—

Cecil B. De-Mille has taken over the Thos. H. Ince studios in Culver City. The day he made his triumphal entry into the village he noted the flags and bunting and pennants hanging from gable and balcony and staff. Right away he began to bow and smile to the folks on the street as he tipped his hat.

"Who is that bozo and what's he making all those funny faces for?" my informant said his curbstome comrade asked him.

"I don't know," my informant answered. "But I do know he ought not to be allowed to act like that in our town on Washington's Birthday."

—O—

Losing one's singing voice at the outset of a musical comedy career would have been almost a fatal blow to any one not as courageous as Dot Farley. Sixteen years ago, when she realized that the last chirp had gone from her voice box Dot essayed a picture career with Essanay. Since that time her career has been as varied as could be imagined. She has done wild and woolly Westerns, Mack Sennett custard pie operas, and finally a love-lorn widow with a humorous twist, her contribution to "So Big."



Marshall Neilan, getting bossy.



Carmel Myers of the "Ben Hur" company has also returned to Hollywood, bringing in her eyes the lure of Italian skies (only they're brown, darn it!)

ence whether she played the role of a maid or the part of a princess. He knew that she was to become a great artist; that some day she would play upon the emotions of the people in the darkened pit, moving them to laughter, to tears, to rapture or remorse.

"Some day she will be a great star and I will direct her," he resolved.



Evelyn Pierce in a scene from Josef von Sternberg's "The Exquisite Sinner."

Q "The Studio Blues"
— Marshall Neilan
and his willing
workers driving
Dull Care away.
(L. to R.: Evelyn
Peirce, Blanche Sweet,
Ronald Colman, Micky
Neilan, Paul Ellis, and
Lew Cody with the 'cello.

While Hobart Henley was casting "Nothing to Wear" the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios were besieged by be vies of bathing beauties displaying their most abbreviated costumes. They were aghast to learn that clothes were to be an important item in the production and that the title applied only to those women who always wail "I've nothing to wear!" when, in reality, their wardrobes are full to the bursting point.

—O—
A straggly old pup of uncertain ancestry adopted the M-G-M lot the other day. The stars' canine pets and the dog-stars ritzed him outrageously, having nothing to do with him. But his timely bark kept a little girl from being crushed beneath the wheels of a truck. Big-hearted Mickey Neilan saw the incident. The pup's reward was a full meal in the studio cafe and a part in Neilan's new picture.

Q Hazel Keener braves the
"bareness" of a French
haircomb—we would too,
if we looked like Hazel.

Ramon Novarro came home first. The other ninety-nine per cent, May McAvoy, Kathleen Key and Carmel Myers, arrived two weeks later.

Scenes in the picture, which will cost millions, are now being shot at Culver City. Production will be hurried so that the girls can get back to Rome for the chariot races this summer.

—O—
One hundred per cent of the sex appeal of "Ben Hur" has returned to Hollywood.

The cast acquired a lot of Italian color while roaming in Rome, but Kathleen Key, it is reported, acquired a Latin lover. His name is James Prochet and he has scads of money though he is, as yet, like Mickey Neilan's new picture, untitled. M'sieu Prochet is coming to America this month and their wedding is set for the early summer. But Kitty has a swarm of swains and a woman can always change her mind.

Kathleen has been stepping forward both in and out of the movies lately.

Q Fred Niblo interviewed
more than three hun-
dred blue-eyed girls in
his effort to find the
madonna for the "Ben
Hur" part.



Fred Niblo appreciates the meaning of the old maxim about finding the needle in the haystack to the full. He has interviewed more than three hundred blue-eyed girls in his effort to find the madonna for the "Ben Hur" part. Niblo declares the girls of today have too much sophistication in their eyes.

He remarked thusly to one of the applicants. "Huh!" she sniffed. "That's not sophistication. That's mascara!"

—O—

Los Angeles now has an ice palace in which many of the movie colony are taking an active interest. Norma Shearer, a resident of Montreal for many years, is going in for California skating with a vengeance. Conrad Nagel, who knew the ice of Iowa as a boy, and Eleanor Boardman, who grew up in Pennsylvania, often join her on the rink. They say artificial ice is just as hard as the natural kind and, unlike a bill collector, cannot be sat upon with impunity.

—O—

No man is a hero to his valet but Erich von Stroheim must be a devil of a fellow to himself. At any rate he selected Roy Guisti, pronounced D'Arcy, for the part of the Crown Prince in "The Merry Widow" because of Guisti's looks. When both are in make-up the property boys cannot tell them apart. D'Arcy is extremely devilish looking.

This tendency should be nipped in the bud or else all of Neilan's actors will be Irish and all of De Mille's bald.

—O—

There's a great deal of pranking going on these days at the Famous Players-Lasky lot. Raymond Griffith, Wallace Beery and Louise Fazenda are making a comedy "The Night Club," with a dash of Spanish, but many of the gags are for the benefit of the hired help alone



Alma Rubens, recently freed from her marital bonds with Dr. Goodman.



Olive Borden, one of the fourteen beauties appearing as models in Paramount's "The Dressmaker From Paris."

They were using a bull on the set the other day. The bovine was supposed to chase Ray but remained supremely indifferent to his opportunity, sort of a case of bulldoze, as it were.

The director grew frantic and was waxing incoherent from lingual exhaustion when a bystander suggested that the critter be given a shot of Jamaica ginger.

The "jake" was administered without Ray's knowledge, and the bull awakened. The shrieks of the bystanders caused Ray to snap into it at the crucial mo-

ment. On they came toward the camera, Ray leading by a hair. The cameraman ground furiously but the bull did not know when to quit, chasing Ray right over the cameraman's point of vantage, demolishing the instrument.

QBlanche Mehaffey, the gifted actress, giving an imitation of a straddle bug.



QACurious fact about Clara Bow is she hasn't Bow legs.

The bull then became comatose again, and Ray, as soon as he regained his breath and his hair abandoned the perpendicular, prevailed upon the director to cut out the bull and substitute a snail.

—O—

Hal Roach has another find, a girl already heralded as a rival for Mary Philbin, whom she somewhat resembles. Her name is Fay Wray and she is extremely "feyish." Miss Wray was born in Canada and came to Hollywood three years ago. She has played in pictures for two summers, attending Hollywood high school in the rainy season.

—O—

We have heard a lot about the hard-hearted motion picture producers who figure everything from a box-office viewpoint, but now comes one who sacrificed an artistic ending just to spare the feelings of a million children.

Last year Hal Roach made a picture called "The King of Wild Horses" with Rex, a black stallion, as the star. The critics went mad about it.

This year Roach made another, "Black Cyclone," the love story of Rex and Lady, a beautiful dappled grey mare, whom Rex wins from a pinto heavy. Plot construction demanded, later in the story, that Lady fall prey to a band of wolves so that the final tragic and beautiful fade-out should show Rex alone on the sky-line.

Roach would have none of it.



"Have you ever seen a child who has just lost a pet, whose pet

has died?" Roach queried of his high-priced executives. "They'll love that grey mare and if she dies any motion picture with an animal in it will be hated by them forever more. Story or no story, the grey mare will live."

—O—

The small towns furnish more than their share of the beautiful women of the world. Survey of the fourteen beautiful models appearing in Paramount's "The Dressmaker from Paris," in which Leatrice Joy returns to the screen, shows that but three were born in cities of the metropolis class.

Here are the girls and their birthplaces:

Clara Morris, "Neysa McMein's Regal Red Head," Des Moines, Iowa.

Cecille Evans, "The Girl with the Coles Phillips Ankles," Oxford, Kansas.

Mabel Coleman, "The Gibson Girl of Today," Mason, Ohio.

Etta Lee, "Princess of the Orient," Honolulu.

Sally Rand, "The Most Beautiful Girl in America" (according to C. B. DeMille), Winchester, Kentucky.

Jocelyn Lee, "Ziegfeld's Queen of Beauty," Chicago.

Dorothy Seastrom, "Venus of the Snows," Stockholm.

Adalyn Mayer, "Cinderella Girl of 1925," Hastings, Minn.

Olive Borden, "Wampas Baby Star for 1925," Richmond.

Sally Long, "D. W. Griffith's Most Beautiful Discovery," Kansas City.

Yola D'Avril, "Jean Patou's Famous Model," Paris.

Thais Valdemar, "Fairest of Europe's Nobility," Rostoff Don, Russia.

Eugenia Gilbert, "The Girl of the Sun-Kissed West," East Orange, N. J.

Cristina Montt, "South America's Favorite Daughter," Santiago, Chile.

—o—

Hollywood has a new menace. It's the beard. When William K. Howard, Famous Players-Lasky director, was finishing "The Thundering Herd," he stumbled across the bitter war that is now raging between the old and new whiskers of the screen.

Professional beards — men who make a living by the length of their beards or, better be it said, men who live by their beards alone — are up in arms against the invasion of a large force of amateur beards. The latter, Howard found, are largely retired farmers from the Middle West who like to pick up loose change by working in mob scenes requiring bearded participants, "peddle the brush" as Flip put it.

The professional beards say it is a close shave as to whether they get the jobs or not.

—o—

This is the day of the specialist even in motion pictures. Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q," his present picture, has been surrounded with a court of dancing masters, fencing instructors, bull-fighters, whip-crackers and what not. The Pickford-Fairbanks lot again harbors a bit of Spain as a setting for Doug's bid for Valentino's honors as a dancing sheik.

—o—

Alan Crosland, now under contract to Famous Players-Lasky, and soon to become a free lance director at his own election, was one of the original motion picture press agents. He began his film career with the old Edison company as a publicity representative, leaving his reporting job on the New York Globe. He reformed, however, and became a casting director before he attained the rank of director.

He denies equally however that he was the originator of the famous press agent wheeze about the make-up expert who fooled the studio gateman. That was old, even when he was young in the movies, Crosland declares.

—o—

Before Ricardo Cortez became popular he could have



George Stewart visits Sister Anita while she is playing the lead in "The Boomerang."

married the girl of his choice without difficulty. But his latest Paramount contract contains an anti-matrimony clause. Alma Rubens, recently freed from her marital bonds from Dr. Goodman, and Ricardo are said to be very much in love, but his new contract will no doubt prove a muffler for the wedding bells.

—o—

I've always been of the opinion that Viola Dana always was and is very much of a girl but never did I believe that she was the type who revelled in tears. It seems, however, that she likes to indulge in feminine freshets as well as the next one. She declares "The White Sister" is her favorite picture because it made her weep so copiously that she was afraid the ushers would put her out of the place.

—o—

Carlo Schipa, brother of the gifted Tito, will no doubt have his name in electrics as a result of his fine work as "Sascha" in Colleen Moore's "Sally."

They Say



QDouglas Fairbanks and Juliette Belanger in "Don Q" Tangoing some!

QRaymond Griffith, featured player in "The Night Club" as the sturdy oak; the clinging vines are supplied by Paramount.

SUMMER already — hot tern anything out here — like New York in July — with the call of the great open spaces getting into the blood — and the new ice-skating rink a good place to cool off in — the return of all the prodigals to the land of sunshine — Ramon and Rod and Norma back from Europe — Pola leaving for a European trip — and Cecil DeMille getting the keys to Culver City and opening up the new De Mille Studio out there. It's a great year for the movies, all right. — Fred Niblo and his "Ben Hur" company back — with Hollywood actors getting the long lost chance at "Ben Hur" — contracts being signed — everybody happy and busy — it's a great year for the movies, all right! Hollywood's humming.

They Say —

Like "Peter" in "Peter Pan" and the Prince in "The Merry Widow," speculation, hopes, fears and anticipation are being talked about as to who will play the part of the "Prodigal Son" in Raoul Walsh's

big production, "The Wanderer." Remember, don't you, that Raoul Walsh directed "The Thief of Bagdad," and now comes "The Wanderer" with this great part for some young fellow. Walsh calls it a "terrific" part. The chosen one will be "made," and the worth of the picture depends to a great extent on whether or not the choice for the part has the "stuff." Of course the part is a Novarro part — his type absolutely — but he belongs to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and Paramount has to do without him. There are three particular juveniles in Hollywood waiting and hoping to sign on the dotted line — they've taken test after test, and when the "Prodigal Son" gets to us via the screen, may the one best suited to the part sway our emotions and take us through the trials and tribulations of the young Biblical son who thought the tumultuous life of the dark, wicked city could lead him to the light of life quicker and more perfectly than could the light of the sun and the waving of the grain in the fields.

Having removed his miniature city from the lobby of his Hollywood Egyptian Theatre, right in the middle of Hollywood's busiest streets, Sid Grauman has put up an Indian village — tents and all. That's Hollywood for you! The Indians perform in the prologue to Sid's



By *Marion of Hollywood*

The latest slang in Hollywood

"He's a Spaniard"

(Synonymous with Sheik)

showing of "The Iron Horse," and, according to Colonel McCoy, we're liable to have a battle out here any day. For the first time in hundreds of years, he says, the Shoshones and Arapahoe Indians are living side by side! On their own reservation they are such deadly enemies that they won't speak to each other, let alone be near enough to see each other daily! As it is, they don't speak, they won't eat together, and they pass each other with dark, threatening glances; but at last Colonel McCoy has succeeded in patching up the quarrel to the extent that they will work together on the stage. It's a way he has with them, this Colonel McCoy, and those great big Indian kids will do as much for him as they would do for "The Great Spirit."

Having watched this Hatton fellow and that great Wallace Beery fight to the last ditch in muddy, dirty, disgraceful apparel over everything from "that thar gal" to vast and uncounted riches, imagine my chagrin at seeing each of them dressed up like the highest of high, having a terrific battle over a puny, defenseless box of chocolates! Such naughty boys! But you can really see 'em do it in their latest, "In the Name of Love."

They Say —

It's no cinch being a burglar anywhere — even if you're a good one — but in Hollywood a poor burglar fellow hasn't a chance in the world. Perhaps it's on account of picture pistol practice.

The other night — psst — a noise woke Pola Negri. She was all alone — far from the maddening crowd, and the noise kept coming nearer — just like in the movies. Pretty quick the door-knob of her bedroom door turned. Did Pola scream? I should say not! She picked up a revolver which was lying on the table side of her bed and shot three beautiful, resounding shots out of the window. The poor burglar is now somewhere south of the equator. In these days of high-society and educated women-folk, a poor burglar hasn't a chance!



Q Ramon Novarro, in Italy, introduces a new mode in bathing suits and fancy sport belts.



Q Benny Stollhoff, the William Fox comedy director, tells funny stories to his lion actor to keep him in good humor.



¶ Madge Bellamy, Peggy, and the garden of Madge's Beverly Hills home. "Painted Souls" is her next film.

Peter B. Kyne is coming to Hollywood to pay Anne Cornwall a visit. I suppose he means to visit Anne's husband, Charlie Maigne, too; but he doesn't count so much any more than that other half of the family counts in any home. Pete is a great friend of the Maignes, has just returned from a trip around the world, and comes to Hollywood to get all the picture news, scandal and so forth, and watch somebody else's oil well burn up. Of course, watching somebody else's oil well burn is another matter altogether.

They Say —

It's pretty hard on the old man when the son and heir disapproves of one's brain-child! The other day a bit-



¶ J. Farrell MacDonald, the care-free and combative "Casey" of "The Iron Horse," this time as "Donovan," a loyal but pugnacious horse trainer, who shares feature honors in "Kings of The Turf."



¶ Toodles tells the family secret to Raymond Hatton.



¶ This is Luke Cosgrave, the peppiest young man in Hollywood. Luke plays the leading role in "Welcome Home," James Cruze's next Paramount production.

terly critical letter came through the mail to Alan Crosland. It concerned Crosland's last picture, and read: "How do you expect to keep me for a fan if you don't let the hero sock the villain on the nose? You know he had it coming. How can he be a hero when the other guy knocks him all over the place? Say, I never saw such a silly picture!" And then came the cruelest cut of all. The letter was from his eight-year-old son, Alan, Jr.

Our Matrimonial News for the month is very scarce. The town reporter chalks up only one success for son Cupid — that of C. Gardner Sullivan taking unto himself a wife, Ann May, sister



QAdolphe Menjou evening dresses the part.

of none other than Doris May, wife of Wallace MacDonald. Everything ought to go along very nicely, but I see that C. Gardner is taking no chances! He just now is cutting and titling his latest production, "If Marriage Fails——?"

A little note of "Auld Lang Syne" comes into the announcement that Alan Hale will direct Rudolph Valentino's next picture. Do you remember them together in "The Four Horsemen," when neither was particularly famous? When Rudie was doing his famous dance for the first time and Rex Ingram was telling them both what to do? It looks as if these two ought to hit, working together. "Too many cooks," you know, "spoil the broth," and when Hale is directing a picture he'll be the director or he won't direct. Too many players in the past have figured that they can make the picture alone—do the acting and the directing—and it's a wise man, like Valentino, who's willing to admit he's wrong and start all over again.

"Say, she's a Cobra, all right!"

"And talk about him, he's some Spaniard!"

Hollywood's latest, those two expressions. Not many words, but as the old saying goes, they mean a "mouthful." If someone calls you a "Cobra," it means that you are a very attractive bit of



Q Betty Compson, now making "Eve's Secret," is "figuratively" shown on the beach at Hollywood—and we don't mean maybe.



Q Raoul Walsh, who directed "The Thief of Bagdad," has just plucked another plum as director of "The Wanderer," the tremendous Biblical stage production of the "prodigal son" story, which is expected to be the most pretentious offering on Paramount's 1925 program.



Q Gayne Whitman has signed a long-term starring contract with Warner Brothers, leaving the Los Angeles Morosco Theatre to find another leading man.

femininity—you have that elusive thing called "personality," and that indescribable appeal for the stronger sex; not a "vampire," but a vampire with a softer mixture of a more delicate attraction—Florence Vidor, for instance, with a tremendous feminine appeal, and yet a greater appeal mixed in.

And a "Spaniard"—not a "sheik," but a sheik with a quality of softness mixed in, too. The definition on this is rather vague, but they tell me Novarro, the young "Ben Hur," is a shining example. If that's the case, I'm for the "Spaniard!"

Who started rumors that Ricardo Cortez has a wife tearfully trying to get a divorce from the fair Ricardo? 'Tis false! Although Ricardo is Sheikish, Spaniardish, Appealing and Tremendously Approving of the fair sex, thus far the County



¶Norma Talmadge is now engaged in making "Graustark" under the direction of Dimitri Buchowetski.

Clerk has received no Cortez signature on any marriage certificate of his. Ricardo is vigorously denying the charge and crying to the press to let him enjoy his bachelor days in peace.

May the gods smile with pleasure on the blessed white-haired Luke Cosgrave! First, because he's just Luke; second, because he's a fine old actor; and third, because he's so full of pep and has such a smile for everybody that you can't help smiling with him. He starts in a couple of days with Jim Cruze — "Welcome Home" is the picture — and he has a marvelous part. Luke's worth isn't just his acting ability, for with some sixty-five years to his credit, Luke's mind and body are still twenty-five and his pep must be an inspiration to Jim and the rest of the crew.

Whoever heard of a theatre suffering because of a knock-out leading man? It sounds ridiculous, but it's the awful truth in the case of the Morosco Theatre versus Los Angeles, simply because a good leading man is always grabbed by the Hollywood movie-snatchers. And the latest is Gayne Whitman, who has just signed on the dotted line to star in Warner Brothers' Classics. It's getting serious with the defenseless Morosco! Look at a partial list of those lost to moviedom and judge for yourself: Richard Dix, Douglas MacLean, Edmund Lowe, Warner Baxter, David Butler — and many others. And wait until you see this Whitman fellow! Morosco should feel lucky to have kept him as long as they had him!

They Say —

In this day of queer-sounding lines on the backs of



¶No one but Douglas Fairbanks could get away with this get-away.



¶Earle Williams and his daughter.

ramshackle Lizzies, it's a wise fellow who can find the license plate any more. Anyhow, such is the case in the great open West. With "The Iron Horse" at the Egyptian Theatre, and the billboards and newspapers plastered with signs reading: "The Iron Horse, A John Ford Production," what can you do when a broken-down flivver comes along with a sign reading: "The Tin Horse, A Henry Ford Production"?

"The Heritage of Johnny Harron" — that's what they're talking about out here. Johnny, brother of Robert, last week signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers. "What will he do?" — "Has he the goods?" — "Will he be as good as his brother?" and even as far as "He'll never come up to his brother" — and all this without even a picture started. I've seen him in a number of pictures—the last one with Constance Talmadge—and I would be willing to predict what his chances are and how far he'll go and how near he'll get to his brother's reputation if any one asked me.

WHY COSTUME PICTURES

If you think a gorgeously dressed character must be a fop, read this story of Dick Turpin.

By Tom Mix



Starting on their famous ride to York.

WHEN you can show me a man of today who is as brave, as reckless, and as gloriously picturesque as was Dick Turpin, the most gentlemanly rascal who ever robbed a bishop or kissed the hand of a countess, I'll ask to have a picture play based on his appearance and character prepared without delay. But until I find one I'll continue to base my faith on Dick Turpin as the most dashing and compelling romantic figure I have ever encountered.

Every schoolboy has heard of Turpin, for his ride to York has been the theme for songs, stories and poems innumerable; but even the grownups know little else about him. Some few who study history know he was born in Essex county, that he was



Tom Mix as the romantic bandit.

hanged at Knavesmire on Tyburn Hill in 1739, that the king put a price of two hundred pounds upon his head, that he rode a wonderful mare called Black Bess, and that he was only thirty-three years of age when the officers of the law "draped him perpendicular" from the end of a rope.

In preparing to picturize the colorful life of this witty rogue, Mr. Fox's research men spent months in the British Museum and the Royal Library in London, photographing the pages of ancient books that dealt with Turpin's life and the fashions of the early eighteenth century. It wasn't until this material reached California that I learned I would have to rival the rainbow and the butterfly if I were truthfully to depict the dashing rascal which was Dick—the dashing rascal who was

a gentlemen by day, a rogue by night.

Dick, I learned, was sent to Whitechapel to be apprenticed to a butcher when he was a boy of sixteen. Almost as soon as he arrived he became enamored of the gorgeous costumes and roystering pleasures of the wild young nobles he saw about the White Hart Tavern, Blue Boar Inn and strolling in Oxford Road and on The Strand. They wore brocaded velvet coats of robin-egg blue, crimson, dove grey and sea green. The enormous cuffs were laced with threads of gold, and butterflies, humming birds and flowers were embroidered on the lapels and flowing skirts. Hats were broad-brimmed velour, turned jauntily upward on one side, and fluttering ostrich plumes surmounted them. Shoes had red heels, and silken hose rolled above the knee

were held in place by striped garters with fluttering ends. Cravats were of precious lace, and amber-headed canes hung suspended by satin bows from the third button of the waistcoat.

Pure *opera-bouffe* to us, one would say, and yet, as I read, I learned that these fops, who thus out-shone the flowers of the field, were hard-drinking, hard-swearing "he-men" who fought with fist, sword or pistol at the slightest affront. They were the frequenters of the amphitheatres and pavilions where bulls were baited by bulldogs and where savage prize fights were held between the brutal sluggers of the days of bare knuckle "mills." They dressed like "cake-eaters," but they were bold, dashing, daring, and "hardboiled."

By producing the most dashing and

romantic character of this most picturesque period of English life, I submit myself to the accusation of having done a costume picture. Guilty, and happy in my guilt, I live in the hope that some thoughtful and earnest author will dig out from history's warehouse another character as colorful as Dick Turpin, and I'll leap at the chance to picturize him, let Truth costume him as it will.

A wise man went on record years ago by saying that clothes don't make the man. That man knew Humanity. Suppose Turpin had robbed coaches when wearing a battered derby hat and tattered overalls. He wouldn't have earned a paragraph. But because he was as he was, he earned shelves in libraries, a permanent place in history, and even, greatest of honors, a film.

Women and Pearls—Continued from page 49

cleared out with a Jap, and yet that crazy Scotchman wouldn't chase them. Said he loved her sufficient to let her keep the pearl, and besides it would bring her back to him. He's a white man, mind you," spat the buyer, disgusted not at miscegenation or anything so commonplace, but by the memory of profits he missed.

I wanted the rest of the yarn. "Did the girl ever come back?"

"Sure. But her Japanese Romeo had stolen the pearl" . . .

Did you ever put a shell to your ear and listen to whispers of the sea? Little copper-skinned Mary did so one night on an island beach not far from Samarai. Mary scarcely expressed the girl, but the missionaries erased her real name when they enmeshed her in arduous Christianity. Finally she broke and ran, or rather swam. The skipper of the schooner on which she had stowed tossed her overboard incontinently. The island, being a harborage for *beche-de-mer* luggers, was a bad place for a good girl. The little pagan loved it. And here she sprawled, shell to her ear, clad as the full moon silvered her.

"Know what this fella shell tellem me?" she enquired. "Bout Piala and Happi and Kambo. Kambo him big fella boss and Piala is daughter alonga him. Happi, fine fella, and sposem Piala make plurry good missus alonga him."

Mary's pidgeon-English murdered the myth; but, being translated, it concerned the Great Chief Kambo who ruled hills so high and distant that none had ever seen the sea. He was rich in land, warriors, pigs and charms, and extraordinarily mighty

by virtue of many witch-doctors and gods whose images stood in tabu-ground. So beautiful was Piala, his daughter, that mortals dared not aspire to her hand; she must be wedded to a god. But Piala loved Happi, a tribal warrior, who guarded her until a marriageable deity arrived. Because he would flinch at her touch, and her hand brought pain to his face, she knew he loved her, too.

Though Piala waited, no god came. Then Kambo cried out that he was the last living god; he would marry his daughter! Preparations for the feast were finished, but when the witch-doctors went to fetch Piala, she had fled with Happi. Southward and downward the lovers ran, day and night, warriors pursuing them and Kambo's voice an angry thunder through the hills. Reaching the sea, they could continue no further. Here the world had changed to strange blue water, which they feared. War-drums beat, Kambo's thunder grew closer, and when they were almost overwhelmed, when painted savages raced yelling through the last grove, a great shell floated to the beach and opened for them.

Immediately they stepped aboard it drifted beyond range of spears. There the mighty Kambo beheld them. He called, but wind swept his voice back into the hills; so what he shouted went unanswered. At length the shell, closing gently, sank with Piala and Happi.

Then Kambo, understanding he could not follow, learned he was no god. And only a god may marry a daughter. So Kambo had contemplated a grievous sin. He beat himself for forgiveness and commanded his

men to build rafts to cross to where the shell had disappeared. That done, he flung his warriors into the water, forbidding them to return from the ocean-bed until they brought the shell. (Lord knows how they learned to swim!) Over they went, tens, twenties, hundreds of them. Diving down, they grasped the oyster, which had sunk a thousand feet. All started to the surface with it, heavy by the weight of Happi and Piala inside; yet as they rose, it dwindled smaller and smaller until Kambo could lift it from the water with his own hands.

He opened it and found not the lovers but a pearl. Never had he seen one before. Weeping, he carried it ashore. Suddenly rejoicing, however, he cast off his necklets of bone and strung the pearl at his throat.

"The gods have given back to me Piala and Happi, their love and their first-born—to comfort me in life, and to lie at my breast in death!"

Whether pearls are genuine or not, means nothing. Despite what the jewellers say, the difference between the real and seven dollars' worth of imitations is more a matter of reincarnation, of memories faintly retained through centuries, than of mere appearance. Some women are born to them. So the little stenographer, dreaming into "orientals"; the \$5000-a-week star sensing the throb, the fantastic, eddying mysteries of ocean-depths in her strings of first-water; Mad Aleck's Jap girl in the rusty shack at Broome; and Pagan Mary spinning Piala's legend on the beach, are daughters, not of Eve, but of Cleopatra—of the blood of Aphrodite, goddess of Love and Beauty, who rose from the sea. Is that the spell of the pearl?

Dorothy Mackaill's Horoscope—Continued from page 35

but the screen where there are always new parts to portray and one doesn't have time to get tired of a character before it is finished suits her active, restless temperament much better.

For the past four years, and continuing through this year, Miss Mackaill has been under one of the most beneficial influences it is possible for a person to have, the Progressed Sun conjunction with Jupiter, the giver of all of the good things of life. As long as this is in force it will be possible for her to realize her fondest hopes, wishes and ambitions. Things that would have seemed impossible will reach completion readily. Next year the beneficent Jupiter will be friendly to Venus and her Moon, and as this too is a constructive force she

has it within her power to lay the foundation for lasting success, and I hope she will make the best of the marvelous influences of the next two years. The Sun is also conjunction with Mars the "Warlord," an influence that it is best to hold in obeisance. It tends to extravagance, a liability to accidents, and also a tendency not to weigh carefully enough the pros and cons of a proposition. If she can overcome the too forceful side of her nature, take care not to be aggressive, and above all see to it that she doesn't have an accident, particularly to the head or abdominal region, she will be circumventing this destructive influence, and we need not worry, for kindly, benevolent Jupiter will protect her. During all of 1926 she will have to be most careful not to let

the foregoing operate, although it is also in force this year; and during April, May and also October and November of 1928 is another period when she must not take chances. Because of these indications it would not be well for her to do "stunts."

Beginning in April, 1927, and continuing through 1928, she will have to be very careful of her money, for she will have Uranus, the Planet of sudden and unlooked for happenings, going over her Jupiter, and it can mean sudden and unexpected money losses.

DOROTHY MACKAILL,

Born: Hull, England,
March 4th, 1904,
11 A. M.

New Screenplays—Continued from page 46

YOU have often heard about ugly ducklings that have become swans. Well, here's a swan who turns out to be a duckling. The result of the effort to picturize Molnar's satire, *The Swan*, reminds me of the effect upon the spectator who is watching one of the graceful white birds circling a lake when the silly thing suddenly turns itself upside down and floats on its head in a forage for food.

The Swan was not screen material for its better qualities. As a picture, to people who never saw the play, it may offer satisfactory and even, because Adolphe Menjou is in it, delightful entertainment. It has one or two moments of carefree comedy, but it is not comedy of the Molnar school. The ending is as ridiculous as anything I have ever seen, and the fact that its fadeout is shared by Ricardo Cortez and Frances Howard, both appearing extremely uncomfortable and ill at ease, doesn't do it any good at all. It is Miss Howard's screen debut, and so one mustn't be too hard on the girl. Only why go to the legitimate stage for a Frances Howard when the studios are filled with bright and charming actresses such as—but no, no—mustn't call names.

Menjou saves *The Swan* as he has saved

so many other films. It's getting to be an old story with him now. I hope he will do as much for his own pictures as he has for others. As a rollicking prince he is such a dear that he makes the heroine an even greater ninny than the plot does for refusing him for Ricardo. Clare Eames, as his mother, is simply corking—she should always play queens. Here is one player worth going miles to get—which is practically what the company has done, for Miss Eames graced the more rarified dramatics units of the theatre. The third party to make *The Swan* entertaining is Helen Lee Worthing, who may have come from the Follies but she'll never go back there if she can troup like this. As an indiscreet countess she is irresistible.

* * *

New Lives for Old exhibits Betty Compson as one of those loyal French girls who, during the war, decided to give all for France. When Theodore Kosloff, as a spy, says all he means all; and Betty really has an awful time dodging him and disguising herself as a laundress. Wallace MacDonald believes in her all the time, which is lucky for Betty, as nobody else does.

One thing I must say for Betty's imper-

sonation here, however. She nobly refrains from shrugging and going "ooh la la" all the time. And that, in a picture like *New Lives for Old*, is a lot to be thankful for.

* * *

The Top of the World is from a story by Ethel Dell. It features Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood, the latter essaying a dual role. In one part he portrays an honest, upright man—one of nature's very ownest own. In the other part he is a dirty dog—a dope fiend and heaven only knows what else. When I tell you that Mr. Kirkwood in one part just about finishes me, you'll understand how I felt while watching *The Top of the World*. Anna was good, though.

* * *

Richard Dix is making some pretty good pictures. He and his director, Paul Sloan, understand each other; and one of the best examples of their team-work is *Too Many Kisses*, in which Richard plays a young man with acute heart trouble. He goes to the Pyrenees for it, but there he meets Frances Howard who, unfortunately for Dix's health, proves much more attractive in her brunette wig as a senorita than she did as *The Swan*. The inevitable happens amusingly.



RAMON NOVARRO AS "BEN HUR"

Upon completion, in September, "Ben Hur" will have been in process two years and is by far the greatest of productions. Most of the scenes were taken in Italy. Even the King's Villa was used. And last but not least, we just learn that our little Peter Pan—Betty Bronson—has been selected for the role of the Madonna. This completes the most notable cast ever assembled.

A Job in the Movies

Continued from page 37



Q Eleanor Boardman is the sad senorita and Harrison Ford the dashing young Spaniard in "Proud Flesh."

carpenters in the world are in "the movies," and the marvelous architectural masterpieces seen in many super-productions would never have been seen had not such master carpenters left the more prosaic walks of life and taken their talents to the "lots."

Electricians are always in demand; not the electrician who feels that he has mastered the mysteries of "controlled lightning" when he can climb a pole and splice two wires, but those blessed with skill and imagination who can aid in the producing of glorious light effects. The woman who can devise an unusual costume has a place waiting somewhere within the borders of "movie-land," and at a salary that would startle her plodding husband. The scientist, with eye glued to a microscope or telescope, may at any moment see something that Nature has long kept concealed from man

and which a prophetic visioned moving picture producer wishes to share with all humanity. The book-lover, ensconced in a library, may turn a page and reveal a gold mine, for stories of romantic worth or historic value are earnestly desired and eagerly inspected. The explorer in jungle depth or on mountain peak may first see that which the producer believes should be seen by all. He, the explorer, is therefore on the threshold of "Movieland" and he can pass that threshold if he will.

The "movies" are illimitable, unmeasurable, and all-embracing, and hold forth a welcoming hand to all men who have made of their work an art, because art means beauty; beauty inculcates a love of culture, and culture makes your neighbor a far more comfortable companion.

Q The Supper Clubs of New York, which pulse to jazz and broadcast pep and youth get their hale fellows and merry villagers from the movie studios. Delight Evans tells the tale in June SCREENLAND.

Some New Films—Continued from page 47

"The Chorus Lady" (Prod. Dist. Corp.) here takes his megaphone in hand and glorifies the American chorus girl as she has never been glorified before. First he causes her (the lady's name off-stage is Margaret Livingston) to rescue her sweetheart's champion race horse from a burning stable and later she is seen assuming the disgrace of her little sister, who has been caught in a compromising situation. A lady, even if she is a chorus girl, who will do things like that and not even breathe a word of it to her press agent, deserves to be glorified. Ralph Ince has the right idea, he has, and besides he has made a right smart entertaining picture of this seemingly shambling melodrama. Alan Roscoe is the hero and Virginia Lee Corbin is the little sister who thought being compromised meant something about coming to an amicable decision. And, for all we know, it does.

* * *

Unlike "Parisian Nights," "Love's Bargain" (F. B. O.) doesn't make a bum of the American tourist business in France. Where the one fairly knifed us in the back and then spun us around to spit in our face, the other reveals only Parisians with clean collars and moustaches that are waxed to needle points. It is a fairly gainly composition, this five-reel, tear-stained yarn about a little French dancer who sold her affections to the greatest theater manager in all Paris so that she might win fame and acquire riches without ever having worn the rags. And it happened that somewhere else in that great bargain basement of Love that is Paris, there lived another who grieved and suffered in silence when he learned that the soul of Joan had foundered in the treacherous currents of Montmartre. He loved her, did this man who suffered alone, loved her with the grand passion that defied even expression in the sub-titles. And so he went off to Egypt. (In the movies it is the fate of every disappointed lover

to go to Egypt or the South Sea Islands, yes?)

Marjorie Daw, Clive Brook and a handsome John by the name of Warwick Ward contribute excellent performances to the leading roles and the film seems to be rather well directed. If seen, "Love's Bargain" should be appreciated.

* * *

And now we're getting down to the au jus drama of Harold Bell Wright—"The Re-Creation of Brian Kent" (Principal). Unlike a certain snooty and gossip weekly which has only recently invaded the sidewalks of New York and which claims that it is "not written for the old lady in Dubuque," these Harold Bell Wrights make unashamed efforts to cling to the petticoats of even the old ladies of the Back Bay section of Boston. Usually, and "Brian Kent" is no exception, they're so damned

romantic that even an end lady in a two-a-day burlesque show couldn't resist their appeal.

Director Sam Wood has made a faithful picturization of this erstwhile best seller, the synopsis of which needn't be retold here for it was none other than Mr. Wright himself who assured us that no less than a million copies of "Brian Kent" were ladled off the bookstands like so many wheat cakes off a Child's Restaurant griddle. Now it may be told, however, that Kenneth Harlan is a most sincere and convincing Brian, and Helene Chadwick never has done herself prouder than in the role of Betty Jo. Mary Carr plays the mother role, which is positively as it should be, and ZaSu Pitts is a perfectly delightful slavey, Judy.

We have no hesitation in recommending this film to the old lady in Dubuque or, for that matter, to any one who has ever run a paper-knife into the gizzards of a brand new Harold Bell Wright thriller. And that takes in an awful lot of territory.

* * *

For a number of reasons, one of the foremost being the fact that Claire Windsor as a mother on the screen is hardly convincing, *The Denial*, a picture, is a great blow to any one who has seen the play from which it was adapted, a drama called *The Square Peg*. They have so little in common that I see no reason why the producer should have bothered buying the original. If it was to give Claire Windsor a chance to play a mother role it was entirely unnecessary, and so was the idea in the first place. Miss Windsor is an exquisite Fragonard girl, who should portray only the fluffier emotions; a butterfly actress wholly delightful in gay and light roles. *The Denial* is no place for her. Emily Fitzroy, in fact, is the only reason for its worthiness, if any. Miss Fitzroy has had bigger and better chances herself. In other words, it's just one of those pictures which even a scenic or the news-reel outshines.



Q Philo McCullough and Margaret Livingston in one of the tense scenes in "The Chorus Lady." It looks kinda bad for Margaret.

The Movie People Are Taking Up Astrology

(Continued from page 34)

bunk about reading horoscopes and the other remarked that the only other woman he had ever met who read 'em was an awful nut.

The Jack Dillon company was making O'Malley—that's the name of Milton Sills' latest. The feminine lead in *The Making of O'Malley* is Dorothy Mackaill. She had been told she was to be horoscoped and was excited about it. When I say excited I forget you don't know her as well as I do and might imagine her jumping up and down and clapping her little hands and gurgling, "Goody, goody—I'm going to have my fortune told." Miss Mackaill isn't at all like that. She's very calm and cool, direct and boyish, and when she said she was awfully interested in meeting Miss Carleton she must have meant it.

We all sat down on the edge of the set which was a courtroom with a portrait of a fat old man under the American flag—you can always tell a courtroom scene by that. Miss Carleton plunged: "Most girls don't like to tell their age, but I must have it to do good work. Mind writing it down if I promise—?"

"Twenty-one," said Dorothy, just like that.

"And the date—hour, minute—"

"1904—eleven A. M."—began Dorothy—"see how I rattle it off? Now you know I'm telling you the truth."

Miss Carleton drew a circle on a piece of paper and a lot of numbers around it; then some mysterious figuring. She paused a minute to remark that what she was doing was not as accurate as it should be—her real study of Miss Mackaill would come later. It seems astrology is an exact mathematical science, just like any other, and has to be worked out that way. However, she discovered enough in her five minutes to suit me—if it had been my horoscope.

"You left your home (Hull, Yorkshire, England) when you were fourteen, did you not?" she asked.

Miss Mackaill gasped and nodded.

By this time the circle around us had been augmented by four or five actors, maids, electricians, and more of the publicity department. They looked on curiously—several as if they were watching a circus act, and others as if there might really be something to this horoscope stuff, though darned if they knew what it was.

Did it disturb Miss Carleton—or Miss Mackaill? It did not. When Dorothy said she had broken a contract once and Miss Carleton warned her to be careful about breaking them in the future, I thought the show might adjourn to the star's dressing-room. But Dorothy didn't care, and after all it was her horoscope. "Go on," she said, sitting forward in her chair and looking like a kid on Christmas morning. "I could listen to this all day!"

"You're a chameleon," said Jane Carleton. "You take on the color of your surroundings. You must have a sympathetic director or you can't do good work. You have often been so upset in a studio that you have not been able to finish your scenes."

"I've even been known to walk out on 'em," admitted Dorothy with an impish grin. "But with a spontaneous director, like Jack Dillon, I can work my head off."

"You are super-sensitive and you should make this gift work for you. You can if you will. For one thing, you have never been beaten yet and won't be. No scene



John Bowers and Alice Terry in
"Confessions of a Queen."

has ever been too hard for you to do, has it? Or too downright dangerous?"

"Funny!" said Dorothy. "I don't want to hand myself anything, but there was that time making *The Mine With the Iron Door*. I did some riding. And I was, despite my English birth, never much of a rider except for a still picture. When we went on location it was intended that I should have a double. They had asked me if I could ride and I said yes—I'd never have admitted I couldn't. But the joke was on me, for the double didn't show up and I had to pretend that I'd been raised on a horse. There was some real riding in that film, if you recall; one shot especially shows the heroine—me—dashing madly by on her foaming steed. I dashed, all right. There was once when the horse slipped and I thought 'Here's the end of Mackaill.' But he got up again and we went rushing on. I've loved horses ever since."

Just then an unfeeling director called "Miss Mackaill," and she turned on the technique and went through a beautiful emotional scene. She's a quaint, elfin little thing, and you'll hardly know her with her new bob in *Chickie*. She felt the part called for bobbed hair, and her own was so long she couldn't have kept a wig on. So snip, snip, and off came Dorothy's golden tresses. At the same time she plucked her eyebrows—remember they gave her face much of its individuality; but they didn't, she says, go with short hair. "I feel so much lighter now," she exclaimed. "I used to be serious. But I never got any credit for my eyebrows. Everybody wondered why I made them up so heavily when I never touched them at all."

While Dorothy was doing her stuff on the set, up came Olive Tell. If you're any kind of a fan you know Olive. Famous on the stage as one of the beautiful Tell sisters—the other one is Alma—she has come back to the screen to play in the O'Malley picture. She's a stunning brunette, and she said she'd love to know what her horoscope said.

"Now, Miss Tell—your age," said Miss Carleton, only she didn't mean to pun.

"Oh dear, do you have to know?" Assured that it was necessary, she agreed if it could be kept a deep secret, between the planets and Miss Carleton. She wrote it on a slip of paper and Miss Carleton took it; and I know one woman can keep a secret because I tried to read it over her shoulder and couldn't.

By this time I was wishing I was in the movies so I could have some claim on Miss Carleton's attention and find out whether I was a chameleon or not—I love that word! There must be a good many tips from the planets as to planning your future and if I had a future I wanted to know about it. Wouldn't I be a great silly to keep on pounding a typewriter when ringing a doorbell was all I had to do to keep the electric fan going? If Miss Mackaill thought enough of the advance information she had received to crave advice about her future as a film star, I was willing to tell my age too if it would get me anywhere. But we were leaving the studio and on our way home before I gathered enough courage to tell Miss Carleton that I had a little friend who might be interested in having herself horoscoped and while I, myself, didn't know the difference between a horoscope and a gyroscope, and didn't care, wouldn't she tell me something I could pass on to my friend?

She smiled indulgently and gently but firmly required to know where I was born and when. Although I repeated "Bah!" to myself again and again, it didn't work; and I found myself divulging the information. The first thing she told me was that I should get as far away as possible from my birthplace, and that although I was at present an overnight ride from it, I would probably be much more successful abroad. Now, what would you do? So am I. I'm going to trot my little friend right up and get all the real dope. And maybe I can find out whether she should keep on reviewing pictures, or merely usher at them.

Somebody in the Movies Has to Have Some Brains

(Continued from page 31)

magazine or book publisher, and keep your photoplay rights! Then sell those to a film company."

Having done this, Miss Marion went to the studio to attend to negotiations in person, decided to study the new art of screen writing, got a small part in Mary Pickford's company, made friends with the star, and promptly wrote thirteen stories, one after another, for her!

Jeanie MacPherson came from the stage to Hollywood, tried to see D. W. Griffith, who was out, and left this—certainly intriguing—message:

"Tell him I'm half-Scotch and half-French. On my French days, I'll act for him. On my Scotch days, I'll make money for him."

She says she was hardly back in her room before the telephone bell rang.

"Which are you today—Scotch or French?" asked Mr. Griffith.

"French!"

"Put on a pretty dress and come and act for me!" he directed.

And from acting, she graduated into writing.

Bess Meredyth hails from the footlights, also, but it was back in the old Biograph days that she first ventured before the camera. After she had been every kind of heroine imaginable, the supply of stories ran out, when Miss Meredyth was at Universal.

"Wait a minute and I'll write one!" said Miss Meredyth.

"I didn't exactly mean 'wait a minute,'" Miss Meredyth explains, in speaking of the incident, "but I don't think it took me very much longer. You see, I'd had early training. When I was fourteen, I used to write a short story a day for the Buffalo Times. I got a dollar each!"

"After my first Universal picture 'got over,' without any casualties, I was drafted to write a story a week. No, it wasn't hard. We had no rules and regulations in those good old days. I acted while I wrote!"

Fiction was the gate through which Dorothy Farnum entered into the golden game of scenario writing, but now that she has her own office at Warner Brothers' stately studio, she works entirely upon adaptations of the works of other people, for Warner Brothers never produce an "original."

Agnes Christine Johnston sold her first scenario while she was still in high school. Vitagraph bought it.

"So when, shortly afterwards, the family fortunes took a turn for the worse, I dashed out to the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn and applied for a job writing more of 'em," says Miss Johnston.

"They hadn't any writing jobs open, but when I told them I simply had to have some sort of work, they asked: 'Can you type?' I could—with two fingers—so I said: 'Yes, indeed!' and they let me type manuscripts for a few months at ten dollars a week.

"I think the best thing to do, if you want to break into screen writing, is to get inside a studio and see how it's done—get the atmosphere—learn the possibilities and desirabilities.

"But get in, even if you have to get in as a scrub-woman!"



MADGE BELLAMY

Her part in "The Iron Horse" is still fresh in the minds of most fans.

A Motion Picture College

A recent conversation with Mr. Will Hays gave SCREENLAND a glimpse of the elaborate plans under consideration by him for a motion picture college. Shaping his thought somewhat upon the existing universities, and also upon the practical trade school of the printer's arts, Mr. Hays voiced his hope that in the near future a real institution could be brought into existence. A university, with all that university life means, having for its mission the development of the proper mental attitude for motion picture acting and having also athletic fields, gymnasiums, swimming pools, etc., to develop the essential grace and strength on which pantomime so largely depends.

Perhaps the first step toward such an institution is the announcement by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation of their school to train young men and women for screen-acting. The location will be the Paramount Long Island studio. Twenty students, ten young men and ten young women, will compose each class.

Adolphe Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, is chairman, and many noted names are on the board of directors. Each section of the country will be provided with a representative of this school, and local talent will be examined.

If you would like to get in touch with these local commissioners, write to SCREENLAND, 236 W. 55th Street, New York City.

How to Be A Painted Lady

(Continued from page 27)

now, although heretofore the same complexion was deemed good enough for both ingenue and vamp, and only eyes were changed. Doris and Aileen Pringle shared the discovery.

"Aileen and I noticed that actors who were normally too old for their parts whitened down the years by using a pink make-up instead of the customary yellow. Results on the screen showed. A man of nearly forty became a perfect twenty-six. You could see the—well, call it the bloom of youth. Because our parts today might be as eighteen-year-old girls, tomorrow as sophisticated women, we wondered whether the camera would catch the difference in color-values as satisfactorily for us as for the actors. It did. And the hint holds good for off-stage use as well. Yellow powder will do the trick for a girl who wants to look older, while pink will hide the years."

Since black on some occasions *must* be worn, it also must be overcome. That is the only time Miss Kenyon borders extremes. Either she rouges higher—or not at all, paling down instead until her whiteness dominates.

White has a mean little trick, too. By contrast it develops shadows in the fairest skin, unless liquid-powder covers arms, neck and shoulders. That's for evening, of course. It's hard to imagine Doris strolling down Fifth Avenue these bright afternoons with anything more elaborate in the way of cosmetics than a touch of powder and lipstick, out of habit, not necessity. Women simply must do it; for the world's first powder-puff was the apple Eve picked. Before she ate it she rubbed it on her cheeks to see if the color would come off.

Incidentally the clock rules Miss Kenyon's lipstick—Guerlain, if you're interested in the brand. She has no assortment of shades, but applies the one more heavily at night.

We arrived at hair. "What have the movies taught you about hair?" I asked. One of these questions that accept the screen as a profound educational force to be inflicted on children along with Latin and wiggly things under a microscope.

"To keep it," said Doris. The hair, of course. And she has, too, against the million scissors that humble woman's crowning glory at one dollar per humble. Not every heroine can be bobbed.

Her hair is spun-gold—honestly, and with apologies because every blonde on the screen claimed or endured that word; and while it's unfair to Doris, spun-gold is the only description possible. It's wavy, too, and so vibrant that you think of electric currents running through silk threads. I had to know how she kept it thus—as though studio lights played on it all the time.

"Every other time I wash my hair I put about two tablespoonfuls of washing-soda in the water. Then I rinse once in clear water; for the second rinsing I add the juice of one lemon; and for the last I use clear water again."

For her gray eyes Miss Kenyon has found black and red eyebrow pencils too harsh, whereas dark gray softens them; and if in working moments she must cry, cosmetic takes the place of mascara on her lashes—because the sting of mascara has dammed more tears than were ever shed in behalf of suffering womanhood.

*Sh-b-b-b—Don't Mention Her Knees!**Continued from page 24*

all the imaginative, creative forces that go to writing a great book or painting a great picture. Nowadays, however, dancing is really unappreciated. It is almost looked down upon. People associate it almost entirely with the body and never with the mind.

"Oh, look at that girl's figure," some one will say. "What beautiful limbs and feet she has." "What a wonderful dancer she will make."

"And when I hear them I always laugh to myself, for I know that they have no conception of real value. From my own experience I can certainly say that I have to use my mind continually to keep up my work. I study constantly all sorts of things that have apparently nothing whatsoever to do with dancing. In the first place, I go to the art galleries frequently. I study the pictures, ancient and modern, the statuary and the potteries also. From these I get many ideas, really new ideas, despite the fact that they are based on works that are centuries old. On a Greek vase or frieze in a bas relief, I find often a mood or movement that is refreshing and beautiful as it is modern.

"Color, too, is a great help to a dancer—I feel that I must understand the scenic artist's aims in order to blend my dance

with it—so that the two are a unit that convey a single impression.

"In my spare moments I read biography, especially biography that has to do with famous dancers, and I wish to comment right here on the scarcity of such volumes. Princesses, prima donnas, scientists and authors write their biographies, but very, very few dancers.

"When it comes to reading, as a matter of fact, I guess the public will be surprised to know that I spend a great deal of time glancing through old geographies. But the truth is that in them I often find a great deal of experience and subject matter for dance creations. A glimpse of the tropics, a view of the Arctics, a group of natives in their odd costumes, sometimes gives me suggestions for dance numbers. I think also that American audiences enjoy dances that represent nations not their own.

"Even national dances are unrestricted by rules and customs. I have no liking for the steps that are done because they represent a conventional idea of what is the characteristic dance of a certain nation. For instance, if I am called upon to do an Indian dance, I would hardly attempt to use slow, gliding steps. I would use an irregular, wild sort of motion, but I would not go to the extreme of going through various

familiar movements representing war-whoops and that sort of thing. Similarly, I could not do the kiddie dance I am now doing in the 'Follies' by adhering to a rigid pattern. It would not spring from me naturally, and the most important phase of any dance is the extent to which it fits the personality of the actress who is portraying the role."

Miss Pennington stopped talking for a moment and started looking about her dressing room in search of some decoration that she wears in her "Biminy" dance in the Ziegfeld "Follies" that is so representative of the South Sea Island charm. Her movements were duplicated all about her, for there are long, slender mirrors which surmount a shelf-like dressing table, rectangular in form. Her walls are decorated with telegrams and notes, continually refreshed. There are boxes of candy and orchids. On her left, dolls, souvenirs and other mementoes.

"I speak of these things in passing," said Miss Pennington, "not to show with any degree how studious I am, but to illustrate speedily that a dancer who is really interested in her art has something to think of constantly, to study about and work over. And now, I suppose, you will understand why I get a little bit sad when I have people rave so much about my dimpled knees. Because nature gave me those, and the rest I have to work for."

Douglas MacLean—Continued from page 23

"Mr. Kelly, do you know why Scotchmen make such darn good golfers?"

By the by, before I give you my answer (which was "no") let me advise that this was the first question of the interview that passed between us.

"Because," he answered, "golf's a gift!" The laugh this got from me stirred a question on my part. I assure you it didn't have any reflection on the interview at all. Except that I wanted to confirm his much-talked-about sense of humor:

"Mac," I began, feeling familiar by this time. (Ten minutes exposure on the roof.) "Do you know how much whiskey a Scotchman can drink?"

He had heard it before. But he laughed anyhow, because the answer is, "Any given quantity." After that I took myself seriously, and began to worry about how to open up this interview business. I hadn't really written out any questions on slips of paper, and, anyhow, I didn't know just what to ask him. He's a helpful chap, however. He began talking. Refreshingly enough, it wasn't about himself in pictures. I say "refreshingly enough," meaning that most cinema performers do like to speak their pieces. I guess it's because the silent drama suppresses their vocal talents, so to speak.

Mac told me all about how he learned to ride surf-boards in the waters of Hawaii. He told me how romantic and glamorous life is out there. It's a good thing he switched to some local color quickly. I was all for starting toward Hawaii.

"Gosh, what a place this New York is—if you want to ever get a wink of sleep! I think the telephone operators must be on the job all night long, the way they keep the phones going—"

"But look 'ere, old man," I cut in, "I've got you up on this roof for an interview."

"All right, go ahead . . . shoot," he invited, smiling.

My moment had come. But instead of grasping it gingerly, I just stood there about five feet away from Mac, and the edge of that roof, and lit another of his cigarettes. Somehow I couldn't get up interviewing steam. A great silence fell between us, broken only by the thunderous roar of the teeming streets below, by the rumble of elevated trains, and by the screech of noon-day whistles. It continued until Mac said he was sorry for one thing about the interview. I expected him to say he was sorry I had come. But he fooled me.

"You know who I wish was here with us for this—interview?"

"Who else?" I ventured.

"Anne Cornwall who played the lead opposite me in my new picture 'Introduce Me.' And I'll tell you why. Anne's such a sweet girl, and she did such good work in our picture, that she could tell you all about pictures. Say, you'd get ideas enough for pages and pages—"

"That's funny," I crashed in. "I know Anne quite well. She's getting on splendidly these days, I hear—"

"I picked her as a comer, and to prove my judgment the Wampas Club named her as one of their baby stars for this year. I'm sort of proud of having made such a smart pick," he said.

At last I had an idea for a question! Here was a star talking about how good his leading lady was! Actually giving her publicity! You know most of the stars don't stand for anyone else going on the set with them, where publicity is concerned. I

asked Mac about this. He said that proves he is a regular fellow, and deserves to be called "Mac."

"I'm tickled to see anybody who works with me get all the publicity they can. If they do good work in my pictures, it certainly won't hurt me. I'm not trying to be the 'big-hearted Bill' type. It's good business as well as the square thing to do."

From then on we became fluent with each other. Mac told how he never had wanted to get into movies; how he came to like the work; and said that he was in them for good now. Then he recited his adventures with the bear that plays a wild part in "Introduce Me." If a star has to be playmates with bears, and all that kind of thing, then I'll stick to this interviewing. The only kind of bear I'm interested in are the bare facts about these movie people, and if this gets over maybe I'll write another piece about them.

When we got started talking, though, we forgot all about the other movie things I should have asked. We didn't even mention, for instance, Mac's new long-term contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

I forgot to say that Mac wore a blue suit and a sporty tie the color of Joseph's coat. I interviewed him attired in a 1924 model of the same pattern and color.

The interview being over, we then posed together as you see us hereabouts. Mac is the good-looking youngster in the picture. You can't miss him. I'm the big boy, who appears nervous and ill at ease before the camera.

Then, much honest-to-goodness handshaking, and all that kind of thing. End of the interview.



My Joys Are Yours

If you'll accept them

By EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

FOR 40 years I have searched the world for the utmost in beauty helps. As a girl, I cultivated beauty until I became the rage. As a woman, I have kept that beauty to a grand old age.

Thousands see me daily on the stage. And they marvel at the fact that I still look a girl of 19. Many a lovely debutante envies my hair and complexion.

By countless request I have placed these helps at every woman's call. I have had great experts combine the best in four preparations. All druggists and toilet counters now supply them. I gladly send samples free. And I am taking time in my busy life to urge you to learn what they do.

Let me briefly describe four products, combining 52 ingredients, which mean most to girls and women.

For the Skin

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate, in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. All that clogs or soils the skin comes with it.

Neither you nor I ever knew a cleanser to compare. It will be a revelation to you. I wish you would let it show you what a clean skin means.

My Youth Cream combines all the best I have found to foster, feed and protect the skin. A large number of experts have helped to perfect it. My baby skin at a grandmother's age shows what it means to women.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One for night and one for day. My skin is never without it. I wish that every woman could discover how much this Youth Cream means.

White Youth Clay

Clay is woman's supreme help. It has been for ages. But now the crude and muddy clays are displaced by modern methods.

Mine is White Youth Clay—the final result of 20 years of scientific study. It is refined and dainty. It combines many factors which modern experts have discovered for the skin.

It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Combats all lines and wrinkles. Brings the blood to the skin to create that rosy afterglow. Many women seem to drop ten years with one application.

If every woman knew what White Youth Clay can do it would be in universal use. Let a sample show you—free.

Hair You Envy

My hair is a glory. Thousands who see me daily on the stage envy its thickness, its luster and luxuriance. I have never had falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. Every year my hair grows finer.

That is due to my Hair Youth. I found the basis in France, years ago. But other experts, year by year, have added something to it.

I apply Hair Youth with an eyedropper, directly to the scalp. There it combats all that clogs and stifles the hair roots. It tones and fertilizes. It treats the scalp like a garden, and fosters hair just as an expert fosters flowers.

I never knew anyone who in other ways attained results like mine. And I don't think you can do so.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps, exactly as I use them. Tell me on the coupon which you would like to try and I will send it free. My latest Beauty Book will come with it. You will thank me always if you send this coupon now.

YOUR CHOICE FREE

Insert your name and address. Mark sample desired. Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 905-S

.... White Youth Clay Youth Cream
.... Facial Youth Hair Youth

Name.....

Address.....



Q Dorothy Devore and Matt Moore in "How Baxter Butted In." Evidently one of those animal stories.

Get the Hook — Continued from page 21

Then finally it seems as though all the comedy producers woke up at once. Of a sudden, they saw something awfully funny in Langdon's oval, trusting countenance and his boob characterization. Several producers pursued him last year when he came west, and he is now under long-term contract with Mack Sennett. As Harold Lloyd has been taken over by Famous, it means that Langdon has practically taken Lloyd's place in the former company. From two-reelers, it is believed that Langdon will soon be put in longer pictures.

"The Foy family aren't worth a cent separated. Got to keep together," Eddie Foy is reported to have confided to his famous brood. Bryan Foy, eldest of the Foy kids, wanted to make good on his own. I believe papa insinuated that the Foy name was, of course, always valuable on any vaudeville circuit.

So Bryan, in order to divorce himself from all suspicion of family pull, decided to make a try in new fields. For years Bryan had written the music and songs for the Foy act and because they had gone over in big fashion, Gallagher and Shean engaged him to write some of their lyrics and melodies. This same ability to write snappy, funny lines and lyrics stood him in good stead when he applied for a job on the Fox comedy lot, for a comedy lot can never have enough clever gag men around. Now Foy is directing comedies at Fox.

There seems to be a number of reasons why vaudevillians drop off in Los Angeles and get into pictures. Some of them are simply tired to death of living in trunks and they want a permanent home. Some acts which are not going well go broke in Los Angeles and have to get studio work to tide them over until they can make good in pictures or can rehearse another better act. Others, entirely successful on the big time, deliberately close in Southern California because they want to break into pictures. At any rate, there is an array of ex-vaudeville talent on every comedy lot.

I saw the famous Nazetti family, well-known tumblers and acrobats, over on the Fox lot taking neck-breaking chances doubling for stars.

Lee Moran who used to tour the circuits was doing a comedy on a nearby stage.

The Cecoma Family, ground act tumblers, are stunt men on the lot.

Llyn Cowan, who used to headline in vaudeville does characters, as does Ford West, who, you may remember, did that famous old soldier act for years en tour.

Clyde Cook, circus clown at the Hippodrome in New York, did some comedies in the west but has gone back into vaudeville.

Neely Edwards deserted the well-known act of Flanagan and Edwards, "The Hall Room Boys," to do a series of pictures, and William Gillespie of the act of Roberts and Gillespie deserted vaudeville seven years ago and has been in Roach comedies ever since. He sings exceptionally well and is often heard over the radio.

Jimmy Adams came to the Christie lot from cabaret, and Bobby Vernon used to be a female impersonator.

It isn't surprising that Kalla Pasha, strong man and professional wrestler, featured by Fox, is popularly known as "the terrible Turk." All his terribleness isn't apparent on the screen, for he has red whiskers and bristling gray hair. And I've heard it whispered that he really doesn't hale from the land of the cigarette but came direct from Erin.

Noah Young, another well-known strong man of the circuses and vaudeville, is over on the Roach lot playing powerful.

Helen Gilmore, who does funny old maid characterizations on the Roach lot, played out here eight years ago. Returning to vaudeville, she became stranded and wired Hal Roach for help. He wired her to come west and signed her for pictures.

Sammy Brooks, who is only four feet tall, has been a good pantomimist and clown in his time, and you'll often see him in "Our Gang" comedies cavorting with the kids.

You're familiar with "Mr. Twiksbury Spat," the tall, thin gentleman of Spat comedies. Well, that role is played by Frank Butler, who is a graduate of Oxford. Butler began to write after he left the university, but realizing he had had little actual contact with the world conceived the idea of getting material by means of first hand knocks. He toured the world with an English pantomimic company and circus played in Canada, and eventually came to Los Angeles to break into pictures.

Martin Wolfkiel, dubbed "Tonnage," got into comedies by perhaps the oddest route of all. Martin has been a seaman all his life and when he heard Hal Roach intended to overhaul his yacht and engage a new crew, Wolfkiel asked to be captain. He was engaged for the job, but down at the wharf the position proved hopeless. Wolfkiel was too fat to get into the engine room! He hung around the Roach studio for a month, filled with despair, and becoming alarmingly thin. Then somebody discovered in Wolfkiel another funny fat man and he became an actor. The route into comedies is devious. You've got to see somebody the idea that you are funny and prove it.

She Came Back to Town On a Magazine Cover!



Departing an 'Ugly Duckling'

"EVEN MY dear old Dad used to say my looks would never take a prize. My brothers frankly called me homely. No girl in Kingston had wished harder for beauty—or had tried any harder to win it. But that was back in Kingston, N. Y., when my features, face, and skin, and even my hair looked hopeless. Today, illustrators who are supposed to be authorities on beauty tell me—well, they ask me for sittings and pay well for them.

"For the encouragement it ought to be to others I will relate the whole story of how plain Me—an 'Ugly duckling'—became a model for magazine covers.

"When I first came to New York City to take a position I was too busy to give much time or thought to 'beautifying.' Besides all my efforts in the past had gained me nothing. Complexion treatments?

I had tried a score; and my pores had grown steadily coarser. I used to do everything anyone would advise for wrinkles—and the wrinkles stayed. I knew loads of people who had had success with things for the hair—but none seemed to give my sparse locks any health or sparkle.

"But I soon saw that beauty counted in a large publishing office quite as much as at parties or dances. Within a year my employers filled three secretarial positions with women I knew were scarcely as well equipped as I—except in looks! Then I concluded I would make myself attractive in appearance if it took every dollar I earned. My first thought was beauty parlors, but a fortunate circumstance put a vastly better beauty plan in my own hands. I met a girl who told me of a woman who had devoted years to working out a regular beauty science. She worked on skin structure instead of on the surface; she did nothing to wrinkles themselves but changed the facial contours and the

Gertrude Follis Left Home an Ugly Duckling. Now New York Artists Pay to Paint Her Likeness and Her New Beauty Was Won in Three Months

wrinkled condition disappeared. Her method with hair was to revitalize it—and so on.

"I was elated with even with the first week of my newly found beauty plan.

Artists Acknowledge Her Beauty of Face



Photo of Miss Follis Taken 6 Months Ago

I never have seen its originator to this day. She does not see anyone—just advises and directs hundreds who seek her direct methods of cultivating natural beauty. I wrote her, got her instructions, did as directed, and in a few weeks the altered glances of friends and associates confirmed what my mirror told me. I no longer needed to feel sensitive about my appearance! Then came the day Greiner, the artist, asked how I would like to sit for a "head" on a magazine cover!

"I could scarcely wait for the Saturday when the picture of me would be published. When the magazine did appear, can you blame me for mailing several copies to my home town, and marking the covers 'This is me.' I knew they would doubt that the portrait was mine—or else accuse

the artist of using a vivid imagination. So I made my old home a visit. Wouldn't you have done the same? And I gloated some, too, as folks were forced to admit that the face on the cover was Gertrude Follis. My 'new' face has since been used for many illustrations. But I'll never feel prouder or be more thrilled than that day at the station when my father hesitated as I emerged from the train—then came forward and stammered, 'As I live, it's true!'"

The methods with which Miss Follis obtained such remarkable results in cultivating personal attractiveness are available to anybody, anywhere. A Chicago woman has learned how to bring any type of skin to normal color and fineness, how to rejuvenate sagging tissues, and enhance one's looks in many ways. She tells how to do it, and what to use. Her name is LUCILLE YOUNG, and her offices are in Chicago. The way to become acquainted with her astonishingly successful beauty methods is to write for her remarkable book



Miss Follis as She Appears Now

"Making Beauty Yours." It reveals every general principle she uses and the book is at present distributed FREE. Use coupon.



Returns a Pretty Girl

LUCILLE YOUNG
Room 354 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, by return mail, your Free Booklet "MAKING BEAUTY YOURS".

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Let Love Guide Your Marriage



Love should be the guiding principle in marriage. But it can only be this when knowledge of its privileges and responsibilities is possessed by both husband and wife.

Any good physician or judge will tell you that serious marital misunderstandings are always caused by incompatibility. This can be remedied by reliable information that will allow both husband and wife to be free and natural

in the most sacred and private experiences.

A Course in Marital Conduct

By BERNARD BERNARD, Phys.B., M.P.C.

(Editor of "Health & Life")

has been compiled especially to meet the needs of the married or those about to be married. It is written in plain, blunt language, so that every point is perfectly clear and clean.

Obviously it is not possible to convey here more than a mere suggestion of what the Course contains. Only actual reading of it can do it justice. But in it you will find: **Laws Which Should Govern Courtship—How The Wife Should Respond—Details of Communion—Husband's Difficulties Remedied—Wife's Difficulties Remedied—The Spacing of Children—Marital Communion for Reproduction—Marital Communion for Love—Maintaining Ability to Love Freely.**—And ever so many other most vital facts concerning marital life that every husband and wife in this world of ours ought to know, in order to get the best and the happiest out of marriage.

Naturally, we can only send this **COURSE IN MARITAL CONDUCT** to those married or anticipating marriage, and, when ordering, this declaration must be made in writing.

The Course is absurdly cheap, considering what it contains.

Mail the coupon and the Course will be sent by return mail in sealed plain wrapper. Pay the postman only \$2.75 plus postage upon arrival.

HEALTH AND LIFE PUBLICATIONS,
Room 11, 508 S. Dearborn Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the **COURSE IN MARITAL CONDUCT**. I will pay the postman \$2.75 plus postage upon arrival.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Sometimes COD packages are delayed. To get quickest action send cash with order.)
(Cash must accompany foreign orders.)

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Song Poem Writers

Send for my proposition today.

RAY HIBBELER

D15, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago



William Desmond, Mary McAllister and Frank Lanning in a scene from "The Ace of Spades."
"Whist, gal, thar's the deuce to pay!"

The "Rushes"—Continued from page 19

But McIntyre lost her address, and so she never heard from that test. She said to herself that she guessed she just wasn't good, that's all, and went back to high school and Philadelphia.

In the meantime, on that evening, a group of men sat in the projection room. And when Eleanor's test was flashed on the screen, they all sat up and took notice.

"But she never came around again to see me," explained McIntyre, the other day, as he sat in his office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where he is casting director at present. "I lost sight of her for three years. Then I went back to New York again, and the second day I was there a girl came to see me. She was the girl who had looked like Elsie Ferguson. But back there at the World studios we had few facilities and no wardrobe, and I hadn't really imagined how lovely Eleanor could look. I asked her if she could come to California. She said she could, and she did. We made screen tests, and we found she screened wonderfully.

"Marshall Neilan saw her in the theater scene in the rushes of 'The Bitterness of Sweet,' with Colleen Moore, and exclaimed: 'Who is that sweet girl playing that bit?' So he put her in 'The Strangers' Banquet,' and she made a big hit, and was given a contract, after which she played an important part in 'Souls for Sale.'

Rupert Hughes had exclaimed: "I'll take her!" the minute he saw her on the screen in rushes of "The Strangers' Banquet."

Aileen Pringle got in because of the way she opened curtains.

It was ever so quiet in the projection room. Everybody there had something to do with "Souls For Sale," Rupert Hughes' picture, and everybody was eager and tense. It was one of the first of those pictures showing life in Hollywood, and everybody wanted it to be good.

The picture wasn't finished, to be sure—these were just some of the "rushes"—but they were the most important scenes, and the picture would stand or fall according to them.

The theater sequence began. Light was thrown on the boxes. Suddenly the curtains parted at the back of one of the

boxes—and in stepped a gorgeously magnetic, beautiful, graceful woman.

The people in the projection room gasped and caught their breath.

"I told you so!" exclaimed the somewhat impulsive Major Rupert Hughes explosively.

The girl was Aileen Pringle. Those scenes in the theater box made her.

"We will tie her up on a contract right away!" exclaimed an official of the company.

"I'll never forget that moment," said Miss Pringle. "I had been rather discouraged. When I was playing on the stage in 'The Green Goddess' in New York," she explained with a quizzical little smile, "Sidney Franklin saw me. He came back stage, and asked me to take a test for the screen. We had the test, but somehow Mr. Franklin didn't approve of me—said I wasn't really a screen type!" She laughed indulgently. "Naturally I was discouraged, but I decided to have a try at it anyway."

Miss Pringle signed her contract with Goldwyn on Christmas Eve.

Major Hughes had wanted Miss Pringle from the minute he saw one of her photographs. In fact, the casting department told me pathetically of how they were working overtime to find out just where she was.

There was a lot of luck in her success, too.

At the time of casting "The Christian," she was brought in and introduced to Frank Urson. But she wasn't tall enough, the powers figured. However, she was given a part anyway. Then she did a part in "The Strangers' Banquet," with Marshall Neilan. After that she was loaned to Lasky. And it was while she was working for Lasky that Major Hughes sent out his insistent call for her.

Marian Nixon was one of the lucky girls whose personality flashed forth like a flame in the rushes, securing her a contract at once.

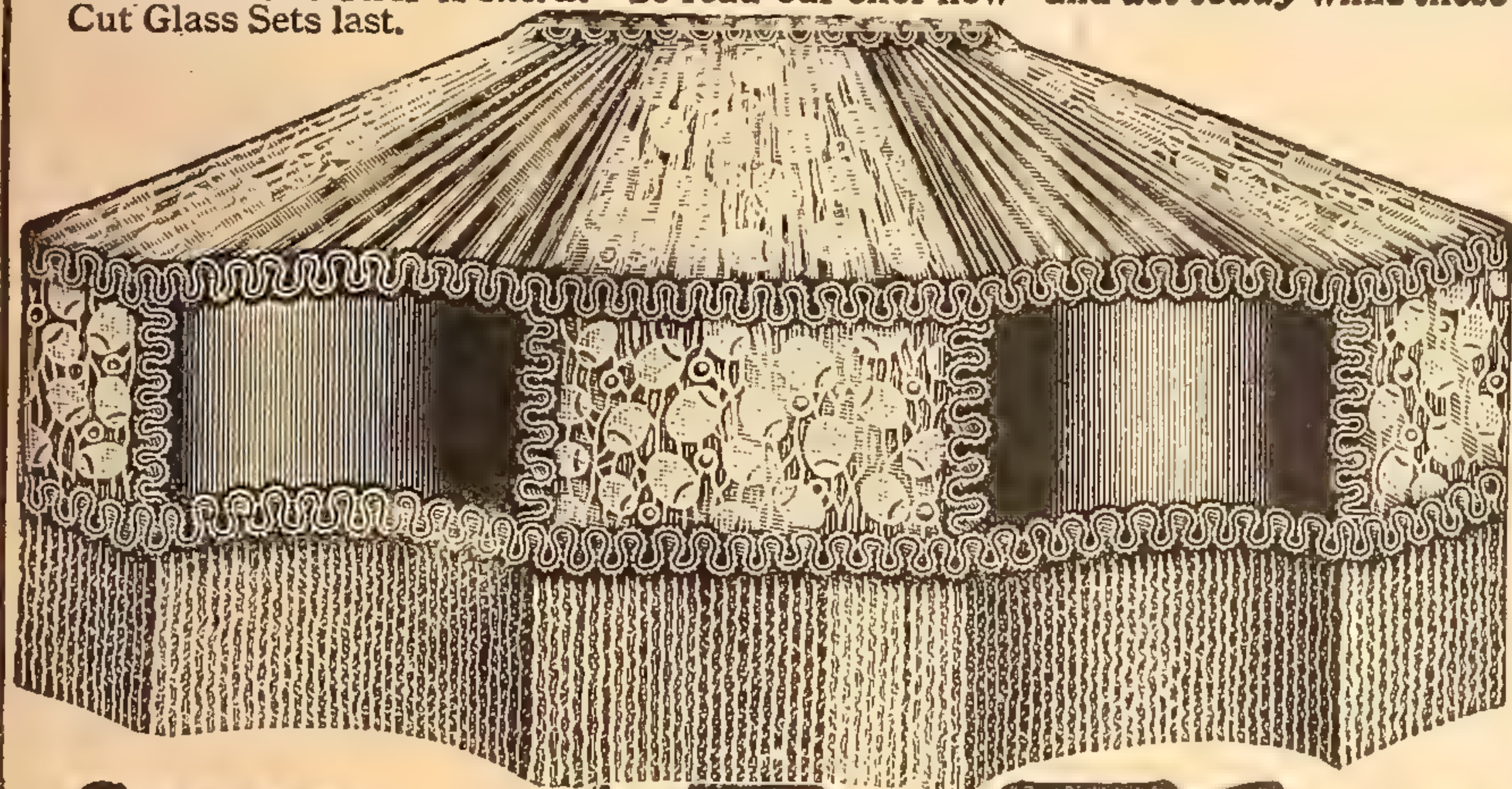
It was her appearances in the rushes when she was playing extras that secured engagements for her. Her first job was with Sid Smith, who took her on in a comedy as atmosphere. And the very first day she came near to losing her precious job by laughing out of turn!

"One of the comedians accidentally fell

FREE!

7 Pieces Genuine Cut Glass

Cut Glass, consisting of: Pitcher of 2 quart capacity and 6 tumblers each of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparklingly clear, thin and dainty; *hand cut decorations* consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. A useful set for water, lemonade or other home beverage. Will make a handsome display among your glassware. We are giving away *free*, a limited number of these 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Sets just to get new customers and to get them *quickly*. The prices on our goods are figured at rock bottom, as you'll see when you read our offer on that handsome Floor Lamp shown below. This Free Gift Offer is *extra*. So read our offer now—and *act today* while these beautiful Cut Glass Sets last.



\$1.00

Down

Brings
This

Gas or Electric The Lamp

Comes equipped for choice of gas or electricity. Has 2-light Benjamin socket for electricity only, with 8-ft. silk cord ready for use; or comes with 6-ft. rubber hose, burner, mantle and chimney for gas.

Mahogany Finish

Standard is 69 in. high, 3 in. in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

The Shade

Made in Fifth Avenue design, 24 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. 12 panels in all, tinsel braid border with 4-in. Chenille fringe. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich warm light. Shipping weight, 27 pounds. Marshall Silky Fringe Pull-Cords. Also pair of Marshall silky fringe cords with 3½ in. silky fringed tassels, giving an added luxurious effect.

7-Piece Cut Glass Set FREE
For gas use, order by No. G8000A.
For electricity, order by No. G8001A.
Send only \$1.00 with the coupon, \$2.00 monthly. Total Bargain Price for lamp and shade, \$19.85.

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, rugs, curtains, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free with or without order. See the coupon.

Floor Lamp With 5th Ave. Silk Shade and 7 Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set FREE

Here is something you have always wanted—a beautiful floor lamp with handsome and elegant Fifth Avenue silk shade—to add an extra tone of elegance and luxury to your home. On this generous offer you can see just how this floor lamp and silk shade will look in your home without risking anything. Send only \$1.00 with the coupon below, and we will send it complete to your home on approval, equipped for use with either gas or electricity. We take all the risk. *Special now—7-Piece Set Genuine Cut Glass FREE!*

30 Days Trial

When the lamp outfit comes, use it freely for 30 days. See how beautifully the colorings of the handsome silk shade blend and harmonize with everything in the home. How *useful* it is, too—so handy for reading, can be moved around with ease to furnish a beautiful light and rich warmth and coziness to any room in the house. If after 30 days trial you decide not to keep the lamp, just return it at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 deposit, plus any freight or express you paid. You cannot lose a single penny.

\$2.00 a Month

If you discover that this lamp is a tremendous bargain at the price we ask and you decide to keep it, send only \$2.00 a month until you have paid the total bargain price of \$19.85. Yes, only \$19.85 for this luxurious lamp and silk shade complete. Compare this value with anything you could buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash! Straus & Schram gives you this bargain price and almost a year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. *No C. O. D.*

Price Slashed!

Send Coupon NOW!

Decide now to see this beautiful floor lamp and silk shade in your home on approval on this price-smashing offer.

Think how the nickels and dimes slip away for useless things; save them for something worth while that will give satisfaction for years. Send coupon with only \$1 now! Satisfaction guaranteed. **7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass FREE to those who order at once.**

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3959, Chicago

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3959, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised Floor Lamp and Silk Shade as checked below with 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the lamp, I will send \$2.00 a month. If not satisfied, I am to return the lamp and shade and 7-Piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my \$1.00 plus any transportation charges I paid.

- ☐ Gas Floor Lamp No. G8000A, \$19.85. ☐ 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass
☐ Electric Floor Lamp No. G8001A, \$19.85. ☐ Set Free with Either Lamp

Name _____

Street, R. F. D.
or Box No. _____

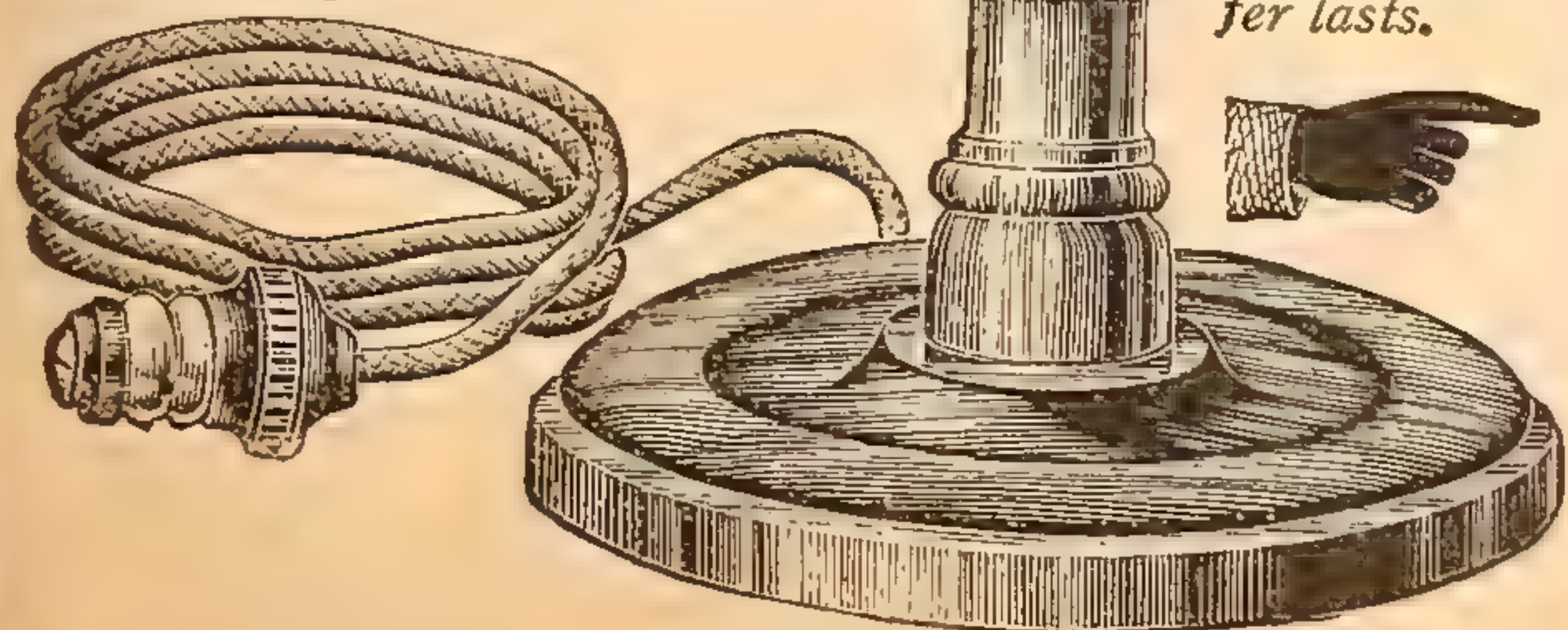
Shipping
Point _____

Post Office _____

State _____

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐

This bargain
offer is limited.
Send the coupon
now while offer
lasts.



HAND PAINTED PHOTO OF YOUR FAVORITE

On Cover of this Compact Newest Parisian Craze

Here's another Parisian gift to American women from famous Deauville, France, where the finest new styles and fads are created. A big sensation there and already popular here in New York. Any photo you want hand painted on the beautiful gilt top of this Foto-Pakt, Double Vanity. Contains genuine Boutay powder and rouge. The excellence of Boutay will compel you to be a constant user. State shades desired. Price \$2.50. Order at once and reserve Boutay lip-stick, with hand painted container free.

How To Order—Send No Money
Send us photograph, snapshot or negative and we will enlarge or decrease it to fit the Foto-Pakt; all photos returned. Send money order or certified check, or if you wish, pay postman on delivery \$2.50 plus postage. Your order will be filled promptly and free Boutay \$1 lip-stick included.

ARANES MERCHANDISE CO.
Dept. 505 1 West 34th St., New York, N.Y.

*Your Favorite Photo
Hand Painted*

Money Back Guarantee
If not satisfied on arrival, return to us and get your money back.

FREE
BOUTAY LIP-STICK WITH EACH ORDER VALUE \$1



A Baby In Your Home



So many married couples yearn for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any family interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple home treatment based on the use of Steriltone, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in relieving constitutional weakness.

Every woman who wants to live a normal, happy home life with little ones around her should consider it her first duty to know what Steriltone is and why it should be so wonderful an aid to her. Read this little book which is sent without charge or obligation in a plain envelope. It unfolds facts that most women never have had explained to them. Send NO Money, NO Obligations. Simply name and address to Dr. H. Will Elders, 2018 Ballinger Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo.



THICK LIPS REDUCED! (Free Folder Tells How)

Thin, adorable lips is beauty's cry. Cloree's lip-reducing lotion makes unnaturally thick, protruding lips, thin, shapely and bewitching. No plasters, rollers or cutting; a simple, painless, harmless lotion. If you value sweet, lovely, alluring lips, start using "Cloree" today and watch results. Particulars free; send today.

MLLE. CLOREE of NEW YORK,
25-Z—West 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

More Than 1000 People Killed Weekly By Tuberculosis



Unless checked, it's fatal. So stop Weak Lung and Bronchial Trouble—Catarrh of Nose and Throat—Asthma at earliest possible moment, with Aeriform Medicated Vapor Treatment—the Great Lung Tonic. Almost instant relief is given by means of the warm antiseptic healing medicated vapor carried direct to all the Lung passages—bringing the healing elements into direct contact with the affected parts—the common sense way of reaching the seat of germ action.

I had Weak Lungs, the Aeriform Treatment saved my life. Mrs. Nora Butler, 243 S. 9th St., Mt. Vernon, Ill.

It is sure a wonderful Remedy for Lung Sufferers. Rev. J. Rozak, 2209 S. Irving Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I used the Aeriform Treatment. It made a well woman of me. My Throat is well, discharges from my Nose ceased entirely. Mrs. Lilly Dewey, 218 S. Boylston St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Our confidence through years of successful treatment of weak lungs—Bronchial Trouble, Catarrh of Nose and Throat, and Asthma, enables us to offer to suffering humanity the following:

SEND NO MONEY—Just write and explain to us your trouble and we will send you The Aeriform Inspirator and Medication without one cent of expense to you—Try it for 10 days, and if benefited—Send us \$2.00. You are to be the sole judge, and only in the event of benefit to you, do we wish any pay. Address,

THE AERIFORM LABORATORY, 32 Amazon Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

DON'T BE BALD LUMCO

the new scientific scalp treatment banishes DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR and grows new hair in 30 days, restoring youthful beauty to thin and fading hair. It's 100% beneficial without a single drawback. Recommended and sold by Druggists everywhere. Write today for FREE booklet "Permanent Hair." Address Lumco Laboratories, Dept. DR. Kimball, Nebr.

over a park bench in a scene," explained Marian. "He did it so comically that before I thought I exploded in laughter. Instantly Sid Smith, who was in the scene with me, saw that I would probably lose my job. He kindly started laughing, too."

And that night, lo and behold, the scene turned out to be so amusing that Marian was given small parts to do. Later she went over to the Fox studio. Nothing doing there except an extra part along with fourteen other girls, in "The Temple of Venus," which Henry Otto was directing.

When Mr. Otto got his scenes taken amid the rocky Santa Cruzes down to the studio, he immediately ran off the rushes. He had been delighted with Marian's cheer-

Marion wasn't one of these poor Cinfulness amid hardship, saying that she was the only girl of the fourteen who emerged from her tent in the morning with a smile. So he was probably all prepared to like her work.

But he hadn't expected that Marian's personality among that whole girl group would fairly steal the picture. But it did. So he gave Marian a part to play in the picture. Now Marian is doing leads with Buck Jones and Tom Mix, and it looks as though something even better is looming up ahead for her.

Samuel Goldwyn took an idea, one day, that he must have some new feminine faces in his pictures. He sent for Robert McIntyre, his casting director, and they went to see some of the rushes of "Where Is My Wandering Boy," in which Patsy Ruth Miller loomed up like six bits in hard times.

Then into the scene came another girl—it was in the grocery store scene—and Mr. Goldwyn exclaimed: "Who's that?"

The girl was Kathleen Key. Mr. Goldwyn was delighted with both her and Patsy Ruth, and gave them contracts.

Paul Bern is a discriminating as well as a sympathetic human being. He has a keen eye for talent, and he has discovered a number of embryo geniuses.

The director was invited with some others to take a look at De Mille's picture, "Locked Doors." Into a scene slipped Rosemary Cooper, playing a bit. He demanded to know who she was, was told, and sent for her to play a nice part in "Tomorrow's Love."

These are but a few of those whom the camera, that odd little clever bit of mechanism, has revealed as having something that other people haven't—a fresh personality.

"Pull"

(Continued from page 17)

Marston, director and producer, Eagle Film Corporation, Hollywood, Cal.:

It is a long time since you and I were tramping together in Sammy Cline's little old road show, but I know that you will not have forgotten Jim Wayne. Well, the bearer of this letter is my boy Kirk, who thinks he has something to contribute to the screen in the way of Art.

Whether he has or not time alone will tell. I have tried to show the boy that pull and influence will never take the place of ability and hard work, and I have brought him up to stand on his own feet.

I would like him to succeed in the thing he wants to do, but not at the expense of his manhood; and I have his promise that he will not use this letter until there is no other way out. I know

*Each Contest in SCREENLAND is the
milestone in the life of someone that
points to the magic land of success.*

"She is Yours Master"



SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this mysterious man of mighty power whose face none had yet seen?

Here is an **extraordinary situation**. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this strange emissary whom no one really knew?

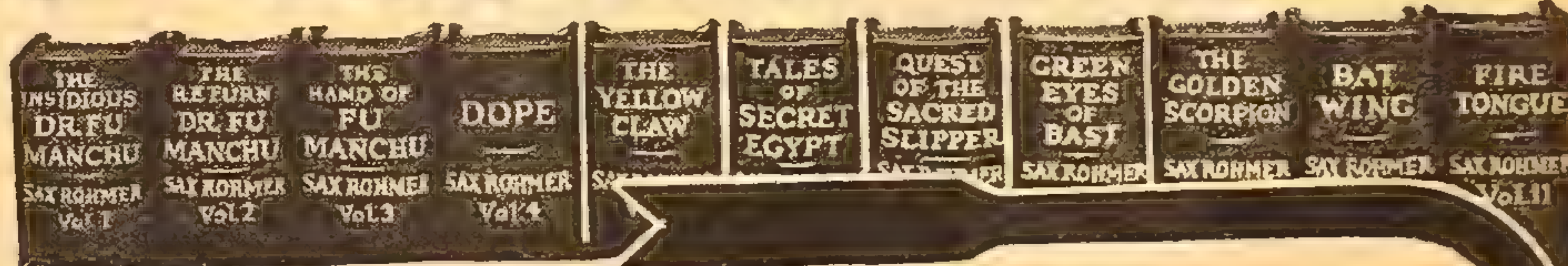
To know the answer to this and the most exciting tales of Oriental adventure and mystery ever told, read on through the most thrilling, absorbing, entertaining and fascinating pages ever written

MASTERPIECES OF ORIENTAL MYSTERY

11 SUPERB VOLUMES

By **SAX ROHMER**

Written with his uncanny knowledge of things Oriental



THESE are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of refinement and luxury, to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly and Broadway to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—from hidden cities in the jungles of Malay along strange paths to the **very seat of Hindu sorcery**.

11 Mystery Volumes Packed with Thrills

Be the first in your community to own these, the **most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published**—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at **much higher prices**—books you will enjoy reading **over and over again**. Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf.

2 BEAUTIFUL BOOK-ENDS FREE IF YOU ACT AT ONCE



A **LIMITED** quantity on hand of beautiful sphinx polychrome book-ends, will be sent absolutely **FREE** as a premium for promptness with the first orders from this Ad. After you have received your set for free examination, just mail your first installment within ten days and these two handsome book-ends (5 inches high) will be delivered to you free—but send the coupon today!

Forget Your Troubles—Relax—Enjoy Yourself!

These are the sort of stories that **President Wilson, Roosevelt** and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. To read these absorbing tales of the mysterious East is to cast your worries into oblivion—to **increase your efficiency** many times over.

Extraordinary Offer—Don't Wait a Minute!

Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. Don't lose a minute!

SEND NO MONEY—Just mail the Free Examination Coupon Today Sure! Read them **TEN DAYS FREE**, without a penny down.

VA
McKINLAY,
STONE &
MackENZIE
30 Irving Place
New York

Please send me on approval, all charges prepaid, set of your special Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsomely bound cloth volumes. If after 10 days' free examination I am convinced they are the most extraordinary, most fascinating Oriental mystery stories I have ever read and are easily worth twice the price, I will keep the books and send you \$1.00 promptly and \$1.00 a month for only 12 months; when you receive my first payment you are to send me promptly, absolutely free, two beautiful polychrome sphinx book-ends. Otherwise, I will return the set within 10 days of receipt at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.

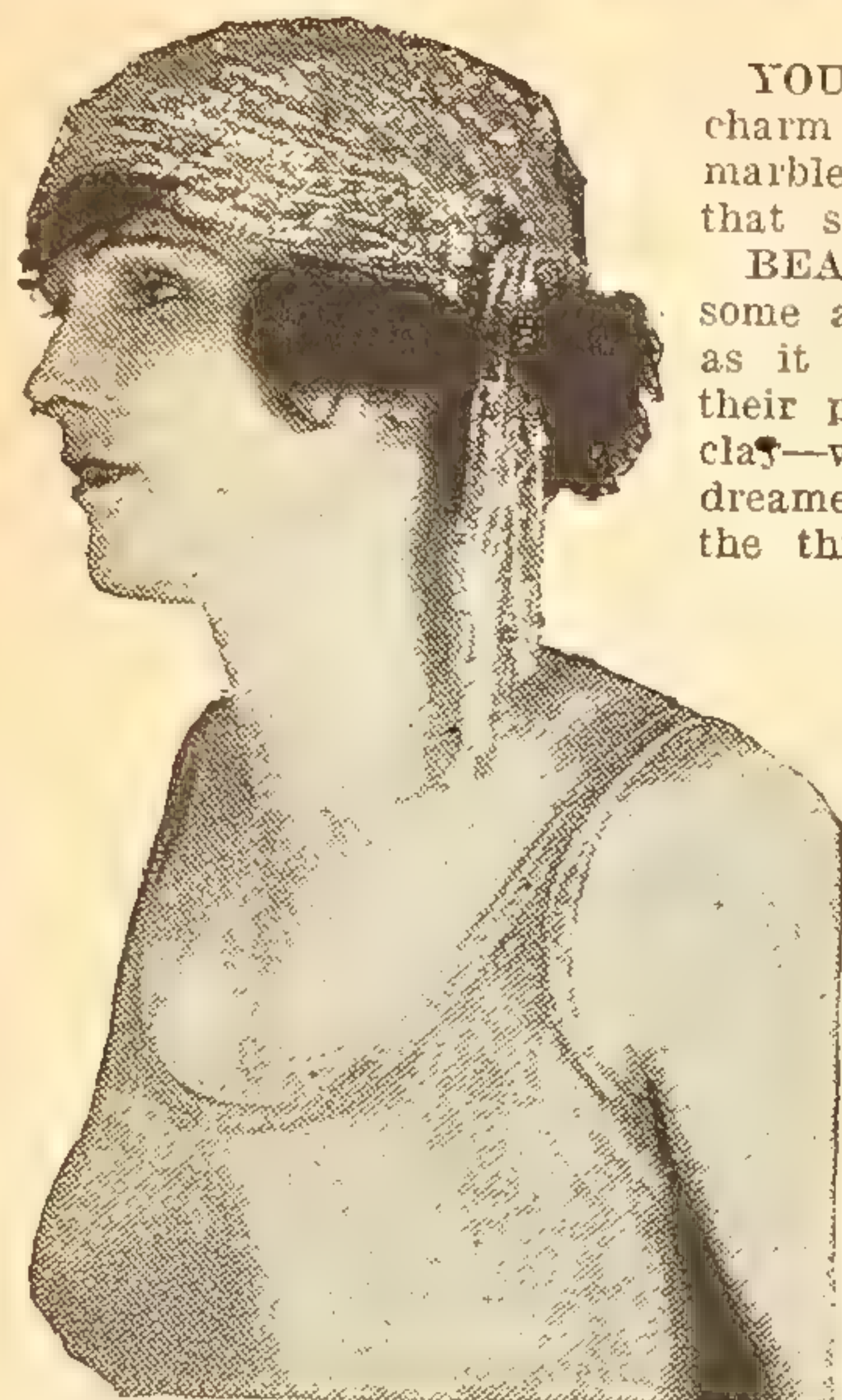
Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE, Dept. VA, 30 IRVING PLACE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Classic Development of the Bust



YOUR WOMANLY BEAUTY can be developed. The secret of woman's charm is a beautiful, fully developed figure—a bust like sculptors carve in marble and artists portray on canvas. The very femininity of woman demands that she be thus perfectly developed.

BEAUTY OF FORM is woman's natural birthright. It is just as wholesome and right that a woman should be physically charming and attractive, as it is for flowers to bloom in springtime and cast a sweet fragrance by their presence. Physical beauty can be cultivated, for the body—plastic like clay—will respond to the application of nature's laws to a degree little dreamed of by the average person. There is always a way to accomplish the things that are wholesome and right, and since it is perfectly natural for every woman to have a full, rounded bust, it is easy to produce such development with the right method.

Motion Picture Actress Delighted

Betty McCoy, Movie Actress, Los Angeles, whose photo is shown at the left, says: "I am delighted with the results from the use of The New National, which has given me a three-inch increase in size—a remarkable firmness and classic contour. A number of my friends have recently remarked on my improved appearance."

Booklet Tells "HOW" FREE!

Write today for free booklet containing an article by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, telling how any woman may receive development in the shortest possible time. Simply wonderful the results produced. Let us send you photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method. Sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Simply send your name and address on a postcard if desired. (This information sent under sealed postage, if you enclose 4c stamps.)

THE OLIVE CO., Dept. 30 CLARINDA, IOWA



GIVE BIRTH DATE

and give BIRTH DATE. There will be no delay—you will hear from me at once in a plain envelope securely sealed post paid. This wonderful offer may not be made again so ACT now. Address Parashira, M-17, 166 Temple St., New Haven, Conn.

Can You Stand the Truth? LET ME TELL YOU FREE

Some of your past experiences, future prospects, financial possibilities and other confidential matters as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient science known to history. Your prospects of life, death, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings, legacies, speculation and many other vital questions can be revealed through the great science of ASTROLOGY. Let me tell you FREE startling facts that may change the whole course of your life and bring success, happiness, and prosperity instead of despair and failure, which may now be staring you in the face. Your astrological interpretation written in plain, simple language will consist of not less than two solid pages. To avoid triflers and children, enclose 10 cents in any form to cover cost of this notice, mailing, etc. This wonderful offer may not be made again so ACT now. Address Parashira, M-17, 166 Temple St., New Haven, Conn.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn \$1 to \$2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital \$1,250,000.00
169 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

FREE Your Character Revealed

Learn the truth about yourself, friends and sweetheart. Startling exposure reveals character, traits, inclinations, habits.

MAIL SAMPLE OF HANDWRITING (50 words) for unique reference revelation. FREE to everyone ordering our famous book CHARACTER INDICATED BY HANDWRITING. All the secrets exposed; tells how you, too, can read handwritings. Fascinating entertainment. Surprise your friends. Character revelation and book sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.50 (C.O.D. extra).

HANDWRITING INSTITUTE
110 West 40th Street
New York Dept. 41.



Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN, obtainable in solid form or waterproof liquid. 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO



Solid Form



Knocks Corns

INSTANTLY

Corns, Callouses, Bunions yield at once to the wonderful medication in this thin, comfortable plaster. You walk, play, dance in comfort. No more nagging foot pains; no dangerous applications of acids and poisons.

Medicated COMFITAPE

Absorbs all hard growths without injury to healthy flesh. Antiseptic, healing. Big spool, 60 square inches, lasts most families year or more. Send \$1 and if not satisfied after trying, get full refund.

COMFITAPE LABORATORY

Box 30

Burlington, Vt.

you will be only too glad to do anything you can for him, for old times' sake, but there is nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see him win his spurs by his own ability.

Kirk will play square with you, I know, and will not take advantage of your friendship for me. If you ever see this letter, it will be in a case of extreme emergency, or I don't know my own son.

Very soberly, Kirk refolded the letter and inserted it in its own envelope. Was this the time to use the letter? Would his old dad consider this a real emergency? Wasn't he, after all, a darn fool to pinch and starve with a letter of introduction to the great Bill Marston lying idle in his trunk?

He put the letter on top the dresser, and started to change his shabby suit of heather mixture tweed for his "other" suit of navy serge. He noticed with misgiving that it was getting very shiny. An inspection of his "other" pair of shoes disclosed the fact that unless he took them very soon to be repaired the soles would be gone too far for another span of life.

Some one passing down the hall stopped at his door and knocked peremptorily.

"I'd like to speak to you!" The voice was thin, hard, and feminine.

Kirk knew what was coming, and with a grimace opened the door to Mrs. Meadus, the peppery little landlady.

"How about that rent?" she asked austere.

Kirk cleared his throat and fidgeted. "I'm very sorry to keep you waiting like this, Mrs. Meadus," he said, "but you know I have not had a call from the studios for over two weeks, and I am afraid that I will have to ask you to wait another day or so. Something is bound to turn up soon."

"And suppose it doesn't turn up, what then?" Her attitude suggested a prosecuting attorney badgering a reluctant witness.

Kirk forced his best smile to the surface. "Oh but it will, I am sure!" he stated with great earnestness.

Mrs. Meadus was not so optimistic. She wagged a skinny finger at him. "Now don't you stall with me, young man," she warned him. "You know very well that you can't be sure of anything in the movie business, except that something unpleasant is sure to happen. My landlord expects me to talk cash to him when rent day comes round, and that's the kind of talk I want out of you"—she raised her voice hysterically. "I give you until tomorrow, and if you haven't got the money by that time, you'll have to make room for them that has." She marched downstairs with head held high.

Kirk felt no resentment toward Mrs. Meadus. He knew that her attitude was fully justified. It was just another reminder that he was at the crossroads. He must either admit that he was beaten in his attempt to win success through his own unaided effort, and use his letter of introduction; or he must drop all thoughts of movie work and rustle a job—any job that would run to three square meals a day and a place to sleep.

The odor of frying steak permeated the whole house, and now drifted to his room. His stomach contracted in painful reaction. In his rigid economy he had not yet eaten his first meal today, and now, after walking around the studios all day, he was ravenously hungry. The hall clock chimed six. He dived a sunburned hand into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. Two dollars and ninety-five cents! Well, it would mean a few more meals. He would eat immediately, and then he would make up his mind definitely what he should do. He dimly wondered what the old dad would



John Gilbert and Mae Murray in a scene from "The Merry Widow." The original musical piece set the country to dancing, and the film seems certain to teach us a step or two.

have done in similar circumstances.

His reverie was broken by the voice of Mrs. Meadus calling from the bottom of the stairs. Hesitatingly he opened the door.

"Mr. Wayne. . . There's a young woman to see you!"

KIRK thought that he could not have heard aright. His feminine acquaintances were few, and none were likely to call on him.

"What was that?" he asked.

"I said there's a young woman to see you, and I ain't no megaphone!"

He stopped short when he reached the archway at the foot of the stairs. He took one deep-drawn breath of glad surprise, and then ran forward and took the girl's slim little hand in his, while his eyes devoured the piquant face and sparkling blue eyes beneath the snug black turban.

"Betty Deane! Betty Deane, by all that's wonderful!"

She answered with a musical laugh that was very near to a happy sob. Excitedly she placed her free hand over the big brown ones that were holding her own so tightly, and they shook, and laughed, and shook again.

"If you are half as glad to see me as you seem to be, Kirk, I am glad I looked you up," she said.

"Glad to see you! Sit down and tell me how the miracle happened. Betty Deane! Gosh, I can't get over it!"

Kirk dropped into a chair beside her, and together they laughed and talked with wholesome and undisguised pleasure. "I have a tremendous lot to tell you, Kirk," Betty told him, "and I hardly know where to begin."

It is most embarrassing and distracting to interview a charming girl whom one has not seen for six months in the public sitting room of a rooming house where the landlady is frankly hostile; and it is doubly distracting when one is hungry, and delicious odors of frying steak are wafting on the breeze. Kirk squirmed uneasily and came to a decision. A sum of money which is equivalent to the price of three meals for

one person should be equal to the price of one meal for each of two persons. With boyish enthusiasm he put the question.

"Why not dine with me, Betty? I'm as hungry as a hunter. Let's eat while we talk."

Betty accepted his invitation with gracious readiness, and Kirk led her to a little near-bohemian place just off the boulevard and known to the studio colony as "Beppo's." Here, beside a vine-encrusted plebeian board fence at a rickety little table, Kirk and Betty found a sympathetic atmosphere for the exchange of their confidences. The table stood upon flags whose unevenness gave a footworn feeling, an unsteadiness to the table. As the daylight waned, candles in the necks of bottles cast a flickering light over Betty's woe-begone little face and the shadows threw a hush around the two that made for them a little world all their own. At peace with the whole world, with all thoughts of his own predicament banished, Kirk leaned forward, chin rested in his cupped hands, eager for news and for the sound of Betty's voice.

"You didn't tell me when you arrived," he prompted.

She toyed with the silver, hesitatingly. Then she looked up with a serious, almost apologetic expression.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I have been in Hollywood over six weeks!"

Kirk's brows contracted slightly. "And you have only just looked me up. How come, Betty?"

Betty gave a little sigh and a quaint gesture of resignation. "It's a long story, but, briefly, I persuaded mother to let me come to Hollywood to try my luck in the movies. Go on, why don't you laugh?"

"I will in the right place!" Kirk assured her soberly.

"I had heard so much from your dad of the wonderful things you were doing," she continued, "and I had read so much about the way other girls had made their way here, that I couldn't see why I shouldn't do the same. The folks wanted me to write you I was coming, but I wanted to wait until I had made a good start, so that I



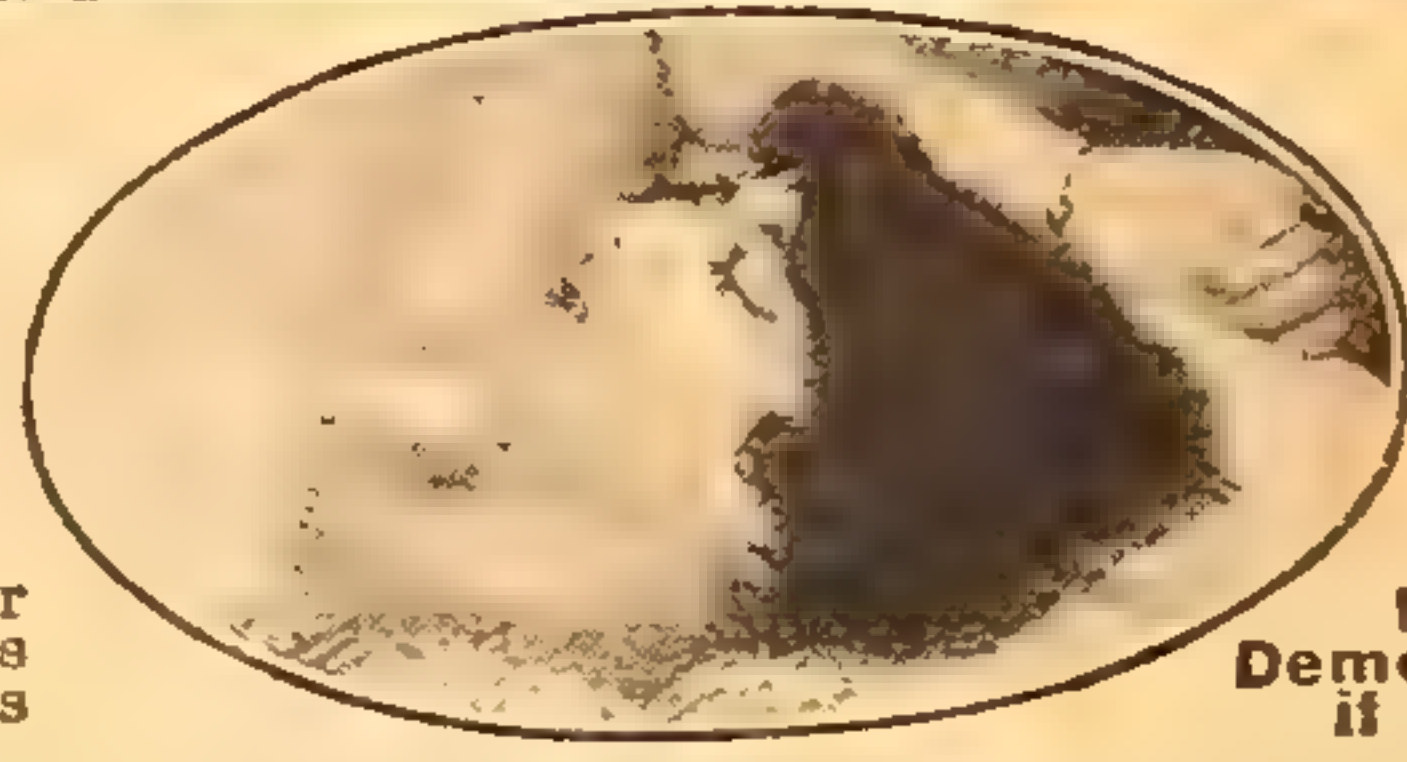
What Did She Do To Win Him?

How a demure little wren of a girl was changed almost over-night into an attractive Bird-of-Paradise woman—how she who had been neglected by her young men acquaintances suddenly became a center of attraction, and within a few weeks the radiant bride of the man she had loved in vain for years—this is the theme of a letter received today. Hundreds of other letters just as wonderful have come to us voluntarily from readers of our new, revolutionary book dealing not with sex, but with psychology. "Fascinating Womanhood," shows how any woman who understands certain peculiarities about man's psychology can attract and win the love of practically any man she chooses.

Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10c in stamps. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent to you, postpaid in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today.



PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
117 S. 14th St., St. Louis, Dept. 29-S



Sizes for all types of noses

FREE Demonstration if desired

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER

The GENUINE (Patented)



Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is a GENUINE and most COMFORTABLE NASAL SUPPORTER, absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by physicians. Write for FREE Booklet, "Nature's Way to Happiness."

The ANITA Co.

Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23

Dept. 569, Anita Building, 655 High St., Newark, N. J.

BEFORE-AFTER

BIRTH CONTROL!

Don't marry until you have read Dr. R. E. Armitage's wonderful book on Birth Control. Tells simply and clearly all about Birth Control, Marriage, etc. Discusses the following vital subjects: "Private Advice to Women; Birth Control; Too Many Children; Determination of Sex; Race Suicide." Over 200 pages, cloth bound. Also, for a limited period only, "What Every Mother Should Know," by Margaret Sanger, great Birth Control Advocate. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay postman \$2.50 and postage for the two books. Sincere Pub. Co., 1431 Bway, N.Y.C. Dept 12

WHY PAY THE PRICE?

Superfluous HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home. We teach Beauty Culture.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet
D.J. MAHLER CO., 35-B Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

BEAUTYPEEL "UNMASKS YOUR HIDDEN BEAUTY"

CREATES BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION BY PEELING OFF tan, freckles, blemishes, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, wrinkles, acne, muddy, oily skins. NON-ACID (Pat.) lotion. Painless, harmless. Effects astounding. **TRIAL COSTS NOTHING** Write today for Special Offer and "The Art of Face Peeling" FREE.
Newlyn Chemical Company
126 Newlyn Building El Paso, Texas

SCREENLAND'S of STUDIOS FOR DANCE

Dance for Happiness

New York



Phone BRYANT 8945

for
Modern Sensational
Stage Dancing
Stretching and Lim-
bering Exercises

143-5 WEST 43 ST.
N. Y.

East of Times Square

B. BERNARDI, M.B.

Formerly ballet master Breslau Theatre:
Solo danseur, Grand Opera, Paris,
Royal Theatre, Munich

Personal Instruction in Toe, Ballet,
Oriental, Spanish, etc.

Teachers' Course Children's Classes

Classes now training for forthcoming
productions

Students of approved talent are offered an
intensive course on attractive terms

SEND FOR BOOKLET

124 West 75th St. New York
Telephone Endicott 5144

MR. and MISS DURYE Tuition in

DANCE CALISTHENICS

BALLET AND BALLROOM DANCING
Teachers of Teachers and Lay Students
BALLROOM HOTEL DES ARTISTES
1 West 67th St., New York

Mme. LA CHAPPELLE

149 West 57th Street Phone
New York Circle 1243

Thorough training in the art of dancing, all
branches, including acrobatics.

HARRY

CLARA

LAUGHLIN -- WEST

ALL STYLES TAUGHT

Competent Pupils Placed.

SUITE 411 1658 B'WAY (51st St.) N.Y.

EVANS & FLETCHER

SCHOOL OF ACROBATICS

All Styles Stage Dancing

313 W. 46th St., N. Y. Long. 9089

EMETERIO GALI

Modern Argentine and French Tango

Simplified Method of Teaching
Calisthenics Acrobatic Spanish Ballroom

Lessons can be given at your
home and clubs.

STUDIO, 151 W. 57th ST., NEW YORK
Telephone, Circle 8495

New York

HERMANN & DEMUTH

SCHOOL OF ACROBATICS

1658 Broadway

New York

Phone

Circle 10319

CLIFF JEROME

formerly of "NED WAYBURN STUDIOS"

Specializing in
Sensational

Stage Dancing

Special Rates — \$5.00 a week

A professional "specialty" routine every week
Studio 711, 1658 BROADWAY

Phone CIRCLE 9121

New York City

LENORA

All Styles

Dancing Taught

PUPILS PLACED

STUDIO 310 — 1658 B'way, N. Y.

Circle 3127.

LOUIS VECCHIO

The "Physi-Cultural" School

Dancing, Grace, Poise, Stage Arts.

"Physi-Cultural" Classes for girls exclusively.

\$3 monthly.

1446 BROADWAY, at 41st St., N. Y. CITY

JOHN BOYLE

324 WEST 42nd ST., N. Y.

Tel. Penn. 4733

The Dance Master who starts in where all the
others leave off.

All styles taught. Pupils — Fred Stone,
Frances White, Wellington Cross, Tom Patri-
cola, Hal Skelly, Ida May Chadwick, Tom
Dingle, Chester Fredericks, Olin Howland.

SPANISH DANCING

Taught by

AURORA ARRIAZA

637 Madison Ave.

New York

Cor. 59th St.

Tel. Regent 7348

New York

DON LENO

Who has been established 20 years, is known to
every Theatrical Manager as an Actor, Producer
of Novelty Stage Dances, Musical Comedy and
Vaudeville Acts. Exhibition Dances created and
arranged.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Was taught the ARGENTINE TANGO by the
famous DON LENO, Maker of Stars and Dancing
Teachers. 117 West 48th St., New York.

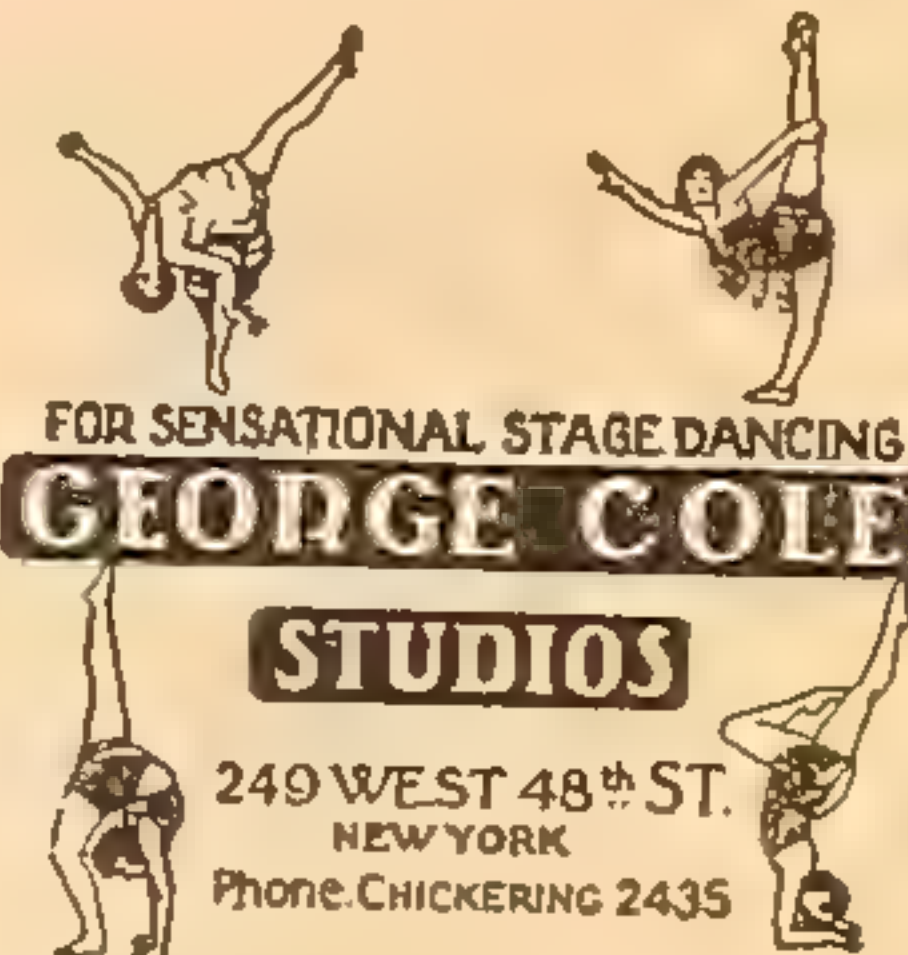
MARTIN FERRARI

Progressive School of Dancing. Special feature
for Motion Picture Artists. Instructions in the
art of Mimeodrama and Pantomime.

1658 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Phone Circle 10455

Specializing
in Acrobatic
Instruction
for
Sensational
Stage
Dancing



Illustrated Book, \$1.25, Cash or M. O.

Course contains Sensational Acrobatic
Course contains Sensational Acrobatic Dancing,
Buck and Wing, Bar and Stretching Exer-
cises. Mile. Amy Mantova and Eddie Russell,
both formerly New York Hippodrome, are now
with

GEO. COLE STUDIOS

249 WEST 48th ST., NEW YORK CITY

STAGE DANCING

TAUGHT BY THE RECOGNIZED

SUPREME AUTHORITY

JACK BLUE

231-233 W. 51st ST.

Circle 6136

The Andalusian Academy of Dancing

Our Instruction in Spanish Dancing and Fado Portuguez Is Unrivalled.

Specialists in Genuine Tango Argentino (Tango Milonga).

Classic, Ballet and Toe Dancing taught. Limbering and Stretching Exercises.
Instruction in Apache, Character, Oriental and Greek Dancing.
Courses for children, beginners, professionals and teachers.
Private or Class Lessons.

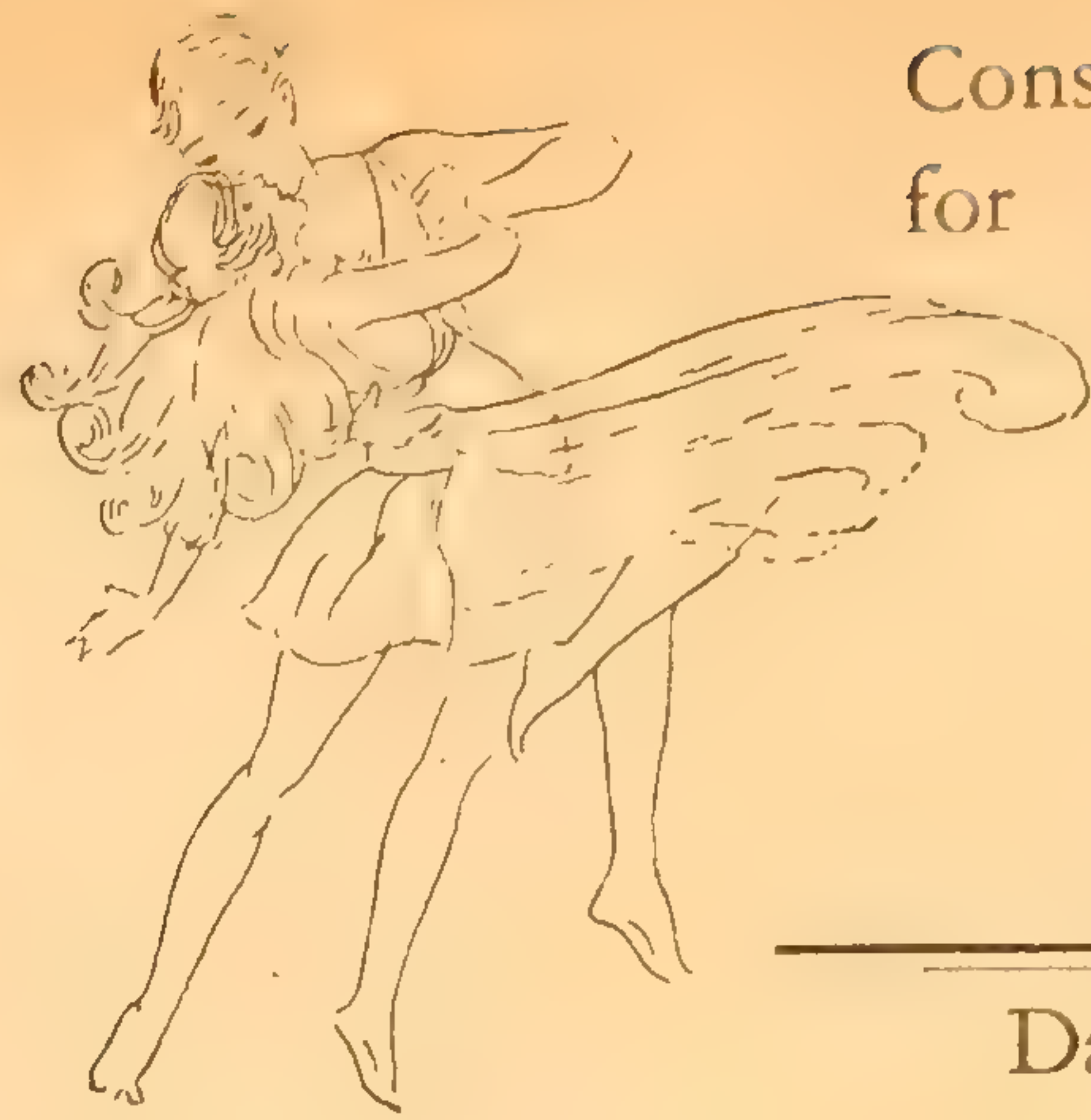
Standardized method of Ballroom Dancing, also La Java and Ballroom Tango.
Classes in SPANISH DANCING daily, from 12 to 1.
Evening classes for business girls.

Castanet playing through the unexcelled Beaucaire
method easily and quickly mastered.

JUAN de BEAUCAIRE, Director
173 MADISON AVENUE (34th Street)
Telephone, ASHland 2059 New York City

DIRECTORY

Instruction



Consult this Directory
for instruction in the
dances of all na-
tions.

Folk, military,
acrobatic, social
and fancy dancing

Dance for Health

Dance for Strength

New York

LA SYLPHE

Ballet :: Acrobatic :: Orientale
1658 Broadway, corner 51st Street
Telephone Circle 10448 New York City

JAC MAC'S

Famous School of Acrobatics
For the Development of all kinds of sensa-
tional Dancing. Personal instruction for
every pupil.

223-225 West 46th St., New York
Phone CHICKERING 3127

BALLROOM DANCING

taught by

MISS FAY EVELYN

Beginners and Advanced Pupils. Lessons private.
Day or Evening. Tango specialized. Thorough
method of instruction is unrivalled.

900 7TH AVE. (at 57th St.) Phone CIRCLE 7592

MACHAIRA

Formerly dancer with Dolly Sisters

Society and Stage Dancing

Specializing in Tango

B'way & 77th St., N. Y. - Endicott 7330

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sadler's DANCING ACADEMY

Individual instruction in social and modern dancing
from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. — Classes every evening
Booklet on request Phone Academy 1581
2786 BROADWAY (near 107th St.) NEW YORK CITY

New York

Tomaroff's Home Study Course of Dancing and Body Building

4 Newly Created Books for Home Study

At a price that would not pay for
one private lesson from the author,
A. TOMAROFF.

Book No. 1—\$1.50

Body Building, Stretching, Limbering.

Book No. 2—\$1.50

Simple and advanced tumbling, such as
high kicks, cartwheels, hand stands, splits,
limbers and somersaults.

Book No. 3—\$2.75

Taps, Musical Comedy, Character Dancing.

Book No. 4—\$2.00

Bar exercises, a fundamental study for
ballet and toe dancing.

Entire set of 4 books—\$6.50

6 sample lessons 15c

Make your selection and send cash (reg-
istered), money order or check to

A. TOMAROFF

110 West 47th St., New York City
Phone Bryant 9339

Satisfaction Guaranteed

New York

IF IT'S DANCING I HAVE IT
Charleston "Strutt" and Black Bottom

The BILLY PIERCE STUDIO

Lady Attendant — Colored Instructors — No Classes
Suite 307, Navex Bldg., 225 W. 46th St.
New York

Phone Lackawanna 0275 Walter Brogsdale, Instructor
Open 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Courtesy Our Watch Word

Chicago

ESTABLISHED 1914

RICHARD O. KANDLER DANCING ACADEMY

The Art of Dancing
All Branches

Ballroom Dept.

EXHIBITION DANCING, REVUES

RICHARD O. KANDLER, Dir.

Stage Dept.

ARTHUR KRETLOW, Master

SENSATIONAL DANCING

1301-2 CAPITOL BUILDING

159 N. STATE ST. CHICAGO

The

HAZEL SHARP SCHOOL of Dancing

25 EAST JACKSON BOULEVARD
CHICAGO

Classic Ballet — Character — Ballroom Dancing

MME. MARIE YUNG EUROPEAN BALLET SCHOOL

Formerly Instructor of the
CHICAGO GRAND OPERA BALLET

Downtown Studio
Fine Arts Building
410 So. Michigan Ave.

North Side Studio
The North End Club
6200 No. Sheridan R'd

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Madame Ludwig

SCHOOL OF DANCING

1105 Lawrence Avenue

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Ballet

Character

Belle Bender

The school that specializes in all forms
of artistic Dancing.

218 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Tel. Wabash 5985

JOHN TILLER'S

DANCING SCHOOL OF AMERICA, Inc.

226 West Seventy-second Street, New York City

Special Rates to Professionals Now Working Who May
Wish To Improve. Classes Forming in
Groups of Six or Eight.

Warning!

It has been brought to our notice that several dancing teachers are using the name "Tiller" in such a way as to mislead the public into believing their establishments are connected with the original John Tiller School of London, Eng. Please note the above is the only address we have in America. Those using the title "Tiller" in connection with Dancing Schools or Studios are infringing upon the name of John Tiller, famous for 43 years as Europe's foremost Dance Arranger, Creator of the style known as Troupe Dancing made famous thru his Worldwide-Known Tiller Girls.

Special Attention to Children
MARY READ, Secretary.

PHONE ENDICOTT 8215-6

Kissproof
TRADE MARK
The Rouge
and Lipstick
of the age

Lips and cheeks—soft, delicate, alluring—aglow with health and youth. What blending—what subtle coloring! So utterly natural it cannot be detected.

Superb—Irrresistible
No others are as these
Waterproof

Stays on all day. A priceless comfort to every woman. Your dealer (if up to date) can supply you. If not, for beauty's sake, accept no substitute but send direct—price is 50c each. Send for Free Samples today

FREE

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 1095
4003 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me generous samples of Kissproof Rouge and Kissproof Lipstick. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing. If regular size package is wanted enclose 50c for each one checked.

☐ Lipstick ☐ Rouge

Name.....

Address.....



No craving for tobacco in any form after you begin taking Tobacco Redeemer. Don't try to quit the tobacco habit unaided. It's often a losing fight against heavy odds and may mean a serious shock to the nervous system. Let us help the tobacco habit to quit YOU. It will quit you, if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer according to directions. It is marvelously quick; thoroughly reliable.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff. Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in a very few days. This we absolutely guarantee in every case or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet showing the deadly effect of tobacco upon the human system and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you of the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company,
Dept. 997 St. Louis, Mo.

could drop in on you and surprise you."

Kirk grinned appreciatively. "You little witch! And you have broken into the game so soon. Good for you. Tell us all about it!" His delight was genuine and unselfish.

BETTY lowered her eyes. Again there was the slight hesitation and an almost imperceptible sigh. She shook her head, "No!" The firm little mouth drooped ever so slightly. "It's no use bluffing, Kirk. I have not broken in, or even made a little dent. To tell you the truth I have worked just one day at the Paragon studio in a street crowd. I don't know what it was all about, but about a hundred of us had to crowd forward and try to see something that was supposed to be happening up a side street—and wasn't." Her tone was an obvious attempt to make light of something that was obviously anything but a light matter to her. Kirk caught the touch of humiliation which Betty was trying to hide.

"And this is all the work you have had?" he enquired at length, with an attempt to make the question casual.

"Every bit!" Betty's expressive shoulders dismissed the subject, but Kirk sensed something vital beneath the unspoken thought. He regarded her judiciously.

"You look gorgeous, Betty," he told her. "You know how to dress and what to do with your hands and feet, but, girl, you are bucking a terribly hard game. I wish you had let me know you were thinking of doing this."

"And then what?" She was on the defensive immediately. The rounded chin was tilted provocatively, and her eyes challenged his.

"I would certainly have discouraged the idea!" He smiled as he said it, but his tone was emphatic.

Betty shook her head with equal emphasis. "Oh, no, you wouldn't. You couldn't have discouraged me, Kirk. Could any one have discouraged you when you made up your mind to come?"

This was getting uncomfortably close to home, and Kirk fidgeted in his seat. "It's a very different thing for a man," he replied halfheartedly.

Betty's rippling laugh was very disturbing. "You say that as if you almost believed it. You are just as unsophisticated as ever, even if you are spruced up a bit and look so politely cave-mannish." Then her mood changed again. "Why is it that you people who are making good in the business are always trying to scare the beginner, with your mysterious warnings of the terrible things that are waiting for them?" Her question was lightly spoken, but again Kirk sensed something beneath the words that meant more than the surface indications.

Kirk hated to refer to his own affairs, but he felt that he could not allow her to run away with the idea that he was the brilliant success she seemed to think him. He braced himself for an unpleasant confession. He wished very much that she were not watching his face so intently. He compelled himself to meet her gaze, and drummed nervously with his fingers on the edge of the table.

"Do you know, Betty," he began, "I'm afraid that you have a wrong impression of my standing here. I'm a long way from success yet, and, as a matter of fact, I—it keeps me scratching to hold my own." Kirk was miserably conscious that even now he had not told the whole truth.

He expected her to be surprised, but he was totally unprepared for the look of shock and bewilderment which she turned on him. Her eyes were terribly troubled, and she was apparently groping for words

which would express an elusive thought. Kirk regretted his frankness immediately, and hastened to reassure her.

"Not that I am in line for the poor-house, you know," he said, with a painful attempt at jocular. "But a fellow has to keep his hand to the plough and all that sort of thing."

"Goodness!" breathed Betty, limply. "For the moment I thought that you were going to tell me that you were discouraged, and broke, and all sorts of horrors." Her relief was so genuine that any further thought of Kirk's confession was nipped in the bud. He would not bother her with his affairs anyhow. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. He was glad to turn the conversation from picture work to the folks back home. He was hungry for news, and Betty supplied him with delightful little details of his old dad, the old home, and the old home town.

Chatting pleasantly, the meal passed almost unconsciously for Kirk, so absorbed was he in his charming guest and what she had to tell him. As the meal drew to a close, however, he was conscious of a nervous restraint in Betty's manner, and he noticed that she made one or two feeble attempts to turn the tide of conversation back to picture work and his own supposed success.

In self defense he found that he would have to carry the attack into the enemy's field, and he adroitly steered the conversation back to Betty's own exploits in trying to get work.

"I'd like to see a screen test of you, Betty. One can never tell how one may look on the screen, no matter how good looking one may be, until one has actually been photographed in action. It's rather expensive to have these tests taken, however—somewhere round twenty-five dollars."

"THIRTY for a hundred feet!" Betty corrected him, calmly. "I had one taken at the Drexel Studios, and I bought at the same time a dozen of their best professional photographs for the casting directors. That cost another twenty-five."

"Phew! Pretty classy! You're surely going the whole hog!"

Betty wrinkled her nose saucily. "You ain't heard nothin' yet, Mister," she chirped quaintly. "There's a little item of ten dollars for membership in the Sol Dresser Studio Club, ten dollars advance fees for the Ivan Kolb Agency, and another twenty for tuition in the Phoenix Make-up School, and—oh lots of things too numerous to mention, as the auctioneer says." Beneath her bantering tone there was that persistent note of uneasiness which puzzled and distressed Kirk.

"See here," he said. "It's not for me to say what you shall do with your money, little girl, but for the love of Mike be careful. If you go broke it's no joke, I can tell you. It's bad enough for a man, but for a girl a thousand miles away from home—Good Night Nurse!"

He knew that it was too late to tell her that as far as any assistance she might expect from the concerns she mentioned, she might just as well have rolled her money into a neat ball and tossed it into the gutter.

A deep flush spread over Betty's face, and she picked nervously at the pattern on the table cloth. When she looked up, her mouth was smiling, but her eyes were misty. He reached across the table and laid his hands on hers. She gave a little gulp and forced herself to speak, jerkily, unsteadily.

"I don't know how to tell you—Kirk—but I am broke!"

Kirk felt a sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. He knew now why she had looked him up, and why she had so nervously been edging around the subject. Betty felt his fingers tighten over hers, but, except for the slightest possible flicker of the eyelids, his face betrayed no sign of the shock he felt.

His fingers slowly relaxed, and a slow smile spread over his face.

"Don't let's get hysterical over it, Betty," he said. "It isn't fatal. Let's tackle this thing sensibly. Just how badly are you bent?"

Betty tried hard to match his cheerfulness. "I'm not bent. I'm broke. See here!" She picked up the beaded bag at her elbow, opened it, and shook out on the table cloth a tiny powder compact, a lipstick, a dainty lace handkerchief, a buffalo nickel, and three copper cents.

Kirk regarded the jumbled pile with absurd seriousness. "I thought you said you were broke," he remarked gravely. "You must let me show you how to make the best use of your capital. It's all in the management, you know." He rambled on, playing for time.

Betty blinked rapidly. "I knew you would be a sport, Kirk!" She bit her lip hard before she could continue. "I haven't a soul to confide in except you. I dare not let mother know, for it takes every cent she can spare to put Sis through High School, and I wanted so much to help her. I have made an awful mess of things, and you don't know what it means to me to have you to fall back on!"

Kirk hardly heard what she was saying. He was making a rapid mental calculation. Two dinners at a dollar each is two dollars. Two dollars from two ninety-five leaves ninety-five. Two bits for the waitress leaves seventy cents. Not much on which to finance a damsel in distress.

Betty was very quiet as she returned her "capital" to the handbag. Kirk couldn't seem to think of a single appropriate thing to say, and there was an electrical tenseness in the air.

"Er—how much do you figure it will take to see you through?" Kirk found himself saying, at the same time wondering what use he could possibly make of the information.

Betty made a show of calculation. "I won't take a cent more than ten dollars, Kirk, even from you. A ten will see me through nicely till something turns up. Thank goodness, my room is paid for until next Wednesday." Her cheeks were burning now.

Kirk felt a surge of rage within himself. To think that he was so helpless! "This will never do, Betty. This is cutting things altogether too fine," he said.

"Oh I am sure my luck will turn in a day or two," Betty spoke with an eagerness that betrayed her real anxiety.

"But suppose it doesn't!" Kirk regretted the words the moment they were spoken.

Betty looked at him with actual panic in her eyes, and Kirk inwardly cursed himself for a blundering fool. He reached out his hand again and patted hers reassuringly. "Of course the luck will turn," he said eagerly. "It always does. I am a praying jackass. Things are picking up at the studios now, and I will keep my eyes open for you."

In his anxiety to allay her fears, he had now gone to the opposite extreme, and had strengthened her erroneous opinion as to his own position.

"That's awfully good of you, Kirk. Your

A WONDERFUL BOOK ON FILM LIFE

*The True and Romantic Story of
How American Girls Become Stars*



The TALMADGE SISTERS

Norma -- Constance -- Natalie
By Their Mother

Mrs. MARGARET L. TALMADGE

With an Introduction by Ellis Parker Butler

(Thirty-two Illustrations)

An Intimate History of the World's Most Famous
Screen Family, with "Inside" Advice to Other
Girls Dreaming of Film Careers.

A MODERN FAIRY STORY THAT HAPPENS TO BE TRUE

"A book that will be of more than average interest to film fans. Attractively illustrated with pictures of the sister stars, their associates and scenes from their plays. It tells in readable and entertaining manner the real-life romance whereby a family of typical American girls rose from humble surroundings to fame and fortune within a few years. It's a modern fairy tale that happens to be true."

— Cincinnati Times-Star

Handsomely Bound in Blue and Gold Decorated Cloth Cover

Price \$2.00 Delivered Anywhere in the U. S. or Canada

SCREENLAND

Book Department

236 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York, N. Y.



Something **NEW** for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well — which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind — the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion — the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kobi Co., 662 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO



Youth-Ami Skin Peel

A New Scientific Discovery

which painlessly and harmlessly replaces the old skin with a new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc. A non-acid, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results astounding. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. F. B. 30 E. 20th St., New York

Literary Assistance

FOR STUDENTS, TEACHERS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Speeches, Orations, Addresses, Essays, etc. dictated in order on any subject, \$3 per thousand words. Manuscripts typewritten correctly for publication (with one carbon copy) \$1 per thousand words. Markets for Literary wares suggested.

F. B. CROSS, STUDIO, 4553 Emerson Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

\$ \$ For Photoplay Ideas

Don't send your manuscripts to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted in any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. We are right on the ground in daily touch with the studios. Not a school—no courses or books to sell. Advice free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION
204 Security Bldg., Santa Monica and Western Ave.,
Hollywood, California

Publishers Popular Scenario Writer *Send for free sample copy*



Moles

HOW TO
BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment — 15 days' success in the treatment of Moles (also BIG growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free booklet giving full particulars.



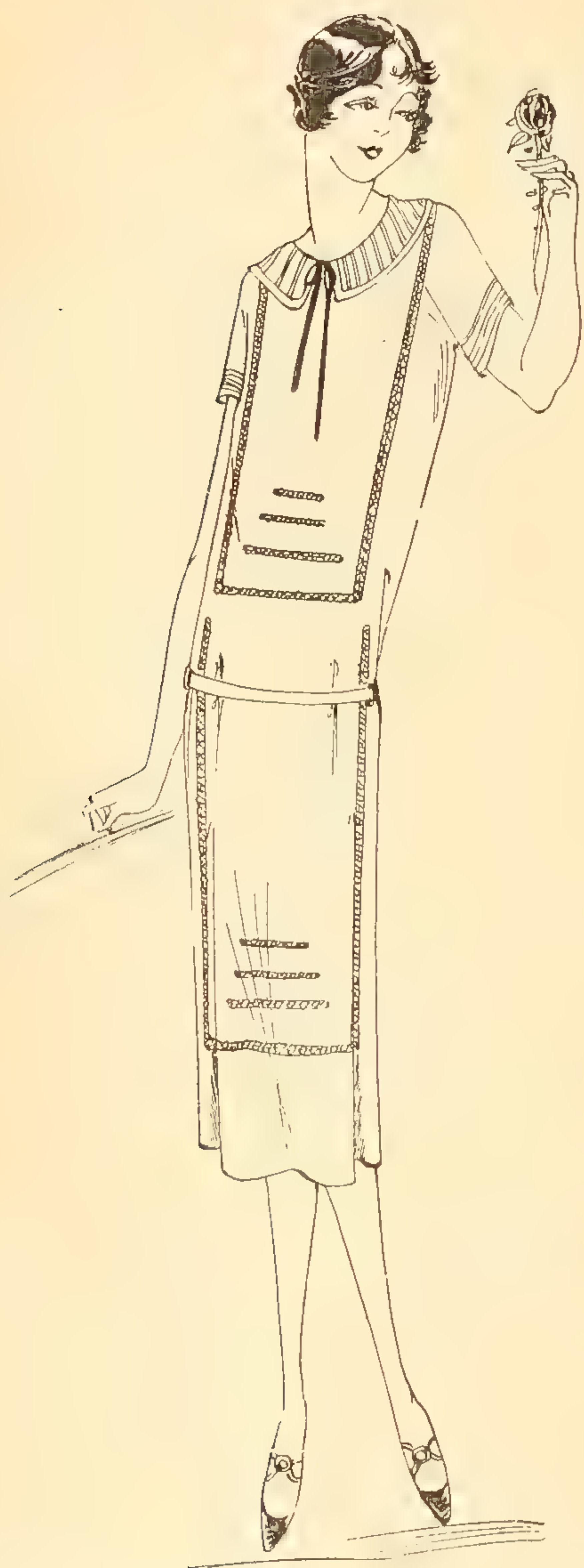
WM. DAVIS, M.D.
1245 Grove Ave. Woodbridge, N. J.

MIDGET NAME CARDS THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1 1/4 x 3/4, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card. Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents Wanted.

MIDGET CARD SHOP
54 MAIN STREET GREENE, R. I.

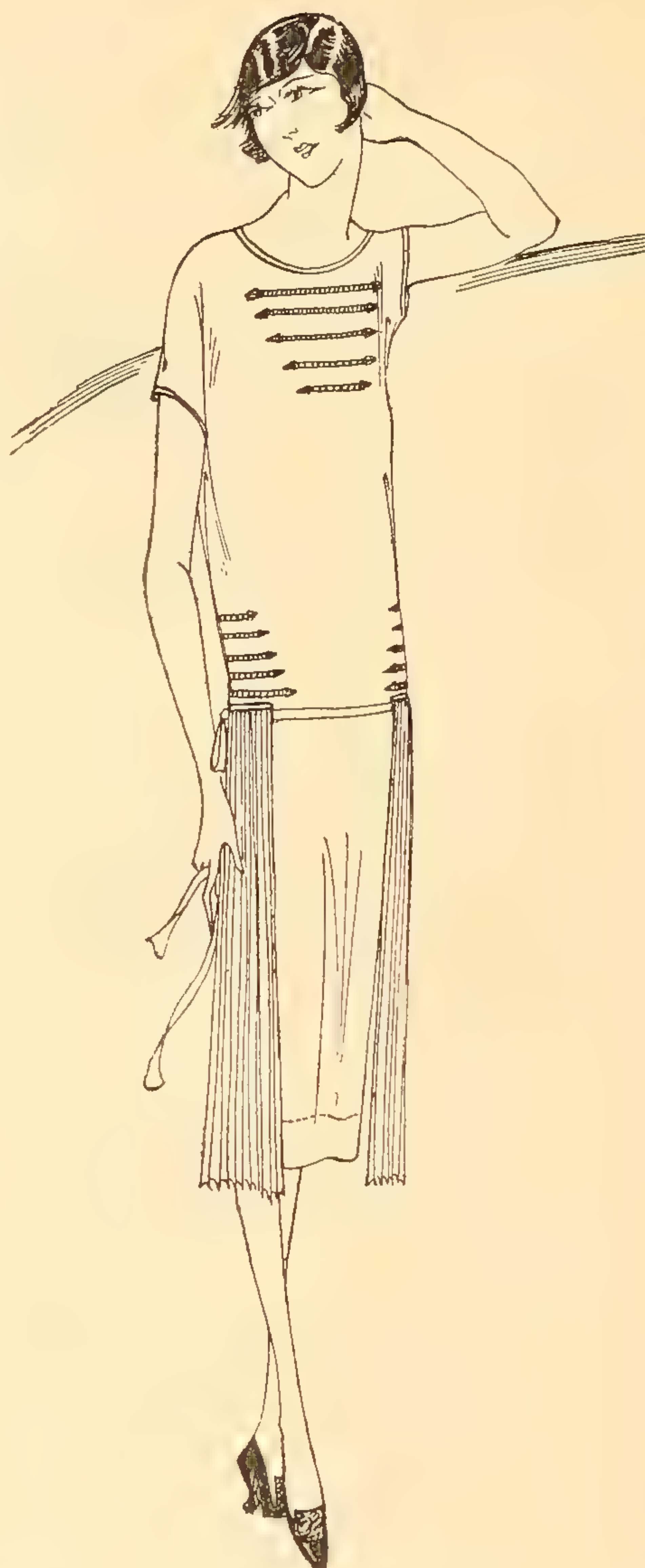
Special Service for Screenland's Readers



Semi Made Dress
In Fine Voile at \$2.95
In Irish Linen at \$3.95

With Spring here, and Summer approaching, this dainty frock will appeal to the smartly dressed woman. The dress is all hand drawn; comes to you all cut out, with collars and cuffs all made up of a fine tucked batiste, and can be finished within two hours by hand or machine. The dress is cut from a very fine quality of Voile, or Imported Irish Linen, and is priced at a saving to you of at least 50%. A chart is sent with each dress with full explanations, how to make. They are cut in sizes from 14 to 20 and 36 to 44 bust measurements.

Colors—In Voile: White, Copen, Orchid and Tea Rose. In Linen: White, Copen, Orchid, and Leather Brown.



Semi Made Dress
In Crepe De Chine at \$9.98

Here is a pretty frock of an exceptional value, all hand drawn, with fine knife pleated panels. This dress comes to you all cut out, panels pleated, and can be finished by you within two hours either by hand or machine. The Crepe de Chine in this dress is of a very fine quality and the dress finished is being sold on Fifth Avenue, New York, for more than double the above amount. A chart is sent with each dress with full explanations, how to make.

They are cut in sizes from 14 to 20 and 36 to 44 bust measurements.

Colors—White, Blonde, Poudre Blue, Navy, and Black.

HOW TO ORDER

Be sure to state size and color. Write your name plainly. Send your request to the SHOPPING SERVICE DEPARTMENT, SCREENLAND, 236 West 55th Street, New York, N. Y., with Money Order, Express Order or check. In sending currency, be sure the letter is registered. If article is to be returned for exchange or refund, return to sender within three days.

own success hasn't spoiled you a bit. I didn't like to ask you to pull any strings for me, for I didn't want to be a millstone around your neck."

"Some little millstone," chuckled Kirk, and Betty rewarded him with a moist but flashing smile that warmed his heart. He grabbed fate with both hands as he assumed a brisk and businesslike manner.

"Now about this ten dollars, Betty. Of course I'll let you have it, and anything else, even to half of my kingdom. But I'm short of actual cash. I'm going to see you through, though. I'll see you home right away and then rustle you enough for the time being."

"Oh I am putting you to a lot of trouble. . . ."

"And I want you to sit up and wait until I return with the bacon."

Kirk paid his bill, added a quarter for the waitress with reckless abandon, and escorted Betty to her boarding house on Yucca. Throughout the short walk he was dimly conscious of talking a great deal in a masterful fashion, but he could never remember a word of what he said, for the conscious side of his brain was grappling with a big problem quite apart from the conversation.

Betty was very gracious as she stood at her door and thanked him again, and Kirk thrilled at her implicit faith in him. As the street door closed on her, however, his self assurance collapsed like a punctured balloon. Wild ideas raced through his brain as he made his way down the dimly lighted street toward the boulevard. All kinds of impossible schemes for raising money occurred to him, from highway robbery to the selling of his heart or brain or something. Out of the mad tangle one thought alone was clear—he had pledged himself to raise ten dollars immediately, and he had allowed Betty to think that he was a prosperous screen actor.

He even went so far as to think of borrowing from Mrs. Meadus, but that was too ridiculous. There was not a soul to whom he could turn in this plight—except Big Bill Marston.

Turning the corner into the bright lights of the boulevard, he stopped and smote a clenched fist into his open palm with a resounding smack. "I'll do it!" he muttered, and strode on with straightened shoulders and quickened step.

Cutting down side street and back alleys, Kirk came out near his boarding house, dashed up the steps and through the house, raced up the creaking stairs to his room, and switched on the light. Snatching at the letter of introduction, and neglecting in his haste to turn out the light, he ran downstairs, taking three steps at a time.

In a moment he was at the phone, thumbing the directory. He called his number with nervous haste, and was presently rewarded by hearing a deep bass voice at the other end of the line. He recognized it at once as that of the big director who had megaphoned his commands on the Eagle "lot" one day when he was working as an extra in a crowd of five hundred tame Arabs.

"Is that Mr. Marston?" Kirk enquired for verification. "This is Kirkwood Wayne speaking, son of Jim Wayne who was trouping with you in the Sammy Cline road show. Wayne—W-a-y-n-e. Yes—yes, you have it. I thought you'd remember him. —Well, that's very kind of you, Mr. Marston. It was just what I was going to ask you. I won't keep you more than a few minutes. Yes, I'll be right over."

Ten minutes later Kirk was ushered into the study of Big Bill Marston's beautiful Spanish home on Los Palmas. A big pow-

erful looking man, with iron grey hair a little thin on top, and a keen, intellectual face, arose from his seat at the big black walnut desk, and held out his hand in greeting.

Marston indicated a chair, and dropped back into his own seat at the desk, while he read the strange letter of introduction. A chuckle from the big man told Kirk that Marston had reached the postscript. The director looked up suddenly and bored Kirk with a look that made the uncomfortable young man more uncomfortable.

"So you're Jimmy Wayne's boy, eh? You don't look an awful lot like him."

"I take more after mother in looks. She was half Spanish, you know." Kirk's voice was soft and tender.

MARSTON tapped the blotter nervously. He had lost nothing of the quick flash of emotion.

"Your dad doesn't say anything about himself. How is he keeping?"

"Dad is fine and hearty. He is always too busy to be anything else."

Marston's laugh rumbled deep in his chest. "Sounds like Jimmy Wayne. Still up to his old tricks, eh? I would surely like to drop in on him for a gabfest." His glance fell on the letter, and his laugh stopped. He picked up the letter and turned it over and over in his hand.

"Now, son," he said kindly, "what can I do for you? I take it that you are up against it?"

Kirk flushed deeply under his tan. "Yes, sir."

"I see by the date of this that you have been down here six months. What have you been doing?" Marston's tone was businesslike now.

"Working some of the time as an extra in different pictures, but most of the time I have been unemployed." Marston nodded understandingly. This was an old, old story. "I worked in the mob scenes in your two pictures, *Bondage* and *A Man's Job*, and I have had odd jobs with most of the studios."

"What can you do?"

"I can tackle anything in the line of sport, and I know how to handle myself in the soup-and-fish—just like twenty thousand other fellows," he said.

"Ever do a 'bit'?"

"No, sir. Never had a chance!"

"Got any stills?"

"A dozen or so, but they don't mean much." Kirk shrugged and smiled. "I am usually in a bunch of others, and too far from the camera to look like anything."

Marston rubbed his chin, while his eyes roved over every detail of Kirk's face and figure. Then he reached for a pencil and scribbled something on a small pad.

"Well, young man," he said, "I can't promise you anything much until I have a chance to see what you can do, but I can try you out in a bit in the picture I am starting in a day or so, and I can throw a good bit of extra work your way. If you've got anything in you, I'll give you a chance to show it."

Kirk knew that he was being offered a chance for which thousands of aspirants to screen fame would sell their immortal souls, and, being young and human, he thrilled at the thought.

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Marston," he said. "Of course, I understand what you are offering me, and I am very grateful." Marston waved a hand as if dismissing the thanks. "But," continued Kirk, hesitatingly, "I—I don't want any help for myself."

Marston's brow contracted instantly, and he leaned back heavily in his chair, regard-

ing Kirk with a puzzled expression.

"What d'you mean? You are up against it, I offer you a chance, and now you say you don't need my help!"

"I said not for myself, Mr. Marston!"

"What the devil are you driving at?"

NOW that the time had come, Kirk found it far more difficult than he had expected. Reduced to plain English his proposition seemed rather fantastic, even to himself. "It's rather a hard thing to explain in a few words," he said at last, with desperate energy. "A girl friend of mine drifted into town a few weeks ago, and like thousands of others thought that all she had to do was leave her card at the studios and the next day she would be an actress. Just the same she's intelligent, looks like a million dollars, and is a little lady, but she's broke even flatter than I am. I want nothing for myself, but I would like you to see her, and if I may take the liberty of suggesting such a thing, would like you to give her the chance you have just offered me, instead."

Kirk's speech was a breathless affair. He talked fast and to the point. Marston's face was expressionless as he leaned forward.

"This, er—young lady? Has she got any claim on you? Engaged or anything like that?" His voice was slightly disapproving.

"No, sir, certainly not. Just an old school chum, and a friend of the family."

Another silence, then: "Does she know what you are doing for her?"

"Good lord, NO!" Kirk was explosively emphatic. "She'd have a fit if she knew. She—she—I guess I'd better come clean!"

Marston took the cigar from his lips and nodded approvingly.

"Well, she thinks that I am comfortably fixed, and headed for stardom. This fix of hers was sprung on me suddenly tonight, and I have offered to help her. Like a fool I could not tell her of my true position."

Behind his big hand, Marston sneezed violently and made a great fuss with his handkerchief. When he looked back at Kirk again, his face was as placid as ever, but his manner was a trifle more sympathetic.

"Tell me, son, honest injun," he said, "why are you so interested in her, and why are you so ready to sacrifice your own interests to give her a chance?" His tone invited confidence, and Kirk relaxed a little.

"Oh, I couldn't do anything else," he replied. The idea seemed to be entirely new. He had never stopped to figure it out. "We have always been such good friends—I couldn't do anything else!"

Marston hitched his chair a little nearer the desk, and looked away from Kirk to hide a smile that showed a complete understanding of the situation. "Well, my boy," he said, trying to be severe, "I think you're very foolish to get mixed up in this tangle. I'm ready enough to help you, but you must work and keep clear of these clinging vines."

Kirk sat up very straight. Again the Latin shone in his smoldering eyes, and in the unconscious gesture of his strong hands. "But, Bet—this young lady is not a clinging vine. She's quite different!" he said.

Marston's eyes were twinkling, but his voice was severe when he grunted, "They are all different. Say, if you are going to take care of all the stranded little gold diggers in Hollywood. . . ."

Kirk was on his feet in a flash, eyes blazing indignantly. "Not another word, sir. You are unjust!"

Marston smiled warmly. "Sit down, Kirk!" There was a new note in his voice.

Classified Advertising

Rate 25c a word. Forms June close April 15

ALL MEN—WOMEN, 18 to 65, wanting to qualify for Government Positions, \$140-\$300 monthly, traveling or stationary, write, Ozment, 169, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturers direct to wearer. No capital or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. MADISON CORPORATION, 501 Broadway, New York.

SONG POEM WRITERS SEND FOR PROPOSITION. Ray Hibbler, D14, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

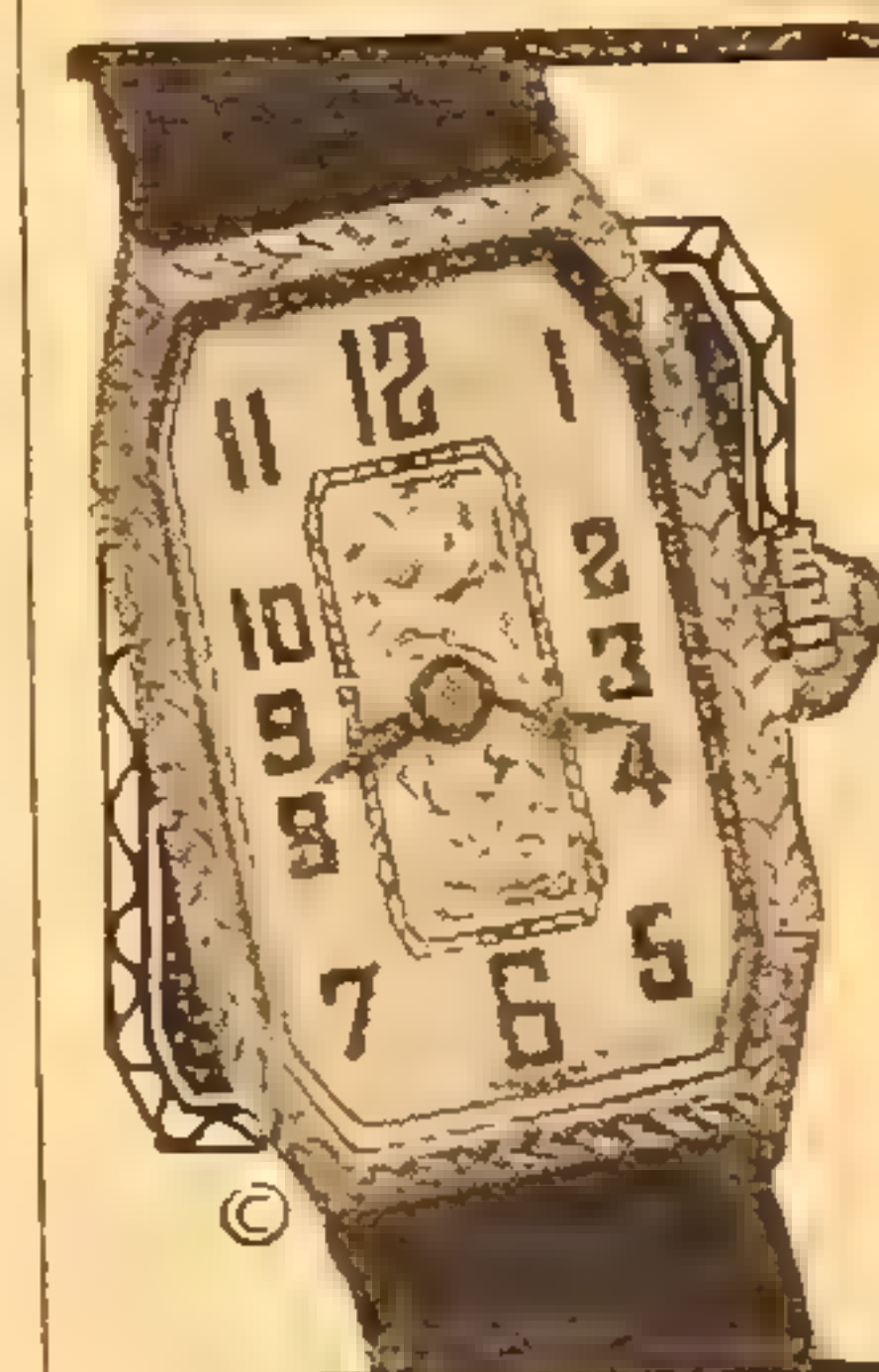
SONG WRITERS: WE PAY \$250 ADVANCE royalty on songs found suitable for publication. Submit your compositions now or write for Free Booklet. Equitable Music Corporation, 1654-M Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED TO ADVERTISE OUR goods and distribute free samples to consumers; 90c an hour. Write for full particulars. AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 2371 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HELP WANTED FEMALE—EARN MONEY weekly, spare time, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music, information. Associated Music Corporation, 31 Rector Street, Dept. A-4, New York.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED: All or spare time, to take and deliver orders for Trans-parent Handled Pocket Knives. Big commissions. If inexperienced, we train and help you. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 450 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

YOUR LIFE'S ATTAINMENTS UNFURLED; Financial, matrimonial, social events and Ephemeral Epochs send silver quarter and birth date for teeming revelations; your reply procures miraculous charm affecting your life advantageously. Lifeguard, Box 963, Huron, S. D.



Every Girl Can Earn a BRACELET WATCH

By Distributing Normandy Chocolates

Watch is the newest, dainty rectangular shape, 25 year white gold-filled case. Exquisitely engraved, 6 jewel regulated and adjusted movement.

Normandy Chocolates are of the highest grade fresh and pure and sell easily as they're widely advertised. Send for plan. Tells fully how you can become the proud owner of one of these watches.

HOME SUPPLY COMPANY
133 Duane St., Dept. 995, N. Y. C.



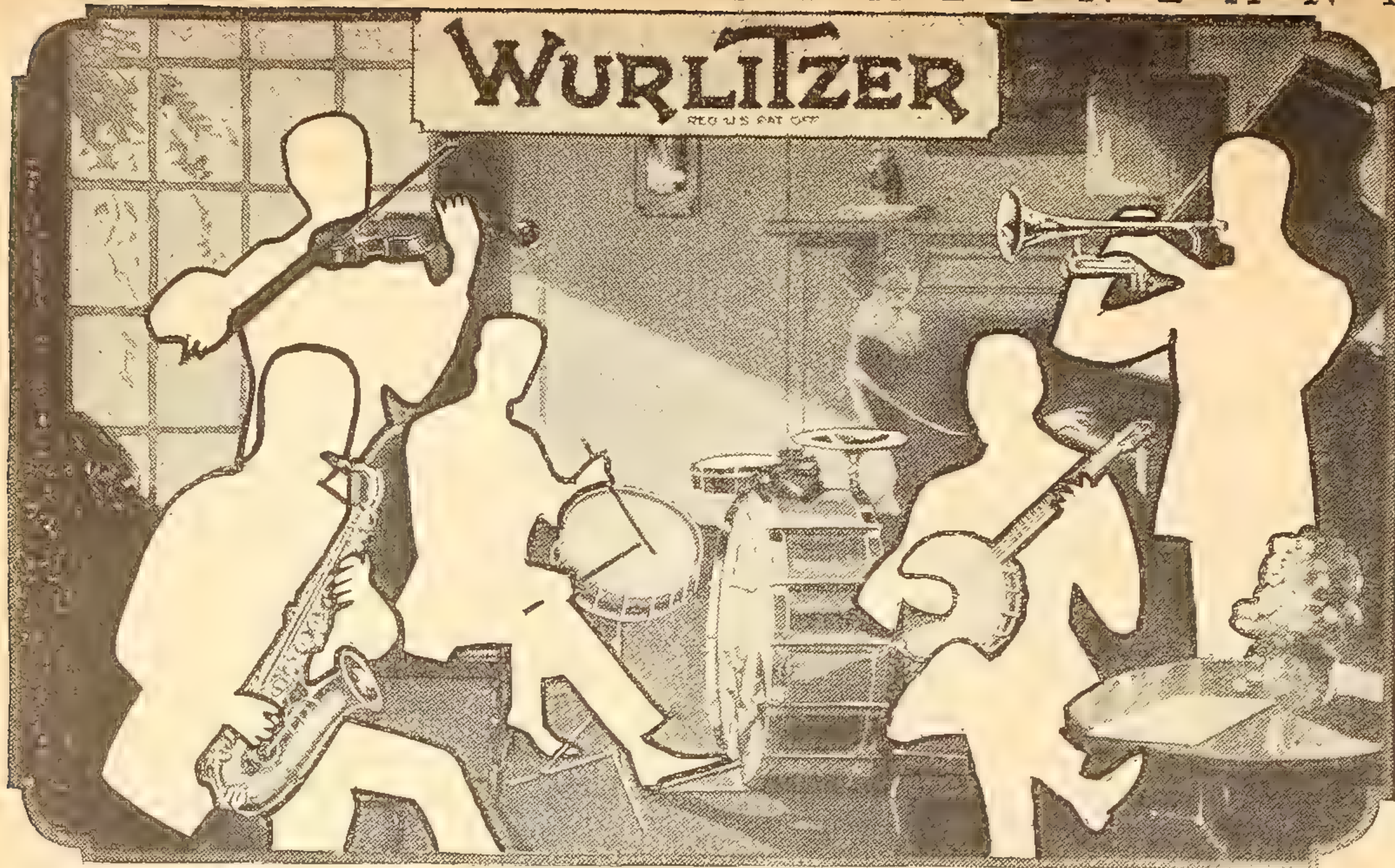
Get Rid of Your FAT Free Trial Treatment

Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day without diet or exercise. Let me send you proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician
State of New York, 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Desk S-2

MAKE MONEY SELLING MADISON SHIRTS

Direct from our factory to wearer. Easily sold. Over one million satisfied wearers. No capital or experience required. Largest steady income. Many earn \$100. to \$150. weekly. Territory now being allotted. Write For Free Samples. Madison Shirt Mills, 564 B'way, New York



Choose Your Place in this Picture

CHOOSE your place—and step into it in a few weeks! Through our new plan, you can learn to play any instrument in a very short time. Think of the pleasure it will bring you. You are always popular—at dances, parties and entertainments, you are always right in the center of things. And you can turn your ability into a handsome profit if you wish. Playing a musical instrument is the easiest possible way to earn money in your spare time. Good musicians are always in demand and the pay is high.

New Offer— Learning to Play Made Easy

Free We now furnish with every Wurlitzer instrument a Free Scholarship Certificate. This scholarship entitles you to free tuition for a special course in one of the leading correspondence schools of music in the country. Anyone who can hum or whistle a tune can learn a musical instrument quickly and easily. Whether you want to play for pleasure or for profit, this Free Scholarship will make it surprisingly easy for you.

Bill Carola Couldn't Play a Note — Now Makes \$100 a Week



Read what he says: "I wish everyone knew how easy it is to learn to play. When I sent for your catalog, I couldn't play a note, but with the help of your Free Scholarship, I soon learned to play. Now I am with a professional orchestra, earning \$100.00 a week, three times what I made as a clerk. I think very highly of Wurlitzer instruments. Their rich tone values and ease of playing have helped me greatly in making good as a professional musician."

BILL CAROLA

Free Trial—Easy Payments

You may now have any Wurlitzer instrument for a week's free trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. See for yourself the quality of these famous instruments, the result of 200 year's experience in musical instrument building. Used in the finest bands and orchestras throughout the world. Masters in every sphere of music praise Wurlitzer instruments for artistic quality, rich tone values and fine workmanship.

Send for Free Book

The greatest musical catalog ever published. Illustrates and describes every known musical instrument—over 3000 articles, many of them shown in full colors. Special offers on complete outfits. All genuine Wurlitzer instruments—buy direct from Wurlitzer and save money. We also give full details of our Free Trial, Easy Payment plan and special Free Scholarship offer. No obligation.

Clip and Mail TODAY! ➔

Copyright 1924, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.



Send this Coupon!

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 3959
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 329 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
120 W. 42nd St. New York 250 Stockton St., San Francisco
Send me your Free Book on Musical Instruments.
Also your Free Trial, Easy Payment plan and Free
Scholarship offer. No obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Instrument.....

(State instrument in which you are interested)

"I owe a great deal to your dad," he continued soberly, "and I want to believe that you would not do anything that he would be ashamed of. As man to man, what do you expect to get out of this deal for yourself?"

Kirk's face was flaming now, and his reply was an obvious effort at self-control. "I must ask you to accept my word that there is nothing more between us than what I have already told you. The only thing I can do is ask you to forget that you have ever seen me, and accept my apologies for taking up so much of your time." He reached for his hat.

Marston reached out a restraining hand. "Just a minute," he said. "Let's get this thing right."

Kirk's young face was hard. "It is useless for us to go any further unless you are ready to believe that this young lady is not a vulgar little gold-digger, but is just as sweet and good as your own mother. Such girls still exist, you know, even in Hollywood."

Marston nodded reassuringly. "All right, Kirk. I'm going to accept your own estimate of her. What is name, address and phone number?" Kirk gave the name, and Marston made a quick pencil note.

"Any experience before the camera?"

"Very little, I believe." Kirk could hardly restrain a smile as he thought of Betty's experience.

When Marston looked up at Kirk again he was an entirely different personality. There was a friendly gleam in his eyes, and the lines of his mouth had softened. Kirk gave an involuntary sigh of relief, for he felt that he had accomplished his purpose.

"I'm going to give her a tryout," said Marston. "Tell her to be at the studio at eighty-thirty and ask for me, personally. And to bring any photographs she has."

Marston looked deeply into Kirk's eyes. "Now, what about yourself?" he asked, suggestively, invitingly.

Kirk smiled and shook his head. "I'm still standing on my own feet, thank you just the same, and I have forfeited my right to your interest, but there's just one thing more I'd like you to do for me." The blood mounted again to his temples. "I—I need ten dollars—immediately!"

"For the girl?"

Kirk looked steadfastly into the now genial face. He understood a bit now this big, masterful but kindly man.

"I would not deceive you if I said no!" he replied smilingly.

Marston's own lips twisted whimsically, and Kirk suddenly felt that he had not shown Marston the confidence that was his due. "She's only a kid, Mr. Marston," he said impulsively. "She doesn't realize what she is up against. She's down to her last nickel—literally—and I haven't the price to help her. It's a damn ridiculous position for me, but a mighty serious one for her."

BIG BILL was already digging down into his hip-pocket. He produced a bulky leather billfold, and handed a crisp bill to Kirk. It was a twenty. With a quiet smile Kirk said, "It's mighty good of you, sir, but Betty would not accept more than ten. She doesn't want to run into debt even to me. Haven't you a ten?"

Big Bill muttered something under his breath, but it wasn't an oath the way he said it. "What about yourself?" he asked, aloud.

Kirk smiled bravely. His spirit was never more buoyant than at that moment. "I'll manage," he said. "I never died in the winter yet."

Marston explored the billfold again and



Frances Howard, who made her screen debut in "The Swan," was the lead in "Too Many Kisses" with Richard Dix. Her next picture will be "The Shock Punch."

this time held out a ten which he exchanged for the twenty. Kirk tucked the ten carefully away in his own wallet, but not before the quick eyes of the director had noticed that, except for his own bill, the wallet was empty.

Kirk picked up his hat, stood up, and squared his shoulders. His whole being emanated vigor and happiness.

"It's discourteous of me to want to run away, but you will understand what this news will mean to Miss Deane!" he said.

Marston was reaching for his pencil again. "Where do you live, and what is your phone number?" He made a note of what Kirk told him.

"I want you to regard this as a loan," Kirk told him anxiously. "I'll pay you back you know." Kirk swallowed something that was choking him, and with another shake, and a look which spoke the thanks he could not utter, he turned and left the room. Blundering blindly into the street he was conscious of the fact that tomorrow he would probably be washing dishes for a living, but he was never so painfully happy in all his life.

HARDLY had the door closed on him, when Marston snatched at the desk phone and called a number. Impatiently he jiggled the receiver, while his big chair creaked as he fidgeted in his seat.

"Hullo! This is Mr. Marston. I want to speak to Jack Croft immediately. In the swimming pool? Get him out, and hustle him to the phone. I'll hold the line!"

Reaching out awkwardly at arm's length, he picked a cigar from the box, and with his ear still at the receiver, bit off the end of his smoke and was still fumbling for matches when he heard Croft's voice at the other end of the line. "That you, Jack?" he enquired with incisive energy. "No, the studio is not on fire. Listen, did you get that contract signed for that young ice-cream warrior for the lead part? Well, kill that contract right away. Just been talking with a regular person, and I'm going to give him the part.—No, you don't know him. Just an obscure extra, but he won't be an obscure extra this time next year.—Eh?—You bet I am enthused. Say, I struck more real emotional sparks from that boy in five minutes than we could coax out of that other sheik in five months. Get around to me as soon as you can. I've got to grab that boy, if I have to kidnap him. Clean as a whistle, looks and acts like a man, and has got a heart as big as the well-known all-out-doors. The part of Lolita's brother will fit him like a glove."

Kirk had broken all the rules of the game, but he had won.

And little did he realize how much he had won!



"Thineest"

A TRE-JUR Compact scarcely thicker than a gold-piece.....and as precious

The convexity of the beautiful metal case fits the palm—And in the *large* mirror the swiftest glance shows every facial detail.

The touch of Tre-Jur powder is as soft as a lover's caress—perfumed with the new *Joli-Memoire*, a scent that savours of happiness.

"THINEEST" will vastly surprise you. It *looks so expensive and costs so little*—to be exact, One Dollar! Ask at your favorite store for your own shade of powder and rouge....Or order by mail from us.

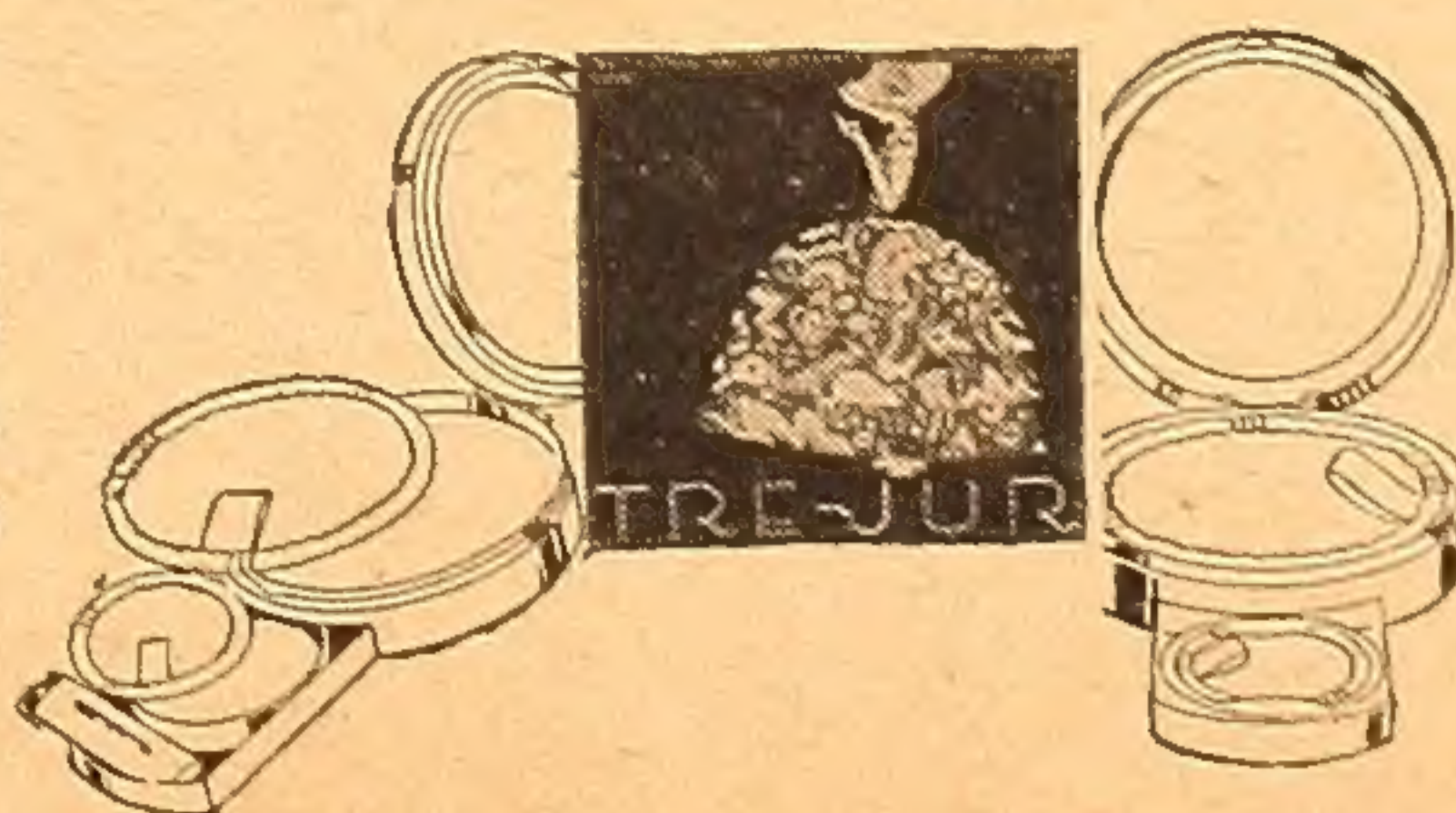
THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR
19 WEST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK

TRE-JUR

THE "TRIPLE"

Combines powder, rouge and lip-stick in a delightful case—with the famous sliding drawer

\$1.25



THE "PURSE SIZE TWIN"

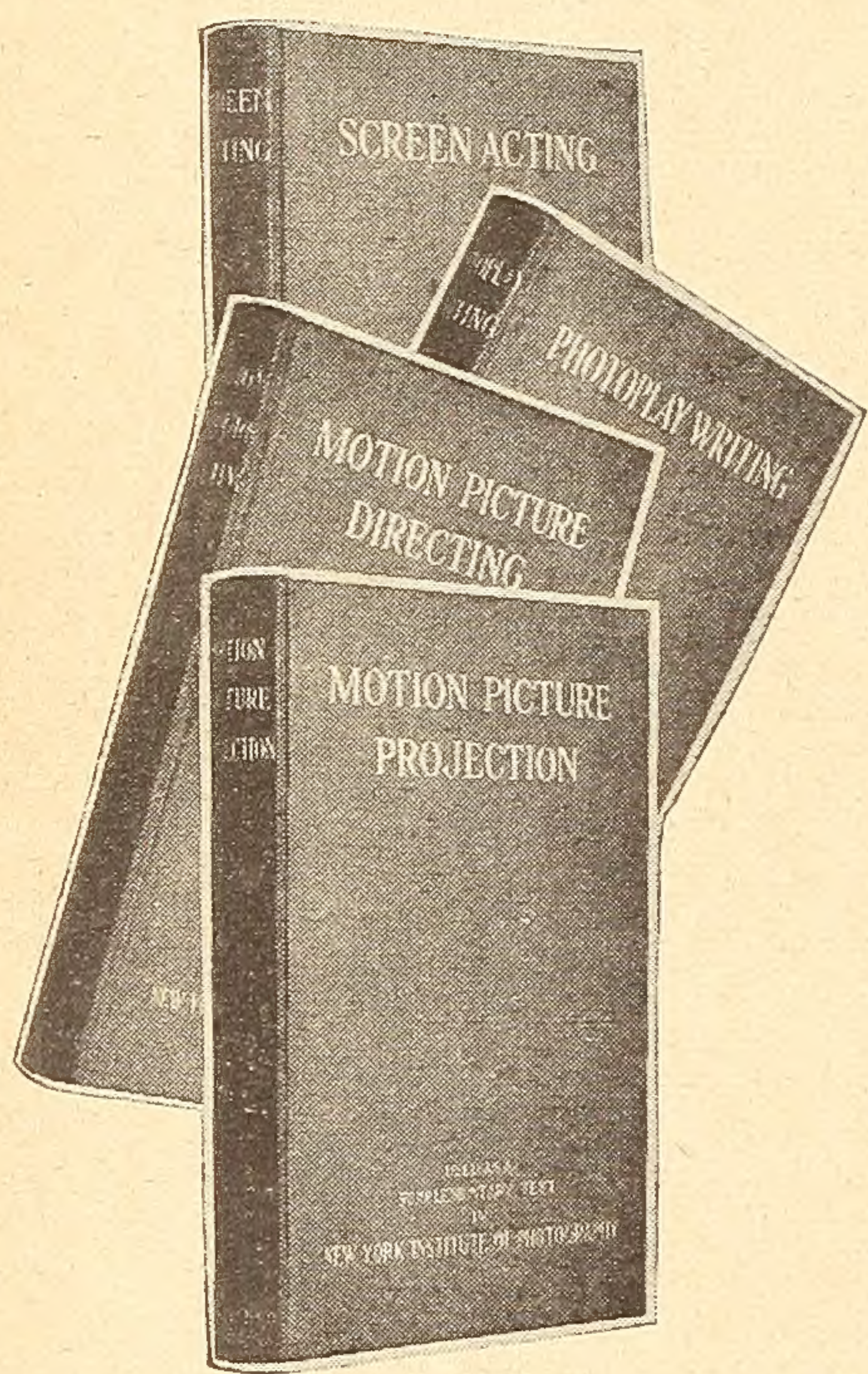
Powder and rouge ingeniously presented in a case that snuggles into the smallest purse

\$1

Entertaining and Instructive Books

THE ROMANCE AND REALITY OF FILM LIFE
IS REFLECTED IN THE BOOKS LISTED BELOW

¶ If you are interested in photoplay writing, screen acting, motion picture directing, or motion picture production, the books listed below will be of great interest. Each book is handsomely bound in gold decorated cloth cover and will be delivered anywhere in the United States at prices mentioned. Canadian and foreign orders extra for shipment and duty.



SCREEN ACTING

(By Inez and Helen Klumph) — An authoritative presentation. Enables the reader to judge just what the opportunities are and the training required. This work was developed through the valuable assistance and advice of Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Colleen Moore, Mabel Ballin, Mae Murray, William S. Hart, Ruth Roland, and many other distinguished motion picture players, directors, cameramen, and make-up experts. . . . Price \$3.00

MOTION PICTURE DIRECTING

(By Peter Milne) — Of special interest to those in the Motion Picture Industry — or intending to enter this field. The author was critic for years on Motion Picture News and Wids (Film) Daily. He was a member of Scenario and Production Department of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. This work contains data about Marshall Neilan, William C. DeMille, Rex Ingram, Cecil DeMillie, and other famous directors. . . . Price \$3.00

MOTION PICTURE PROJECTION

(By T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D., LL.D.) — The enormous growth in number of motion picture theatres has created a large and increasing demand for operators. It is an interesting, good paying field and requires but a short time to qualify as a projector. This book includes the fullest details of practice. . . . Price \$5.00

PHOTOPLAY WRITING

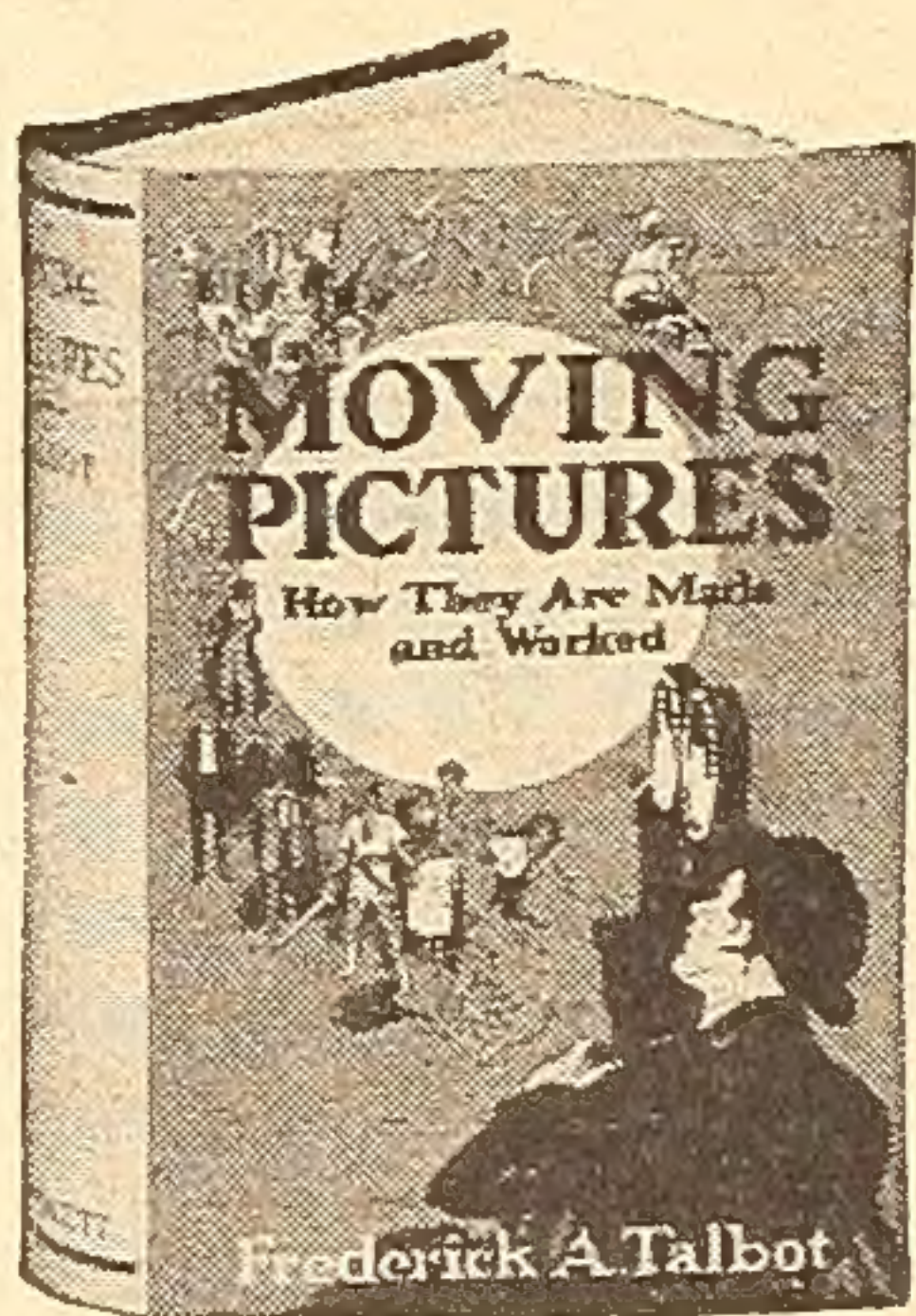
(By William Lord Wright) — The author was formerly Editor for Selig Polyscope, Pathe Exchange, and Universal. The book is a thorough and authoritative presentation of this lucrative field for writers. Every year new writers achieve fame and fortune. Complete information on how to write for Motion Pictures and how and where to submit your ideas. . . . Price \$3.00

MOVING PICTURES

How They Are Made and Worked

\$3.50

*A Veritable
Encyclopedia of the
Moving Picture
Art*



By FREDERICK A. TALBOT

New Edition, Completely Revised and Reset.

Numerous Illustrations.

It tells of the romances, the adventures, the great preparations of marvellous ingenuity and the hundreds of other things that go into the making of moving picture plays.

It shows how inventors have overcome difficulties up to the present status of the business. It is a popular account of everything concerning the subject—trick pictures and how they are produced; pictures in color; pictures that move and talk; the making and costs of the most elaborate “sets” and studio equipment; the risks taken by photographers and players; the secrets of many sensational climbing and jumping feats; what the audience does not see in the most daring wild animal films, and a great many other inside facts the “movie” patron delights in knowing.

Any one of the above books will be mailed on receipt of advertised price to any address in the U. S. A.

SCREENLAND MAGAZINE

BOOK DEPARTMENT

236 West 55th Street

New York, N. Y.

Loses 23 Pounds With Madame X Reducing Girdle

In only 2 months—without diet, special exercises or drugs—Miss Kenney remoulded her figure to the straight, graceful lines you see in the picture. Just by wearing the comfortable Madame X Reducing Girdle—which makes you look inches thinner at once and soon brings real slenderness.

"I HAVE just stepped from the scales and was overjoyed to find that the hand pointed to 142 pounds.

"Previously I found that no matter how I tried I could not bring my weight below 165 pounds. I was hopeless. I did not bother, thinking it useless. Finally, being so uncomfortable in heavy bone corsets I decided to try the Madame X Girdle for comfort if nothing else.

"During June and July I wore it constantly as it improved my appearance immensely. I noticed that I was gradually getting smaller. My friends say I look years younger, having lost 23 pounds with a decided improvement in health.

"I am three or four inches thinner in waist and hips.

"Everyone has noticed the change. I shall continue to wear my girdle as it is so extremely comfortable."

(signed) Anne L. Kenney,
509 W. 170th St., New York

Miss Kenney's experience is by no means unique. Women everywhere write us enthusiastically to tell us of the amazing reductions which this marvelous girdle has quickly brought about.

Look thin while getting thin

Best of all you don't have to wait to LOOK thin. As soon as you put on the Madame X, which is worn over the undergarment, in place of a corset, you appear several inches thinner at the waist and hips without the slightest discomfort. And day by day, as you continue to wear the girdle, it gently kneads away the excess fat and moulds your figure to new beauty and slender grace. The massage



Special hand-turned hem absolutely prevents splitting or tearing

New Clasp-Front Model
The Madame X comes in two models, the original "step-in" and a new "clasp-front" illustrated here—Both have adjustable back lacing.

action, though powerful, is imperceptible—but your scales, mirror and tape measure quickly tell the story! Women usually lose from one to three inches the very first week, and almost before you know it, four, five and sometimes even ten inches have disappeared for good from waist, hips, thighs, and you look and feel younger and better.

What Others Say

Reduces Waist 9 Inches

"It gives me long waist lines, something I never expected as I am very short waisted. Reduced hips 12 inches, waist 9 inches."
Mrs. G. F. Raymond
Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Five Inches Smaller at Once

"The very minute I put it on I measured five inches less around the waist. To date I have lost 32 pounds and my former constant backaches are gone."
Lillian Greenwood
North Uxbridge, Mass.

"No More Corsets For Me!"

"Have been wearing the Madame X steadily for three weeks and am more than pleased with it. Have taken 5 inches from my waist and 4½ from abdomen and hips. No more corsets for me!"
Belle Folsom
517 Main Street
Watsonville, Cal.

Loses 21 Pounds Quickly

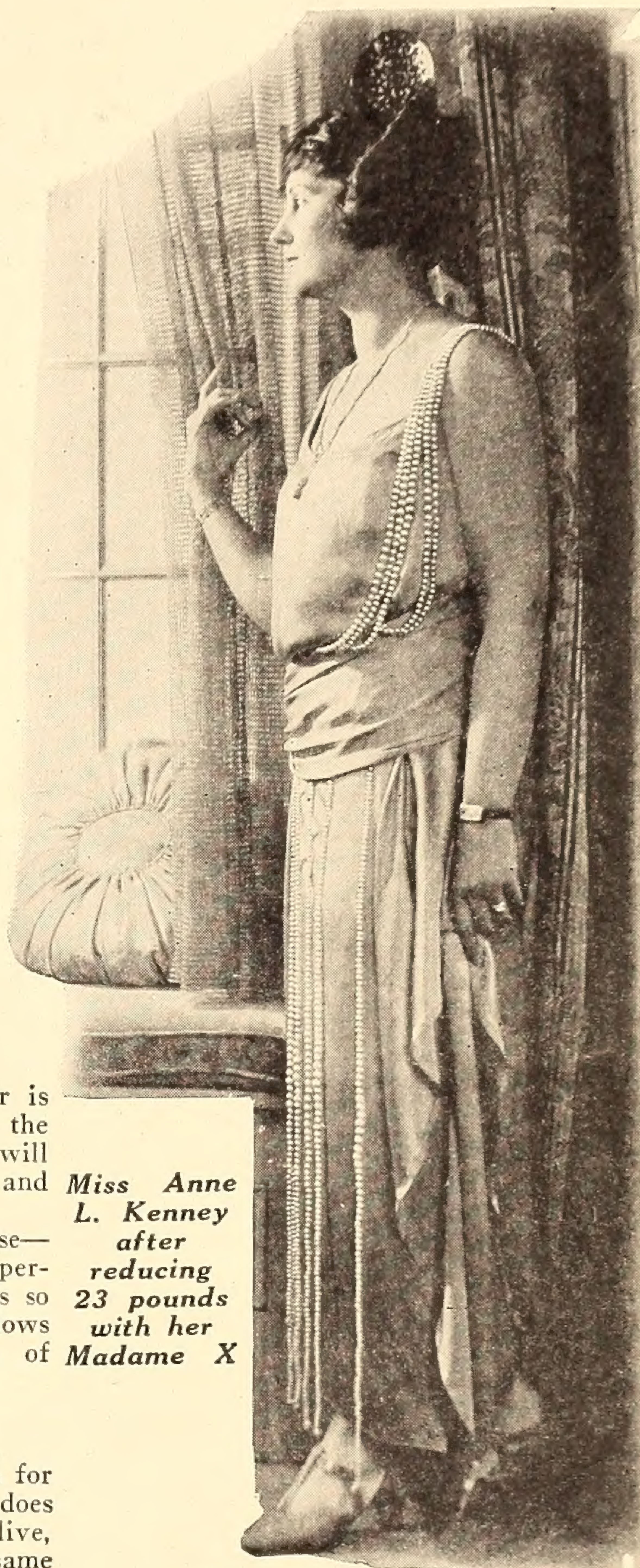
"When I started to wear Madame X Reducing Girdle in March I weighed 192 pounds. I am now down to 171, giving the girdle all credit as I gave up nothing that I really wanted to eat."
Edith C. Manning
246 Thomas Street
West Haven, Conn.

Physicians endorse it

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is based on scientific principles of reduction by *rubber massage*, which have long been advocated by health authorities and professional athletes because of the ease, quickness and safety which this method takes away 5, 10, 20 pounds—or more. The rubber is scientifically cured by the dry heat method, so it will be specially strong and resilient.

You can exercise—work, play, sit—in perfect comfort, for it is so soft and flexible, it allows the utmost freedom of motion.

Miss Anne
L. Kenney
after
reducing
23 pounds
with her
Madame X



New Madame X Brassiere

The new Madame X Brassiere does for the upper figure just what the girdle does for waist, hips and thighs. Made of live, flesh-tinted brocaded rubber of the same high quality. Carefully moulds the figure without binding or bulging and gently massages away the fat.

See the Madame X for yourself. Get a fitting today at any good store where corsets are sold. But be sure to insist on the original patented Madame X—there is no other "just as good."

Send for free 24 page booklet showing why the Madame X Reducing Girdle reduces you so quickly and how it brings renewed health and energy. Address The Madame X Company, Dept G-3611, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

On Sale at All Leading Stores Where Corsets Are Sold

Madame X Reducing Girdle

Makes You Look Thin X While Getting Thin

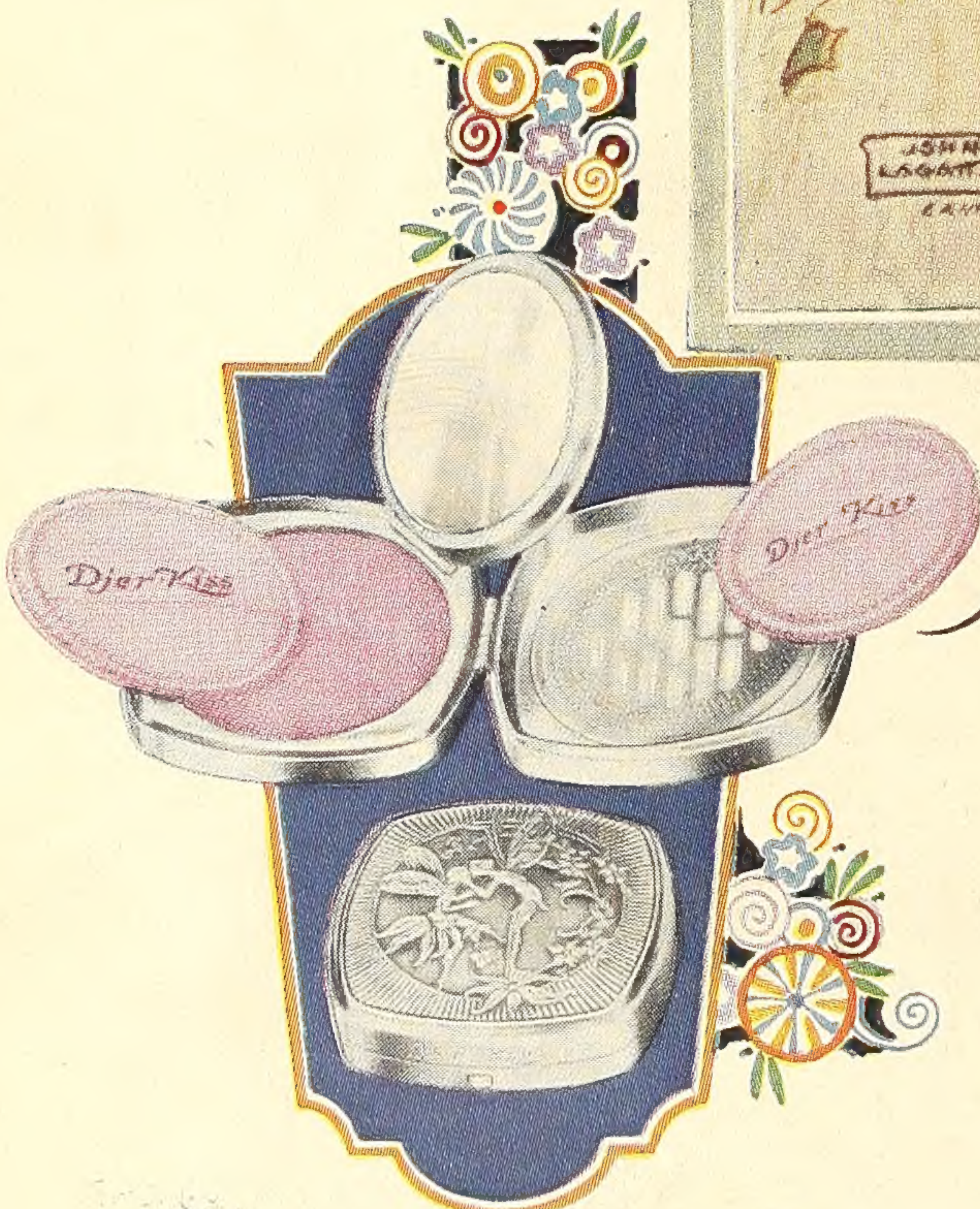
WESTERN DISTRIBUTORS: I. NEWMAN & SONS INC. CHICAGO
CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS: DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LTD. QUEBEC



WHEREVER Fashion gathers, at the Flower Carnival at Cannes, at Nice on the sunny Riviera or in Paris, one will find this the law immutable of the fashionable toilette: "*On ne mélange pas les parfums.*" (One never, never mixes perfumes.) Rather shall each *nécessité de toilette* be graced by the same Parisian *odeur*.

So will the chic *Américaine* use my *spécialités Djer-Kiss*, not alone one, but all: *parfum*, talc, face powder, *eau de toilette*, *vege tale*, soap, creams, rouges, compacts. For they are each endowed with the alluring fragrance, my masterpiece, Djer-Kiss itself.

Kerkoff,
63 Champs Elysées, Paris



Djer-Kiss

ROUGE & LOOSE POWDER

Vanity

Now! Rouge and loose powder in one exquisite Vanity Case

Now those shops that carry, always, the newest aids to beauty and fashion are showing a novel double vanity—for both your rouge and your loose face powder.

Within its light and charmingly dainty case it combines these quite-unusual advantages:

A compact of Djer-Kiss Rouge.

A compartment for loose face powder, with ingenious "powder pockets" that release just enough powder on the puff each time you open the case.

And a double-faced mirror! On one side a detail mirror reflects, in close-up, any part of the face. On the other side a reducing

mirror reflects your entire face at a glance, so that you may view the general effect achieved.

This new Djer-Kiss Rouge and Loose Powder Vanity is exquisitely fashioned of nickel-silver—its cover, artistically embossed. Each vanity comes in its own silken-lined box.

Send 25c for
MONSIEUR KERKOFF'S New
Champs-Elysées Paquet

Monsieur Kerkoff's new Champs-Elysées Paquet of toiletry treasures contains dainty samples of Djer-Kiss Parfum, Djer-Kiss Face Powder, Djer-Kiss Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream (in tubes) and a fragrant, miniature satin Sachet Pillow. To receive it, simply send 25c in stamps or coin to his importateurs, Alfred H. Smith Company, 30 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.